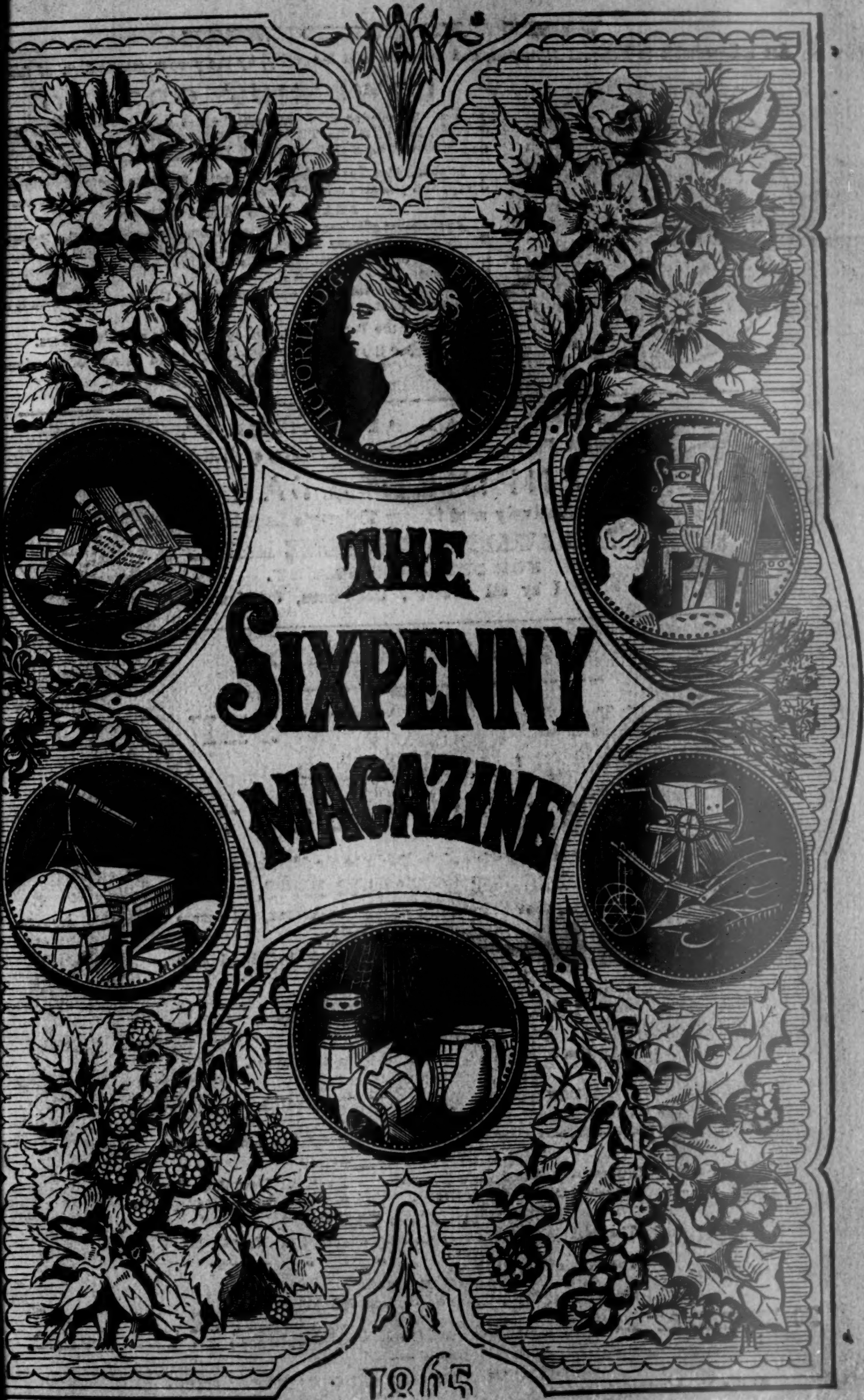


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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1, 1865.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE FATAL LEGACY—By the Author of "SHADOW AND SUNSHINE"	1
CHAPTER XX.—BRIGGS AT HOME.	
CHAPTER XXI.—ON THE TRACK.	
CHAPTER XXII.—A DISCOVERY.	
CHAPTER XXIII.—AN UNPLEASANT SUSPICION CONFIRMED.	
CHAPTER XXIV.—THE TWO DOCTORS.	
CHAPTER XXV.—MR. MOORHEAD'S STORY.	
CHAPTER XXVI.—A DINNER PARTY.	
CHAPTER XXVII.—A PROPOSAL IN ALL DUE FORM.	
II.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF PASTIME	14
III.—A VISION	17
IV.—THE EPERNAY DIAMONDS. By J. W.	18
CHAPTER I.—THE PORTRAITS.	
CHAPTER II.—ANGELIQUE.	
CHAPTER III.—CEPHYSE.	
V.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH	30
VI.—THE BRAVE OLD OAK	32
VII.—SELF-DISPLAY.....	37
VIII.—EARLY TEARS	39
IX.—TEMPLE TALES. By A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS	40
NO. 5.—THE PALE-FACE WARRIOR: A SAVAGE STORY.	
X.—THE TRYSTING TREE.....	48
XI.—POPULAR PEOPLE.....	49
XII.—PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS	52
SEA-WEED PICTURES.	
XIII.—THE PHEASANT.....	54
XIV.—ARTS AND INDUSTRY OF THE JAPANESE	56
XV.—DUTIES OF THE TEACHER	63
XVI.—THE HUNTER'S TRIUMPH.....	70
XVII.—POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY	73
PART V.—DIGESTION AND INDIGESTION.	
XVIII.—THE WHITE CZAR	81
XIX.—OBEDIENCE IN ORDERS	86
XX.—CHEERFULNESS	88
XXI.—THE POWER OF LOVE	89
XXII.—THE CHANGING SEASON	90
XXIII.—THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY	91
CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS WARREN.	
CHAPTER XXXIV.—MR. GRANTHAM'S STORY.	
CHAPTER XXXV.—ANOTHER NEWSPAPER.	
CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE EXPLOITS OF CHARLES BATHERLEY.	
CHAPTER XXXVII.—AT THE SARACEN'S HEAD.	
CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE HISTORY OF FRANCIS WARREN.	

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THE FATAL LEGACY.

By the Author of "SHADOW AND SUNSHINE."

CHAPTER XX.

BRIGGS AT HOME.

AT about the same hour that Mr. Moorhead was going to the theatre, Mr. Briggs was getting off the roof of an omnibus at the corner of Praed-street. The little man had remained at the office after hours to finish copying some important paper, which he had to take to counsel before going home to his tea. Letting himself in with a latch-key, he brushed the dust off his shoes on the mat, and, turning the handle of the parlour door gently—nay, almost timidly—walked in. The tea-tray was on the table, but not in its usual place, and, to his intense amazement, Mrs. Briggs was sitting over a small fire—fire on such an evening, too—with a tiny bundle, suspiciously like a baby, in her arms, while a nursing-bottle lay on the table beside her.

"Eh—what!" gasped little Mr. Briggs, as he popped suddenly down on a chair inside the door. "What's that, my dear?"

"What's what?" demanded his wife, sharply.

"Why, that!" said Mr. Briggs, with a jerk, as he pointed his finger at the aforesaid bundle.

"Drat the man! has he no eyes in his head?" snapped Mrs. Briggs. "Can't you see that it's a baby?"

"A baby—a real baby?" said Briggs, coming towards it on tip-toe.

"Yes, a real baby; and what is there so wonderful in that, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, nothing particular," said Briggs, retreating to his seat, but still keeping his eyes fixed on the baby that seemed to puzzle him so much, while with hands flattened on his knees, he sat the picture of patience.

"Well, if I ever seed sich a man!" exclaimed his wife, as she looked round after a moment, and caught his stare at the baby. "Why don't you take your tea, and not keep the tray on the table all night? I took mine an hour ago, and badly I wanted it, sitting stewing over the fire all day; and, of all days in the year, you must stay out, too. It's

use asking what kept you; for of course it will be the same story—kept late at the office, and sent to counsel. You have wonderful secrets out of doors, but maybe I have my secrets indoors, as well."

Once more the eyes of the little man travelled in the direction of the baby, about which he really began to feel rather frightened.

"You may look," said the wife, triumphantly. "You haven't often seen me nursing a baby, I think."

"Never!" replied Briggs, emphatically.

"Well, I wonder whose baby do you think this is, that you stare at it as if you were going to eat it?"

"Is it?" said Briggs, hesitatingly—"can it be——"

"Whose?" cried his wife, impatiently. "Can't the man speak? Guess, I tell you."

"Yours!" cried Briggs at a venture, and sending out the word like a cannon ball.

"Mine!" repeated his wife, flinging herself back in the chair, in a burst of laughing that took away her breath for the time being. "Well," said she, recovering herself after a minute, and wiping her eyes with a corner of her shawl, "I always thought you were a fool; but such a fool as that—well, I never!"

Before the poor little man had time to recover from this *douche* the door opened, and Dr. Simpkins appeared at it.

"I am sure I am greatly obliged to you, Mrs. Briggs," he said, gratefully, "for the care you have taken of the baby. His mother is awake now, and asking for him; she is greatly refreshed by her fine long sleep, and would like some tea. Can you oblige me with some boiling water to make her some?"

"I'll do better than that," said Mrs. Briggs. "There's some tea here ready-made, and I'll take her up a cup of it. Briggs, put more tea in the pot, and help the doctor to some, while I'm upstairs with Mrs. Simpkins."

And in another moment Mrs. Briggs



and the baby, and also the cup of tea that he had just poured out and sweetened so nicely for himself, had disappeared from the astonished eyes of Mr. Briggs.

But the little man was the essence of meekness and patience in his own domicile, and after the last wave of his wife's broad plaid dress had vanished from his view he turned to the table, and did as he had been told.

"Sit over, sir, and take a cup of tea," said Briggs, when he had poured it out.

"Thank you, Mr. Briggs, it is very acceptable," said the doctor, drawing his chair to the table, and wondering still internally at the remarkable change in Mrs. Briggs's mode of dealing with him. He had no idea that the gold which he had thrown out of his hand on the table had caught her eye; and at last, as he took the first sup of his tea, he settled it in his mind that she was at heart a good-natured woman, and that the sight of his wife lying senseless, with her little baby beside her, had brought out all the hidden virtues of her character. But if he had found it difficult to account for her sudden change of manner, her husband found it much more so; for the last month, since the Simpkinses had been unable to pay the rent of their wretched room, every evening he had heard a full account of their delinquencies over his tea, and had gone to sleep with the name of Simpkins sounding in his ears. Therefore, to find his wife nursing a baby Simpkins, and giving tea to the two full-grown specimens of the race, was a complete puzzler to little Briggs, and made him rather silent over his first cup of tea. Finding it in vain to try to unravel the enigma by himself, he began to think that perhaps a little conversation with the hero of the mystery might help him to a solution of it. Accordingly, he cleared his throat, and began:—

"Nice little baby, sir—very quiet."

"Very quiet as yet," said the papa, with a smile; "he will find his voice soon enough, I dare say."

"Yes, sir; some babies do screech awful," returned Briggs, confidentially.

"I hope he wont," said the doctor; "it's not very musical."

"Musical!" cried the little man, thinking of a barrel-organ—"not at all. How is the mamma, sir?" he added, with a smirk.

"Nicely now, thank you; thanks to Mrs. Briggs taking charge of the baby so long, she has got a good sleep, and is

all the better for it. I wish a poor young lady that I saw to-day was as likely to get on well."

Mr. Briggs pricked up his ears.

"Is she so very ill, then?" he inquired.

"Dying. Her father was quite satisfied that there was no hope before he called me in; but he wishes to have a doctor in attendance. The doctor who has been in charge of the case wished to send Miss Deans to Hastings, and her father very properly objected, in this advanced stage of her illness, to let her be moved."

"Miss Deans!" ejaculated Briggs. "Strange that—very strange!"

"What is so very strange, Mr. Briggs?" asked the doctor; "is it that her father would not run the risk, and perhaps have her death to answer for?"

"Dear no, certainly not," jerked out Briggs. "Strange, name of Deans—that's all."

"Well, I do not think it a very strange name."

"No; not strange name—same name—strange though, very."

Dr. Simpkins began to think the little man was mad.

"I do not quite understand you, I fear," said the doctor, after a pause.

"Understand! Certainly not—how could you? Didn't tell you anything about it, did I?" interrupted Briggs.

"He certainly is mad," supplemented Dr. Simpkins in his own mind.

"Curious!" burst from Mr. Briggs—"very."

"What is so very curious, may I inquire?" asked the doctor.

"Oh! gentleman from India—pale face, black hair—asking about the Deanses to-day, that's all. Sent him up to their house in Holloway."

"But this Mr. Deans does not live in Holloway; he lives in Westbourne-terrace," observed Dr. Simpkins.

"Oh, Westbourne-terrace, does he? that's strange—not my Mr. Deans after all."

"There is more than one Mr. Deans in London, Mr. Briggs," said the doctor, smiling.

"Of course, sir; naturally yes, now that I think of it; but is the young lady so very bad—no hope at all?"

"None whatever. I should not be surprised to hear to-morrow when I call that she is dead."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said little Briggs, with a melancholy shake of his head. "More tea, sir?"

"No more, thank you; I have taken three cups."

"Three cups?—there's only two here," said Briggs, bewildered. "Oh, I forgot, Mrs. Briggs took one upstairs."

The doctor laughed outright at the way in which his taking three cups of tea was accounted for, as the little man, bustling to his feet, began putting by the tea-things, and setting the table in order, the mention of his wife's name bringing to his recollection that she would expect to see all right on her return downstairs.

"I shall take advantage of Mrs. Briggs being with my wife to go out and buy some few things," said the doctor, rising. "Good evening, Mr. Briggs. I am much obliged for your hospitality."

"Good evening, sir—quite welcome, I'm sure—all right," replied Briggs, with a dive that was meant for a bow, as Dr. Simpkins took his departure.

When the doctor re-ascended to his room, after making the purchases he had spoken of, Mrs. Briggs was rocking the baby in her arms, and listening with open mouth and distended eyes to an account given by Annie at intervals, as her weakness allowed her, of the magnificence of the house to which her husband had been summoned; the poor girl felt a pardonable pride in telling of the grandeur of the people who had called in the aid of one who had been looked down upon by her hearer, and insulted so often, because he could not pay the few shillings that he owed her for rent.

"Laws a mercy!" ejaculated Mrs. Briggs. "Did you say a gold clock on the mantel-shelf? My eyes! but that was grand."

"Yes, a gold clock," replied Annie, "and there was gold round the ceiling also, and the doctor told me that his feet sank in the carpets, they were so soft."

"They must be real grand people," murmured Mrs. Briggs, rolling up her eyes. "Well, wonders will never cease, that's my opinion."

Annie was about to make the somewhat indignant inquiry, if the wonder was that they had sent for her husband, who in the depths of her heart she thought the cleverest man, and most skilful doctor that had ever lived, when the doctor himself appeared, and the sight of him put everything else out of her mind.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE TRACK.

EARLY the next morning, almost as soon as the lawyer's clerks had mounted their stools, Mr. Moorhead walked down Chancery-lane. He did not look either to the right or to the left, but went on as if in a reverie, until he reached the office of Messrs. Nettlethorpe and Shelton, when a rather vigorous pull at the bell caused the door to fly open with greater quickness than usual, and in another moment he was inquiring for the senior partner.

"Not come yet, sir—here in a minute or two—step into his room, and look at the *Times*," was the reply of Mr. Briggs, as, following the gentleman into Mr. Nettlethorpe's room, he spread that important sheet before him. But Mr. Moorhead did not seem inclined to read; on the contrary, he seemed rather restless and excited for a person of his calm exterior.

"Do you think Mr. Nettlethorpe will soon be here?" he inquired, as Mr. Briggs was about to leave the room.

"Directly, sir; sure to be. May I ask if you found Mr. Deans all right?"

"All right, no; but I found him all wrong," was the reply.

"Curious that—very," thought Briggs. "When I sent him *right*, how could he find him *wrong*?"

"There's a Miss Deans very ill and dying," he said aloud.

"Miss Deans dying, and her father at the theatre last night!" cried Mr. Moorhead. "It can't be true."

"Oh, not your Deans; another Deans altogether, sir—Westbourne-terrace," replied Briggs.

"Westbourne-terrace—just the place he named," said Mr. Moorhead, soliloquizingly.

"Just so, sir; the very place he named," echoed Briggs. "The poor young lady can't live, and the doctor wanted to send her to Hastings, but her father would not consent. 'Better let her die at home,' said he," quoth Briggs, improvising a speech for the absent Mr. Deans.

"I cannot wait any longer, Mr. Briggs," said Mr. Moorhead, drawing out his watch; "you will tell Mr. Nettlethorpe, if you please, that I shall call again before the office closes."

"Certainly, sir—certainly," and once more Mr. Moorhead paced the flags of Chancery-lane on his way to the Bank,

where he knew that John Humphries and Richard Deans had been employed.

After a long interview with the partners, during which he heard much of Mr. Deans' late doings, and of his almost immediately withdrawing himself from the position he held in their bank after the legacy had been received, Mr. Moorhead took his leave, and was about leaving the bank when a gentleman crossing it, looked at him and started; one long stare into each other's eyes, and their hands were clasped with all the warmth and energy of long-parted friends.

"My dear Vincent," said Mr. Moorhead, "how rejoiced I am to meet you! never was anything so opportune."

"Get into this cab, my dear fellow, and come home with me at once," cried Mr. Vincent; "I have a thousand things to hear."

"And I a thousand questions to ask," replied his friend, as they got into the cab and drove off in the direction of Holway.

They must, however, have gone a very great round, for fully two hours elapsed before they reached Woodbine Cottage, and their conversation was just as eager as though much still remained to be asked and told when the cab drove up to the door.

"Kitty, my dear, I have brought home an old friend of mine, and of my old friend Humphries," he said, as he opened the parlour door. "He also knew poor Mrs. Deans very well, and is anxious to know all about them. Moorhead, that is my old woman; how do you like her?"

"You really are too bad," said his wife, laughing, as she shook hands with Mr. Moorhead.

"Ah, my dear madam," said he, "it is cheering to see some one unaltered, and Vincent is just the same gay-hearted fellow that I left behind me when I sailed for India, before he had the happiness of knowing you."

"Now, my dear, you must improvise a dinner for us, for I have taken French leave for the day. Moorhead and I must go into the city again for an hour, and then we shall return, bringing his traps with us. We cannot give you a large bed-room, or very grand fare, old fellow," he added, turning to Mr. Moorhead; "but, such as it is, you must be content to take it with a hearty welcome."

Mrs. Vincent endorsed her husband's invitation warmly, and Mr. Moorhead, grasping a hand of each, exclaimed—

"Thank God for such kind friends; it does my heart good to feel your kindness!"

At this moment the door opened, and Fanny came in, looking radiantly pretty in her airy muslin dress and broad-leaved hat.

"Ah, here is my rose-bud," cried her father, fondly. "Come and be kissed, Fanny, by my old friend."

Fanny drew near, smiling and blushing, and profiting by her father's hint, Mr. Moorhead pressed a kiss on her soft cheek as he greeted her.

When the gentlemen reached Mr. Netlethorpe's office, they found him disengaged, and on hearing that they wished to consult him on an important subject, he rang for Mr. Briggs, and desired that any one who called should be informed that he was engaged, and would be so for some time.

As soon as the door was closed, a long and earnest consultation took place between the three gentlemen, and when Mr. Moorhead and Mr. Vincent departed, the lawyer accompanied them to the street door, and stood for a full minute looking after them as they walked down the street.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DISCOVERY.

THAT evening, when the reunited friends were sitting at tea, Mr. Moorhead was surprised to see a sudden accession of colour visiting the fair cheek of Fanny as a step was heard approaching the hall door; but he was able to give a very shrewd guess as to its reason when the drawing-room door opened, and a fine-looking young fellow entered the room. Short chestnut curls clustered round his well-shaped head, and open-hearted truth beamed from his clear blue eyes. He might not be called strictly handsome, but his bright ingenuous look and manly form would win favour before more pretentious claims to admiration.

The young man stood for a moment as if in surprise at seeing a stranger to him so much at home in the Vincents' home circle, and then advanced to shake hands with Mrs. Vincent.

"Moorhead," said Mr. Vincent, "this is an old young friend of ours, a nephew of our friend Humphries. John, this is an old friend of your uncle's."

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you,"

cried John, grasping his hand; "I am delighted to see one who knew my dear uncle; was it in your youth that you were acquainted with him?"

"I knew him nearly all his life," replied Mr. Moorhead; "he was my most intimate friend, both here and in India. I, too, am very glad to see a nephew that I have heard him speak of so frequently."

"Did he, indeed?" said John; "but I need not ask you, he gave us abundant proof of his love for us. I have his letters to me treasured carefully by; they are written with the affection of a father."

"Then you really loved him, although you never saw him?" inquired Mr. Moorhead.

"Loved him!" echoed John; "we all loved him dearly, and shall while we live. It was dreadful to read of his death just when we were expecting to see him. What long talks we had with our dear mother about him, and how she longed to embrace him once more; she was never the same after his death."

"I can endure it no longer," cried Mr. Moorhead, flinging his arms round the startled young man, and bursting into tears. "John, I am your uncle!"

"My uncle!" exclaimed John, sinking into a chair—"my uncle!"

"Yes, John," said Mr. Vincent, "your mother's brother, John Humphries, not drowned, but, as you see, alive and well."

"Oh, uncle—dear, dear uncle," cried John; "if my poor mother could but have lived to enjoy this happiness!"

Mr. Humphries' brow darkened as he said, "Poor Maria—poor loving heart! John, I have much to hear. Our friends here have told me a good deal, but from you I expect to hear every particular. The man that I grieve to call your father has grossly abused his trust, as far as I can ascertain his actions. I shall bide my time, until I see how he acts when Minnie is of age, and then I shall know better how to deal with him; but I forgot," he added, "in the tumult of my thoughts, that the poor girl is not likely ever to see her twenty-first birthday, near as it is."

"Not likely to see her twenty-first birthday!" repeated John. "Why, my dear sir, she is almost convalescent. Her recovery has been wonderful, and the doctor says that a few weeks at the seaside, and a winter in some warm climate,

will, he hopes, restore her completely to health."

"This is very strange," said his uncle. "I was told by the clerk at Nettlethorpe's to-day that she was actually dying, and that the doctor told him so."

"I assure you, sir, the doctor himself told me what I have just told you."

"Is there not a new doctor?" asked Mr. Humphries, a light beginning to break in on his mind.

"Yes," said John, "some doctor came to see Minnie yesterday, and he told her something about her father thinking that the other doctor did not understand her case; but I suppose her old doctor has called to-day. I had no idea that this Doctor Simpkins gave an unfavourable opinion about her."

"Where does he live?" asked his uncle.

"I don't know, sir, and I only heard his name by accident."

"I'll tell you what it is, John," cried his uncle, as if coming to some resolution, "I cannot stand this any longer; I must know the certainty about the poor child; it is not late yet, and we can easily do it to-night; come with me to the doctor who has been attending her, and let us hear his candid opinion. I am only Mr. Moorhead, remember, to every one outside this house, and indeed that is now my real name, for an old Indian friend of mine, to whom I was at one time of some use, died some time ago and left me all his wealth—which is considerable—the only condition being that I was to take his name. So you see the only thing false about me is this, and I shall soon be able to discard it," he added, removing a wig from his head and disclosing the short, curling hair, just the colour of John's, and which was beginning to grow. "I can tell you no more now," he continued, smiling at John's look of surprise; "you shall have all my adventures in good time, but now let us be off to the doctor's."

It was nine o'clock by the time they reached the doctor's house, but he was fortunately at home, and the two gentlemen were ushered into his study.

"Ah, my young friend," said he to John, "how is your sister?"

"We came to ask you that question," replied John. "My friend here, Mr. Moorhead, doctor"—the gentleman bowed—"heard to day by accident that the doctor who came to see her yesterday said she was dying."

"Dying? nonsense!" cried Dr. —. "Why, my good sir, I told your father the day before yesterday that I had every hope of seeing her in good health before long; but his unaccountable notion that she is unable to bear the journey to Hastings or the Isle of Wight puzzles me very much—in fact, I told him I would not continue to attend your sister if my directions were not carried out, and as he remained obstinate in refusing to do so, I told him that I should not call again unless I was sent for."

Mr. Moorhead and John exchanged glances as the doctor spoke—a horrible thought like an inspiration had darted into the minds of both at the same moment, and the heart of John became sick as it suggested itself.

"Then, doctor, it is your deliberate opinion that change of air is all that is now necessary for Miss Deans?" asked Mr. Moorhead, after a pause.

"That is my conviction," said the doctor. "I have watched the case closely, for any carelessness in treatment might have permitted it to run into consumption. Great attention to her health will be necessary for some time, but I have every hope that Miss Deans will yet be as strong as any one."

"Thank God!" was the simultaneous response of both uncle and nephew.

"I hope you will excuse our calling so late," said John; "but hearing what I heard this evening from this gentleman, I could not rest until I heard your former opinion confirmed by your own lips."

"I am very glad you came; make no apology about it. I wonder who is the wonderful Galen that made such a discovery."

"He is a Dr. Simpkins—that is all that I have heard about him."

"Simpkins—where does he live?"

"That I cannot tell you. Minnie was astonished when he walked into her room instead of you yesterday. I had no idea that you had given up the attendance altogether until you told me so just now. I hoped that you had seen my sister to-day."

"No," said the doctor. "I am really sorry about it, but under the circumstances I could not act otherwise. When a man sees his duty plainly before him and gives his advice, and the patient's father declines to follow it, what can he do but withdraw? I have been speaking to your father and mentioning my desire that she should go to the seaside for

some time past, but he has chosen to place his judgment in opposition to mine, and I cannot interfere further, unless, indeed, he consents to follow my advice."

"And that I fear he never will do," said John, mentally.

"Do you think that serious injury will arise to her health if Miss Deans remains in London for another month?" asked Mr. Moorhead. "This is the 2nd of August; if she should not be removed until the 2nd of September, do you think she would be in a position still to derive the same benefit from the change of air?"

"You have put a very difficult question, sir," said the doctor. "There is certainly a great risk of her losing her lately-acquired strength by the delay; and if this very hot weather lasts the danger will be greater still; if she goes in a month it will be vastly better than if she does not go at all; but why do you name the 2nd of September in particular? has her father consented that she should go then?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Moorhead; "but on that day Miss Deans will be her own mistress and legally entitled to act for herself—she will be of age on the 1st of September."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNPLEASANT SUSPICION CONFIRMED.

EARLY on the following day, Mr. Moorhead found his way once more to Chancery-lane, and after a long conversation with Mr. Nettlethorpe, Briggs was summoned to the consultation.

"Where does the doctor live, Briggs, who was giving you an account of the serious illness of a Miss Deans?" asked the lawyer.

"Doctor, sir, live—Simpkins—in my house."

"In *your* house!" exclaimed both the gentlemen, exchanging looks.

"Yes, sir—nice man, sir—little baby—" jerked out Mr. Briggs.

"What did you say his name was?" asked his master, too much accustomed to the worthy little man's manner to stop to inquire what the "little baby" meant.

"Simpkins, sir—very poor though—and——"

Briggs gave a gasp here and stopped short. He had been on the point of telling the story about the rent, but prudence checked his tongue just in the nick of time.

"Thank you, Mr. Briggs, that will do," said his master, with a nod of dismissal; and the little man was bolting out of the room when Mr. Nettlethorpe said, as if accidentally, "by the way, at what number in Praed-street do you live, Briggs?"

Briggs told the number and disappeared.

"What do you intend to do now?" asked the lawyer.

"In the first place I shall see this doctor at once, and if it is as I suspect, and that he is playing into that vile man's hands, I shall come back to you to arrange about resuming my property at once, and so deliver the poor girl out of their hands. But if, by any good chance, this man is honest, I shall play the game out and take him into our confidence. Gold will be well employed in such a cause, if, as I suspect, he needs it. As I find that it will not be an irreparable injury to my niece to remain in town for another month, I am determined to see how my precious brother-in-law will act when she comes of age. I will be in a better position then to know how to deal with him afterwards."

"You are riding your old hobby now," said the lawyer, laughing; "you are resolved on letting him unmask his batteries before you act."

"I have been so thoroughly deceived in him that I am anxious to see how far he will venture to carry his villainy," said Mr. Moorhead; "and if his diabolical plan is what I suspect, his punishment will be well-deserved. I am off now to Praed-street, and hope to find this doctor honest, though evidently a fool—wish me success."

"In finding him a fool?" asked the lawyer, perpetrating a small joke.

"If he does not find me one it will do very well," replied Mr. Moorhead, laughing as he went out.

A west-end omnibus—soon deposited him at the corner of Praed-street, and before long he was knocking at Mr. Briggs's hall door and inquiring for Dr. Simpkins.

"Well, sir, to be sure," said Mrs. Briggs, "the doctor is at home, but in another blessed minute he'd a bin gone hout."

"I wish to see him at once, if you please," said Mr. Moorhead, coming to the point.

"Certainly, sir; what name shall I say?"

"He would not know my name. Just say, if you please, that a gentleman wishes to see him."

"How dreadful close we are!" said Mrs. Briggs as she mounted the stairs in a huff. "For all your airs, I wouldn't a wonder if you was a detective in disguise."

"There's a gentleman below, as vont give his name, wants to see you, Dr. Simpkins," she called when she got to the top of the stairs.

"I suppose that poor girl is dying," said the doctor, "and they have sent for me." And taking his hat he rushed down stairs.

"Will you kindly walk with me for a few minutes, doctor, if there is not any private room to which we can retire?" asked Mr. Moorhead.

"Certainly, sir. Have you come about Miss Deans?—is she worse?"

"I have certainly come to speak about Miss Deans," replied Mr. Moorhead, as they stepped into the street, "but it is to ask your opinion of her case."

"Well, sir, I am sorry to say that it is a very bad one," answered the doctor, with such genuine feeling that his hearer began to hope he really was honest.

"Will you kindly tell me on what you have formed your judgment?" inquired Mr. Moorhead.

"Really, sir, as far as the patient herself is concerned I saw but little of her, for she was so weak that I did not like to remain long."

"Did you examine her lungs, or ask her any questions?"

"None, sir, none whatever; I did not make any examination or disturb the poor lady in any way—in fact, my being in attendance is a mere matter of form, for Mr. Deans assured me that there was no hope whatever of her recovery before I saw her at all."

"The villain!" muttered his hearer, under his breath; "be good enough to give me the particulars of your interview with Mr. Deans, Dr. Simpkins. Although I am not a patient I am occupying your time as one, and shall fee you accordingly; a doctor's time is his money, you know."

"Thank you, sir," replied the poor man gratefully, and then proceeded to detail the conversation that had passed between him and Mr. Deans on the subject of his daughter's health.

Mr. Moorhead ground his teeth as he listened.

"The villain!" he thought, "the

doubly-dyed villain! was not one victim enough? for Maria's and the children's sakes you shall not be punished by the laws of your country; but I shall be their avenger; poverty shall be your lot instead of the wealth you covet to possess."

"Dr. Simpkins," he exclaimed, when the doctor had finished his story, "I believe you to be an honourable man."

"Sir," said the poor doctor, flushing to the temples, "I am, as you may perceive, very poor—poorer, perhaps, than you imagine, but I would suffer death itself before I would be guilty of a dishonourable action."

There was such manly, honest, earnestness in the poor fellow's manner, that Mr. Moorhead was greatly affected.

"I believe you, sir, I believe you firmly," he replied; "and therefore I am going to take you into my confidence fully; you are being made the blind in as execrable a plot as ever was worked out, and I want you to help me to outflank the enemy. I do not believe that the hope of reward would influence you, once you hear my story; but if you aid us (as I have no doubt you will) to defeat a vile plan, you shall not be able to say that you are very poor in another month."

"Sir! sir! what do you mean?" gasped the doctor.

"I may depend on your perfect secrecy?" asked Mr. Moorhead.

"I solemnly promise never to reveal what you tell me to a human being without your permission."

"Then listen while I tell you the whole truth," said his companion, beginning at the history of the legacy, and finishing with the interview he had had the night before with his niece's former medical attendant. As he proceeded, wonder, fear, disgust, and, finally, horror, were visible in the face of his hearer, until, at last, when the terrible tale was ended, he exclaimed—

"Oh! what a curse is poverty; had I not been poor, he would not have sought me out; had I not been reduced to weakness, bodily and mentally, by my poverty, I would have examined my patient and formed my own opinion; but that vile man spoke so feelingly, so specious was his language, that even you, sir, might have been deceived."

"He has deceived me all through life, doctor, therefore you need not wonder at being taken in by his plausible speeches."

Mr. Moorhead was wrong, however, in thinking that the miserable man had

been a deliberate hypocrite all his life. No, the grave vices that had lain dormant in his character had been rapidly developed under the new influences that money had brought to bear upon him, and the inner man of the Richard Deans of to-day was a frightful distortion and perversion of the former nature that had been his, when his brother-in-law had sailed for India.

"Now, doctor," said Mr. Moorhead, after a moment's silence, "lose no time in visiting your patient; examine fully into her case, and whatever her father says, *seem* to agree in, and then be kind enough to come to me in the coffee-room of the hotel here, where I shall be anxiously waiting for you; meantime, you must take your retaining fee."

He turned into the hotel as he spoke, and Dr. Simpkins hurried away to visit his patient, another ten pound-note trembling in his grasp.

In less than an hour Dr. Simpkins entered the coffee-room of the hotel almost breathless with excitement.

"It is all true," he cried, "too true; the poor young lady, thank God, will do well enough if she gets the chance; but her father—Oh! that such a man should be a father!"

"Has anything new occurred?" asked Mr. Moorhead, struck by his tone.

"Yes, sir, he wishes to deprive her of wine; he said he thought it too stimulating and heating for her."

"What did you say?"

"Of course, as you told me to do, I agreed with him; but, sir, the girl must have wine and every nourishment."

"So she shall; don't be uneasy about that, my dear sir. I shall take care to have her privately supplied with everything."

"Oh! I am so delighted to hear it," said the poor doctor, greatly relieved.

"Never fear, my dear sir, you shall not be made the instrument to injure but to save her," cried her uncle; "you must manage to obtain her confidence, and all will be plain sailing; have you any objection to go with me to see Dr. —?"

"None in the world; what an ignoramus he must think me! I should like to clear my character in his eyes."

"Come along, then," said Mr. Moorhead, "we will countermine the designs of Richard Deans, Esq., or my name is not Moorhead;" and in a minute more they were driving rapidly to visit Dr. —.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TWO DOCTORS.

A FEW minutes' conversation between Dr. — and Dr. Simpkins, showed that they took exactly the same view of Miss Deans' case.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Moorhead, after the doctors had come to a full understanding, "the thing is, what is best to be done?"

"I wish Dr. Simpkins to speak first," replied Dr. —, anxious to test his abilities.

"In that case, I have no hesitation in speaking my mind freely. My opinion is, that as much nourishment as she can take, and a drive every day that is not damp, is necessary for Miss Deans as the next best course to removing her for change of air."

"That is precisely my view," said Dr. —, "but if her father will neither let her leave the house, nor supply her with nourishment, what is to be done? we are powerless in the matter."

"Excuse me, sir, not quite," said Mr. Moorhead, briskly; "while she has friends, both in and out of the garrison, my niece shall not perish for want of help. I have a plan in my mind, gentlemen, and if it can be carried out, every object will be gained, my niece will be saved, and I shall obtain full knowledge of her father's designs."

"What is it? let us hear it," cried the doctors, who seemed nearly as anxious as himself.

"Well, gentlemen, it is this—let Dr. Simpkins continue to attend my niece daily for the next month, meeting you occasionally for consultation. He is to be careful to seem to fall in with every suggestion of Mr. Deans, and so disarm his mind of all suspicion; through my nephew John, I shall take care to acquaint my niece that I am near her, watching over her, and he shall also supply her privately with everything necessary; meantime, it would be well for her to seem to become weaker every day, as she would do if her cruel father's directions were adhered to."

"You forget one point, Mr. Moorhead, and a very essential one," said Dr. —; "the every-day drives—air, are as necessary for her as food."

"Ah, but I have not forgotten it, my good sir," cried Mr. Moorhead, triumphantly; "I understand from John, that Mr. and Mrs. Deans go out every day for

a long country drive; she has been ordered to do so, and Mr. Deans is attentive enough to go with her; there is a back staircase leading to my niece's room, and a private door through which, unknown to any of the servants, she can come forth every day as soon as her detestable father and his wife have driven off from the front door; I shall be in waiting at a little distance with a carriage and take the poor child for a drive, making sure to have her home before the happy pair return."

"If you can manage this," cried Dr. —, rubbing his hands, "I will answer for it that you will see a rapid improvement in your niece."

"And now, doctor, that we have arranged so far, we will say good-bye for the present. I shall report progress in a few days; you must allow me," added Mr. Moorhead, laughing, "to retain you as consulting counsel and physician in one." He placed a substantial fee in the doctor's hand as he shook it, and took his leave with Dr. Simpkins.

"Poor human nature," said Dr. — when he was left alone, "what a slippery material you are to rest upon! Deans to be guilty of such conduct; he is about the last man from whom I would have expected it; but '*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; in angustiis amici apparent.*'"

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. MOORHEAD'S STORY.

THE evening after the meeting of the doctors had taken place, saw Mr. Moorhead and John Deans sitting with the family at Woodbine Cottage.

"Well, uncle," said John, when a pause took place in the conversation, "I think it is time that you kept your promise and gave us an account of your preservation. I expect Mr. Vincent is not quite so much in the dark on the subject as I am, or he would not have borne the delay so patiently."

"You are right, John," said Mr. Vincent, smiling; "I heard it all, or very nearly all, the first day your uncle arrived, and I will not be perfectly positive that I left my old wife there without some inkling of the facts since then; therefore we shall do '*Darby and Joan*' in the garden for a little while until you and Fanny are made as wise as we are."

"Now, uncle, we are all attention,"

said John, as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Vincent had left the room.

"Well, my boy, at the awful moment that the ship was about to go down, we had all tried by means of the boats and floating spars, hen-coops, and everything that would be likely to float, to save ourselves. I will not harrow up your feelings by describing the horrors of the scene; I shall only tell you that after being tossed on the raging waters for two days in an open boat, I, with one other passenger, was picked up by an outward-bound East Indiaman, and conveyed back to the very port from which we had started. On reaching Calcutta I found that my old friend Moorhead had died during my absence, leaving me all his money—over one hundred thousand pounds. On finding that it would take some little time to regulate about this legacy, I determined not to write home, but to surprise you all. I knew that your poor mother would be in a state of great anxiety until I should arrive, if she heard that I still lived, and had to travel so far before we could meet, perhaps also (although I am not naturally a suspicious man) I wished to see how you all bore your accession of fortune, and to witness with my own eyes whether you would cordially welcome me back to life, believing, as you would, that I came to resume my legacy."

"Oh, uncle!" interrupted John.

"I have proved you, my dear boy, and you have not been found wanting. My return alive and well shall not make any difference to you and your brother and sister, for, beside the money I told you of, my poor friend left me large coffee plantations, therefore my legacy shall now take the form of a gift, and I shall demand a strict account from him in whom I placed so much trust."

Mr. Moorhead's brow clouded as he spoke, and Fanny, to turn the subject which she felt must be so painful to John, said—

"Oh, sir, it was a wonderful escape, and so strange that you should have been taken back to the place where such good fortune awaited you."

"Yes, Fanny, it was a marvellous providence," replied Mr. Moorhead, reverently; "I was not so much shocked at the death of my friend, whose health I knew had been for some time in a failing state, as I was surprised at his bequest to me, for although we had long been friends, he had a cynical turn of mind,

and we often clashed in opinion on various subjects."

"Those kind of people often pretend to differ for the sake of argument," observed John.

"You are right, John, and I think poor Moorhead was very likely just such a person."

"Uncle," said John, "there is a subject I wish to consult you upon."

"Is it about my little friend here?" asked Mr. Moorhead, mischievously.

"Well, well, young people, you must not blush so much about it; better to marry a girl that you love, John, while you are young, than to be a lonely old bachelor like me; but do not think there is anything romantic in my living to my present age unmarried, it is simply for the very unpoetic reason that I never had time to 'fall in love,' as it is called; still, perhaps," he added musingly, "if I could have found my ideal, I could have found the time also."

"Then you confess you have an ideal?" cried John, gleefully.

"Yes, John, since I was your age I have had my ideal distinctly defined in my mind, but I never have met her; if I had, I do believe that within the hour she would have known it."

"Ah, Mr. Moorhead," laughed Fanny, "do not say anything against romance; that is the most romantic speech I have ever heard."

"Except when John compares your cheeks to roses and your neck to lilies," said Mr. Moorhead, slyly—a reply that silenced Fanny pretty quickly.

"But what did you wish to consult me about?" he added, to John.

"I would like, sir, to be doing something; idleness is hateful to me."

"Right, John; but we have business on hand just now that must be concluded before we think of anything else."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DINNER PARTY.

At the sensible hour of six o'clock, a few days after Mr. Moorhead's recital, a cab drove up to the elder Mr. Bingley's door, and two gentlemen descended from it in dinner costume, the eldest being Mr. Moorhead, and the other, Mr. John Deans.

For the first time since coming to England, Mr. Moorhead appeared without

his wig, and its absence created a great change for the better in his appearance; in fact, he looked very young for his age, which was not quite fifty, and no one would have taken him to be more than forty. The bright chestnut curls that began to cluster thickly over his head were exactly the colour of his nephew's, and the broad, benevolent forehead and clear penetrating eye denoted thought and candour, while a marvellously sweet smile gave an inexpressible charm to his face.

"Come, young man, you know the way," said he to his nephew, "convey me safely to the drawing-room; remember I am not your 'uncle John' to-day, but 'Mr. Moorhead.'"

In another minute the gentlemen were paying their respects to Mrs. Bingley, and being introduced to some half-dozen individuals who were invited to meet them. "My friend Moorhead: Colonel Founter, Captain Mordaunt, Mr. Moorhead, Mr. John Deans, Mr. and Mrs. Cheryton, Mr. and Mrs. Mellon. I believe you know my brother pretty well, but here is his wife, unknown as yet." The introductions over, Mr. Moorhead said, smiling, "What have I done that I should not be presented to this young lady?"

"Ah, very good—capital, to forget my own child. Susan, my dear, my old friend Mr. Moorhead. Susan shook hands cordially with him as she was introduced, and her mental comment was, 'not such an old' friend, I think."

John Deans was soon beside Susan, giving her a report of Minnie's health, and receiving a message to her in reply; but before they had had many minutes' conversation, dinner was announced.

"Moorhead, take down Mrs. Bingley, if you please," said Mr. Bingley, as he passed the sofa where that gentleman was sitting talking to Captain Mordaunt, whom he had known in India.

John secured Susan, and the party moved downstairs.

"What a nice man Mr. Moorhead appears to be," said Susan, as she glanced up the table at him; "he talks very well, and his smile is like sunshine. I wonder that I never heard papa speak of him before."

"It is very likely he may have spoken of him under another name," said John. "Mr. Moorhead took his present name when he came in for a large fortune, I understand."

"Ah, that accounts for my not knowing it," replied Susan. "He does not

look at all like a man who had lived in India so long. You have been very munificent bestowing some of your ambrosial curls upon him, and yet yours do not seem any the less."

"I am afraid," said John, laughing, "I cannot take credit for any special benevolence in the matter—Nature is the donor, not me."

"Well, you cannot deny their resemblance, at all events; but I am not going to flatter you, Monsieur John, by carrying the likeness farther, for Mr. Moorhead is a much handsomer man than you are."

"Never mind, Susan, I shall take my revenge some time or the other. It is well that all the young ladies are not of your opinion."

"One is not, at all events," replied Susan, with an arch smile that brought the rushing blood to the face of her companion.

At this moment Mrs. Bingley gave the signal for the ladies to retire, and the gentlemen were left to crack their jokes and their walnuts together.

Marian was in the drawing-room when the ladies entered, and she certainly did look like the fairy that Richard Deans called her, with her long floating curls, sweet smiling face, and snowy muslin falling in graceful folds round her little figure.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingley had lost several children between Susan and Marian. Susan was now twenty-seven, and Marian fourteen. No one would have taken them to be sisters, Marian being fair as a lily, with bright blue eyes and golden hair, while Susan was of that peculiar complexion that can neither be called dark or fair; rich brown hair was folded in thick braids round her head, and her full dark hazel eyes spoke of a loving heart and thoughtful mind, a peculiarly cheerful pleasant expression characterized her face, you felt at once that she was one to be trusted—that once a friend, she would be a true one for ever.

When the gentlemen entered the room Susan was singing a rather obsolete ballad for Mrs. Cheryton, whose especial favourite it was. Mr. Moorhead immediately drew near the piano, and listened to the sweet thrilling tones of her voice until tears rose to his eyes.

"Ah, Miss Bingley!" he said, as she finished, "you have given me a great pleasure. That song was one that I often heard my mother sing in years gone

by; and your voice is strangely like hers. The song and the voice have stirred up long silent memories."

"I am glad if I have given you pleasure, but I fear I have also given you pain," said Susan.

"No pain; unalloyed pleasure," replied Mr. Moorhead, sincerely. "Ah, I see, you have some of my old favourites here; do oblige me with this," he added, placing "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" on the music-stand.

"With pleasure; but it sounds so much better as a duet, that it is a pity to sing it as a solo."

She need not have expressed the pity, for a rich deep voice beside her took up the second as she commenced, and the hearers were entranced by the exquisitely touching air so harmoniously rendered.

"Oh, Mr. Moorhead, how beautifully you sing!" said Susan, unable to restrain her admiration; "it is a real pleasure to sing with such a second."

"Thank you," said Mr. Moorhead, while his smile, always so agreeable, seemed even more sweet than usual; "I hope we shall have frequent opportunities of singing together."

Susan's heart beat faster as she heard the words, and catching his eager glance she felt a burning blush suffuse her face.

"Susan," said Mr. Moorhead, "your father has known me nearly all my life; I am not a young man, and yet until this evening I never knew the meaning of the word 'love!' I know you will not laugh at me—I believe that you will not ridicule a feeling that to me is as new as it is delicious. I know you as well now as though I had been your companion for years. Do not be displeased at my plain speaking, Susan, for I am, perhaps, too blunt; but old as I am, and young as you are, I tell you now what I never told woman before—I love you!"

Arms, neck, and face were covered by one roseate glow as Susan lifted those clear, truthful eyes to the earnest gaze that was bent upon her.

"I thank you, Mr. Moorhead," she said simply, "and I feel that you are the only man I have ever met from whom I could hear such a declaration with pleasure."

"Then, Susan!—dear Susan! in time I may hope to win you?" whispered Mr. Moorhead.

"Hope anything you like," murmured Susan, as the colour rose once more in glowing confusion on her cheek.

"Then I trust it will not be long until the hope is converted into a certainty," said Mr. Moorhead, as he led her from the piano.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PROPOSAL IN ALL DUE FORM.

ON the evening after the dinner party recorded in the last chapter, Mr. Moorhead ascended the steps of Mr. Bingley's hall-door. Somewhat to that gentleman's surprise he had asked, during a conversation they had had in the early part of the day, if he could have a private interview with him at eight o'clock that evening.

"Certainly, my dear fellow! why not? What is it all about, though?"

"You shall know that this evening; I only hope the subject may meet your approval."

"All right—I'll expect you at eight," replied Mr. Bingley.

"Curious!" he said to himself when his visitor had departed; "I suppose it is something about investing his money. Lucky fellow to come in for such a wind-fall! I only wonder he did not speak to me here."

"Is Mr. Bingley at home?" inquired Mr. Moorhead, as the door was opened.

"Yes, sir, he is in the library," replied the man, who evidently expected him, ushering him into the room where Mr. Bingley sat trying to read a paper by the failing light.

"You see I am up to time," said the visitor.

"Yes, yes; you were always punctuality itself. Now let us go to business, for the ladies will expect us up to tea in a few minutes."

"I have come to ask you to do me a great favour—the greatest that one man can bestow upon another."

"My dear friend, anything in the world that I can do to oblige you, you may command me in. Do not hesitate to speak plainly."

"Do not pledge yourself too hastily," said Mr. Moorhead; "it is no light thing that I require from you."

"I wonder does he wish to be a partner in the bank?" cogitated Mr. Bingley; "I only hope it may be so."

"Speak out, man," he added aloud; "I tell you it is not likely that you can ask anything that I shall refuse."

"Then will you give me your daughter Susan to be my wife?"

"Susan — your wife?" cried Mr. Bingley, utterly confounded.

"I see it does not meet your approval. You think me too old," said Mr. Moorhead, sadly.

"Too old!—not a bit of it. I'm delighted!" said Mr. Bingley, heartily, getting over his surprise; "but what will Susan say?"

"I do not think Susan will object," replied Mr. Moorhead, with a smile.

"I don't understand it—it's beyond me," said Mr. Bingley, in a bewildered kind of way. "Surely you never saw her until yesterday?"

"Never; but when a man finds what he has been looking for all his life, he may well be in a hurry to secure it for his own."

"All right, win and wear, and I wish you every happiness; I tell you what it is, Moorhead," he said earnestly, "Susan is a real good girl—no nonsense about her, she has been a good daughter and a true comforter to her mother and me; and if ever a woman made a good wife she will. But come up to the drawing-room; I suppose you wont object to pay her a visit?"

"I rather think not," was the reply as Mr. Moorhead followed him upstairs.

"Agnes," said Mr. Bingley, entering the drawing-room, where his wife and Susan were sitting, "here is a gentleman that says he has been looking for our Susan all his life."

"Dear me, Mr. Moorhead," exclaimed Mrs. Bingley, surprised, "did you not know she lived here?"

"I am sorry to say, madam, that I had scarcely the pleasure of knowing she was in existence until yesterday."

"Then how could you be looking for her?" asked Mrs. Bingley, in a puzzle.

"Ah, my dear, that is the mystery," said her husband, as Mr. Moorhead went to the distant window where Susan stood.

"Will you come down to the library for a moment? I want to show you something."

"Certainly, dear," said the little woman, rising; "but I want to know how Mr. Moorhead could be looking for Susan all his life, more particularly when he did not know that there was any such person, for he told me so?"

"Just sit down, my dear, and I'll explain it to your perfect satisfaction," said

Mr. Bingley, as he shut the library door.

"Susan!—my own Susan now if you will only confirm the gift," said Mr. Moorhead, as he took her hand.

"What did papa say?" inquired Susan, with a tremor in her voice.

"He asked me what would Susan say," replied Mr. Moorhead. "What shall I tell him when he inquires again?"

"That Susan is yours if you will take her," was the reply, as she hid her blushing face upon his shoulder.

"Repeat it once more!—Let me hear the blessed words, say—John, I will be your wife!"

Susan raised her head, and placing both hands in his, fixed her clear, honest eyes upon his face, as she repeated—"John, I will be your faithful, loving wife, with God's blessing."

"May He bless you, true woman—pure heart!" said Mr. Moorhead, fervently, as he pressed a kiss on her uplifted brow.

There was a little bustle at the door, and Mrs. Bingley walked in, trying to look perfectly unconscious, but with a look of perfect wonder on her face, her eyes being as round as an owl's, and her lips pressed together as if she feared some mighty secret would escape through them; but one glance at Susan upset the poor little woman's attempt, and running to her she threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, and blessed her, in a tumult of smiles and tears.

Few happier people, or more thoroughly satisfied with themselves and each other, never sat round a tea-table than the Bingleys and Mr. Moorhead that evening; all were open and honest in their hopes and wishes, and each felt that the other was fully to be trusted; they prolonged the happy moments until a late hour, and at last, when Mr. Moorhead rose to go, Mr. Bingley said—

"Remember, Moorhead, you are to come and go here as you like—you have the Open sesame."

"Thank you—thank you, my dear friend, I shall avail myself liberally of your permission," said Mr. Moorhead, as he took his leave.

"The oddest thing of all is," said Mrs. Bingley, as the door closed, "that he should have been looking for her all his life. I do not understand it yet."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PASTIME.

EVERY one who has read Æsop, no doubt remembers the well-worn anecdote of the unstrung bow. It is so simple, so clear, and so beautiful in its application to the subject on which we are about to enter, that we cannot resist the inclination to recite it to our readers. "A fop found the wise Phrygian in company with some little boys, joining in their innocent amusements, and forgetting for awhile his age and experience. The fop sneered at the philosopher for taking part in these puerile pursuits. Æsop, with that practical satire for which he is distinguished, replied by placing an unstrung bow before the would-be wit, and demanded an explanation of the riddle. The fop was a man of the world but not a man of brains, and could not expound the mystery. Then Æsop said, "the mind of man, like that bow, if always bent, would in the end lose its elasticity, and become useless; by giving it occasional freedom, you preserve its tone, and it will serve your purpose."

The principle enunciated by Æsop is inborn with our natures: it exists in every human heart, and finds utterance in action. The necessity of occasional relaxation is a self-evident fact, which it needs no philosopher to teach us; an axiom which the voice of nature causes to echo through our being. There is no condition of existence so miserable or degraded as that in which this potent desire is not recognised and gratified. Our impulses all tend to it, and to check them is the worst of punishments. The most hopeless captive, pining in his dungeon, has still his pet spider, or tame rat, or "prison-flower," on which he lavishes all that remains of the exuberant feelings that once filled his bosom, and tries to transform into pastime what once would have overpowered him with disgust.

In the early stages of the world, when mental pleasures were confined to a superior few, Pastime partook of the character of the age, and developed itself in a physical direction. The sports of the ancient Greeks and Romans were all calculated to assist in the cultivation of bodily rather than mental energy; unless we except the disputations of Plato in the groves of Academe—at which meet-

ings, we have reason to believe, the lighter graces of the intellect were mingled with the sterner features of philosophy. The famous Olympian Games, which were celebrated at the full moon, under the direction of the inhabitants of Elis, possessed the elements of a mental as well as physical gymnasium. For, amongst the chariot races and gladiatorial engagements, which chiefly constituted the entertainment, we find that the victor most honoured was he who won the triumphal wreath of the poet. Glancing over the history of our own land, we look in vain, among its earlier stages, for any indication of the popular inclination towards pastimes which might tend to refine or elevate the intellect. Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, who flourished in the reigns of Stephen and Richard I., gives an elaborate account of the sports and pastimes of the English people. Among these, however, we find chronicled only such amusements as cock-fighting on Shrove Tuesday, foot-ball, sham-fights, and more of the same class, all tending to make a people athletic, but savage. One of the amusements entered upon in the Easter holidays, which were peculiarly devoted to revelling, is sufficiently singular to deserve a notice in passing. A pole was fixed in the middle of a deep and rapid stream, with a shield suspended from its summit. Any youth who wished to show his dexterity, took his place in the prow of a boat, without oars or rudder, and with a spear in his hand. The boat was allowed to float swiftly down towards the pole, and the feat consisted in striking the shield with such force, that the spear was shivered in the holder's hands, while he passed on unmoved. But if, from want of strength or dexterity, the shield was not struck with sufficient force to break the lance, then the unhappy essayist was thrown back into the water with the shock, whence he was rescued by boats stationed close by for that purpose. This sport closely resembles that called "the Quintain," afterwards introduced in the reign of Henry III.; about which period, also, the French game of Tennis made its first appearance in this country.

About the year 1391, a temporary revolution threatened the existence of the

sports which had become almost hereditary with the English people. Cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and wrestling gave way for a while before the mighty influence of the Drama. Unhappily, however, for the prospects of the stage, these dramatic representations were nothing more than absurd travesties upon sacred subjects, got up by a set of illiterate parish clerks and which in their treatment were at once blasphemous and ridiculous. Some of these plays, or "mysteries," as they were called, had for their foundation the creation of the world! and in them a character, personating the Deity, was frequently introduced, conversing with all the distinguished personages in scriptural history! An amusement so blasphemous and revolting to good taste could not long endure; and in a short time after we find the people pursuing the "good old sports,"—which we suppose formed one of the many advantages which a certain class of persons see in an epoch that they lovingly denominate "the good old times." Some time after this, we see James I. writing a work on the Sports and Pastimes of the English, and advocating the cause of such barbarous amusements as bull and bear-baiting, cock-fighting, &c., a system of national education that was very wisely suppressed by his successor, Charles.

Presently, the influence of France, that all-powerful arbiter of trifles, began to exhibit itself in England; the pastimes of the higher classes became of a more elevated order, although still characterized by considerable absurdities. Ladies, instead of going to the Tower to see a combat between a lion and a bear, turned their attention to those allegorical poems called "masques," which were then becoming fashionable, and which were occasionally performed before the court. There ladies of quality might be seen figuring away as *Chloe* or *Phyllis*, holding ivory-handled crooks, and spouting bad pastorals; while the gentlemen, as *Corydons*, supplicated in very indifferent couplets that the cruel fair ones might look more tenderly upon their sorrows.

Modern Pastime has partaken of modern progress, and the games that are now creeping into our homes, many of which we owe to our Gallic neighbours, are an agreeable and instructive improvement upon the boisterous pastimes that in former years made the cross-beams of each old English parlour ring with merry laughter. Hunt the slipper, Blindman's

buff, and Hanging the misletoe, are now supplanted by such games as *Bouts rimes*, Charades, and Definitions. There is an interesting Fireside Pastime, entitled the "Game of Twenty Questions," of which we once remember reading an account in connexion with the celebrated statesman Canning. Canning, with a number of friends, all men of intellect, and holding grave offices, was dining at some one's house, whose name has now escaped our memory. After the ladies had retired, and the wine had just begun to circulate, some one proposed that the Game of Twenty Questions should be played. The motion was eagerly adopted, and to Canning was allotted the task of discovering the object fixed on by the rest of the party. The principle of the game is this:—one of the assembly is placed outside the door, and while there, the rest fix on some particular and well-known object, which the person outside must endeavour to discover by putting indiscriminately twenty questions to those in the secret.

Canning conducted this interrogation with all the critical acumen of a lawyer and statesman; weighing with the most anxious care each question and its answer, and apparently taking as much pains about his final success, as if the matter in question had been the discovery or management of a state secret. The entire of the party exhibited, during the progress of the game, a keen and singular interest, and Canning is described as labouring under a considerable degree of excitement, and when he had finally exhausted the number of queries allowed by the rules of the game, and had to hazard his only guess, he did it with an agitated and anxious air that was curious to witness in one who was accustomed to decide the destiny of nations. The great statesman was, however, successful; the object fixed on had been the wand of office of the Usher of the Black Rod, and Mr. Canning declared that he had guessed it an early stage of the proceedings—he had felt convinced what it was, but was afraid of destroying his only chance by guessing too rashly. A singular fact connected with this evening's amusement illustrates in a striking manner what a wholesome influence such pastimes exercise over a family circle. The game on this particular night lasted nearly two hours, during which time not one drop of wine was drunk! This in a day when after-dinner pleasures were universally

enjoyed, is the best commentary upon the advantages that must result from the introduction of fireside games.

The history of many of our fireside pastimes dates from periods of great antiquity, and the origins of some are involved in considerable mystery. The *Ænigma* is one of the most ancient of the pastimes which we retain at present; the title is derived from the Greek words *αἰνιττεσθαι*, to hint a thing darkly; and *αἶνος*, an obscure speech. The Jews were not unacquainted with enigmas, and Gale, in his "Court of Gentiles," seems to think that the Egyptians borrowed them from that ancient people. The celebrated enigma propounded by the Sphinx is one of the earliest on record. But there is still extant one more famous still, which is notorious for having occupied the attention of the learned in every age, and baffling every attempt to solve it. It is of Spanish origin, and is copied from the Bologna marbles preserved in the Voltaian family. It is written in Latin, but we subjoin a translation of this mysterious problem:—

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

D. M.

ALIA LALIA CRISPUS:

NEITHER MAN, NOR WOMAN, NOR HERMAPHRODITE, NOR GIRL, NOR YOUTHFUL WOMAN, NOR AGED DAME, NOR CHASTE WOMAN, NOR HARLOT, NOR PRUDE,

BUT ALL;

SNATCHED AWAY, NEITHER BY FAMINE, NOR BY THE SWORD, NOR BY POISON,

BUT BY ALL;

NEITHER IN THE SKIES, NOR IN THE WATERS, NOR ON THE EARTH,

BUT EVERYWHERE SHE LIES;

NEITHER HUSBAND, LOVER, OR INTIMATE FRIEND, HE WHO GRIEVES, HE WHO REJOICES, OR HE WHO WEEPS, KNOWS HER, OR THIS FUNERAL PILE, THIS PYRAMID, OR THIS SEPULCHRE,

BUT ALL THINGS;

AND LUCIUS AGATHO PRISCIUS KNOWS NOT FOR WHOM IT MAY HAVE BEEN PLACED.

The term Riddle, which is used indiscriminately for all puzzles depending upon the particular arrangement of words, has for its origin the Belgic "raeden," and the Saxon "arethan," and corresponds with the *scrupus* or *scripus* of the Latins. The alchemists of old were great dealers in riddles, and nearly all their recipes for

constructing that chimera—the philosopher's stone—were couched in enigmatical language, which probably was quite as incomprehensible to the writers as the readers. Obscure laws were called by the ancients, "ænigmatica juris," and the Egyptian language was nothing more than one great enigma. Of late years, these problems have assumed a more instructive shape than that of concealing absurd sorceries. An enigma, as it now stands, is recognised as being founded upon some one word or object, regarding which a number of paradoxical assertions can be asserted, and afterwards reconciled by some peculiar process of reasoning. When the enigma is founded upon a scientific fact, it may be made the medium of conveying knowledge, and impressing it more forcibly on the memory, than twice the number of set lessons.

The Charade, which seems to be an offspring of the Enigma, owes its title and origin to a French gentleman of the same name, who probably invented the ingenious trifle in some idle hour. At first its application was confined to those little versified affairs which one sees in the pamphlets of puzzles which annually make their appearance; but lately the Charade has assumed a dramatic character, and constitutes, in that form, one of our most popular home pastimes.

There can be no feature which adds so great a charm to the domestic circle as the introduction of those *délassements*, which combine with amusement some degree of intellectuality; and few who have not tried the experiment will believe how much the mental powers of youth are developed by those simple games.

Science, by combining the commonest materials, produces such fabrics as glass and gunpowder; and a man of mind will treat the most trifling matters in such a way as frequently to render it the most profitable. A definition may point a moral, and an enigma illustrate a great fact; and even the simplest of fireside games may train young minds to thought, and serve as an intellectual whetstone.

It is much to be regretted that there does not circulate amongst the lower classes of society a larger desire for amusements of this description. The mining population of Cornwall and Wales, who spend too much of their substance in debauchery and riot, might be much elevated if a system of home pastimes could be introduced among them. The false excitement of gin would then be supplied

by an intellectual excitement, and being chained at home, the "duffing shops," where the reckless men spend all their money, would lose their customers, and consequently their ill-got profits. It is no use to say that these classes of men are not capable of enjoying such amusements. We ourselves know a mine in South Wales, where the men have established an excellent brass band amongst themselves, have a very good collection of instruments, and evince the greatest attachment to their musical recreations. Nearly all the performers had once been notorious drunkards, but now partake of nothing stronger than tea or water.

Amongst the large factory districts of England, too, where vice reigns supreme, what a change for the better might be accomplished by the establishment of some kind of club, where reading and other pastimes should offer some induce-

ment for the wretched gin-drinkers of the neighbourhood to quit the poisonous atmosphere of the gin-shops for a quiet hour by a happy fireside! See how the Lowell factory girls have produced and supported unassisted a most excellent periodical. The example is one worthy of imitation.

Let no one sneer at the title with which we have opened this little paper, or fancy that the venerated name of Philosophy is desecrated by a conjunction with that of Pastime. The wisest and greatest men may, without laying down their dignity, take up the rattle of the child—and an unalterable gravity is too frequently a cloak with which fools endeavour to conceal their folly. Lady Hester Stanhope relates of her illustrious relative, Pitt, that he was accustomed to say, that he "would not give a fig for a man who could not talk nonsense."

A VISION.

NIGHT press'd upon my eyelids,
My lips were seal'd with lead,
My heart and brain stiff frozen—
I lay among the dead!

How long I cannot tell you
Had I lain in slumbers deep;
When at my grave, a knocking
Awoke me from my sleep.

"Wilt thou not rise, my Henry?
"The eternal day breaks on,
"The dead have all arisen,—
"The unbounded joy's begun!"

My love, I cannot rise yet;
"I still am blind, for O!
"My eyes, with constant weeping,
"Are quite worn out, you know!

"O Henry! with my kisses
"Thine eyes I'll free from night;
"And thou shalt see the angels,
"And all the heavenly light!"

Then all my deep wounds open'd,
The stream of blood wild broke,
From head and heart warm gushing;
When sudden—I awoke!

"My love, I cannot rise yet,
"For still I'm bleeding sore,
"Where thou with one unkind word,
"Didst wound my heart's deep core."

"I'll gently lay, O Henry!
"My hand upon thy heart;
"And then 'twill bleed no longer,
"I'll heal its bitter smart."

"My love, I cannot rise yet!
"My head is bleeding too,
"Where the ball I shot went through it,
"As I was torn from you."

"With my long tresses, Henry,
"I'll fill the bleeding wound;
"And stop the flowing blood-stream,
"And make thy dear head sound!"

She pray'd so soft, so loving,
Resistance was in vain;
I tried to rise, and follow
My gentle love again.

THE EPERNAY DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PORTRAITS.

I HAVE never met with any extraordinary adventures in my life; I have never been within an ace of being robbed, or murdered, or dashed to pieces—there is nothing heroic or romantic about me. My imagination is cold, my fancy sober. I am a little prosy, middle-aged man, a bookseller in a small provincial town. But prosaic as I am, a certain taste for adventure mingles with the predominating phlegm of my temperament, and every year, as autumn comes round, I steal a few weeks from business, strap my knapsack on my back, and set off en route for a pedestrian tour on the continent. It was on one of these tours, in the autumn of 18—, that I became acquainted with some facts which appeared to me not a little remarkable.

I had been travelling through the mountain country of Aveyron, and met with a slight accident which detained me for some days in the little town of St. Ullfrêche. St. Ullfrêche is a pretty little town, or rather village, with a picturesque fountain and market-place, and consisting of one long, paved, hilly street of curious quaint-looking old houses, straggling out into a green grassy valley dotted with chestnut-trees. Half a mile beyond the last house, you turn the corner of the straggling chestnut-wood, and find yourself at the turn of the valley.

A wide mountain gorge opens on the left, down which rushes a foaming, dashing stream, at a little distance from whose precipitous banks stands an ancient deserted mansion of the old lords of Epernay. This château was built in a light arabesque style of architecture, with a multitude of tall slight columns crowned with delicate marble ornaments, many of which were broken over. The grounds around it were large, and presented a dense forest of flowering plants, creepers, and evergreens, tangled together in the wildest confusion, with here and there a marble fountain, a broken railing, or an overturned statue gleaming through the matted verdure. But the saddest spot of all this melancholy wilderness was a

sheet of ornamental water, evidently artificial. The apparatus for keeping it pure by means of a constant flow and influx had fallen into disrepair; and it was thick and stagnant, and covered with weeds and green slime. A variety of drooping bushes fringed its banks, dipping their long branches into the unwholesome water, and effectually precluding a breath of air from so much as ruffling its dark bosom, from the surface of which a coot or other waterfowl occasionally rose, and with a shrill, melancholy cry dived again among the long reeds.

I was contemplating this mournful picture of waste and desolation, when an old man emerged from the ruins of a boat-house, and apparently reading my thoughts in my face, said, in a shrill, cracked voice, pointing as he spoke across the lake to the deserted garden and the columns of the château visible through the wilderness of green—

“Things were not always so, monsieur. Time was when Epernay was a grand old place; but what matters the place when they are gone, one and all—one and all!” And sitting down on the old worm-eaten landing, to which the remains of a gaily-painted boat were still moored, he sighed deeply, and began to rock himself back and forward with a slow, monotonous movement. Touched by his evident grief, and curious to know something of the possessors of the ruinous pile which rose before me in melancholy splendour, I asked if the mansion had been long deserted.

“Yes, a long time, monsieur—many, many years ago. But who are you, that ask after the Epernays? I thought their very memory had gone.”

“I am a stranger.”

“Ah! a stranger. I am old now, but methinks my ears catch a foreign accent in your voice; and your dress is strange. Perhaps”—and he raised himself up, and an eager infantile expression of delight glistened in his sunken eyes—“perhaps you have no such grand châteaux in your country, monsieur?”

“Not many.”

“Ah! I thought so:” and he laughed and nodded to himself. “Would monsieur care to hear of the Epernays?”

"Yes, if it is no trouble to you, my old friend."

"Trouble! Ah! monsieur does not know old Pierre. I am old and feeble; but when I think of those days my heart grows young again. Come into the château, monsieur, and I will show you what they were. Ah! to think they are gone now, and they so proud and strong; but sin and the curse of God are heavy, heavy to bear! Ay, sin and the curse of God are a heavy burden, heavy! heavy to bear!"

And mumbling over this sentence again and again, he led the way before me through a narrow path cut in the flowering thicket to the house, and mounting the steps, pushed open the door, which was standing slightly ajar, and bade me enter.

The hall into which I was thus ushered was splendid and spacious enough, but my guide did not linger in it, but opening a door at its farther extremity, began to hobble up a wide and lofty staircase. I followed him, and we arrived in an elegant room of noble dimensions, which was luxuriously, even splendidly furnished, although neglect and decay had done their work, staining the pale blue satin hangings with spots of mildew, and tarnishing the gilding, and loosening the lacquer-work and veneering. On the wall hung three portraits—those of a man and two women, or rather two portraits of the same woman, one of which hung on either side of the man. Allowing for the difference of sex, there was a wonderful likeness between the two. There was the same tall, slender elegance of shape, the same pale brown colourless complexion, the same long, straight, luxuriant black hair; the same large black eyes which might have been in life fiery or soft, languishing or tender, but which, as they looked at me from the canvas, were only unutterably sad.

"These are the Epernays," said my old guide, nodding to them, "they are handsome, are they not, monsieur?"

"They are," I answered truly, "and there is something in their dark beauty that says they have a history to tell."

"They have—they have—look well at these two women, monsieur."

"I am looking at them; but they seem to me to be two portraits of the same woman."

"Nay, they are two. See you not that they are different?"

I looked at the two portraits again closely, there was a difference. The

features, and height, and carriage, and complexion were the same, but the expression of the one face was weak and vacillating, and that of the other haughty and firm, and, despite a certain cruel hard expression in the eyes, wonderfully fascinating. The proud pictured face seemed to attract you the more, the more you gazed at it. And it was after a considerable pause that I turned to old Pierre, and said, "Yes, I see that they are different—very different. I cannot conceive now how I ever fancied them to be the same."

"Oh! that is what every one says, when they have looked at that bold bad face. But there is another difference; look at those jewels," and he pointed to a tiara of diamonds that surrounded the head of the younger, weaker-looking woman.

"They must have been fine, if the painter has rendered them faithfully."

"Ah! he has not done them justice; they were splendid—they were the famous Epernay diamonds,—the diamonds Gaston of Epernay got from the king, in the days when the Epernays were good as well as great. Ah! what matters it to think of them now? These women," and he nodded contemptuously to the two portraits, "were the wives of Renart, Count of Epernay. That is he. They, two, were of one stock," and he pointed to the jewelled woman and the count. As for her, most people thought she was an Epernay too, but that is all guess-work. She was bad enough, I trow, to have been of them, but before I tell you their story, I must show you another Epernay. Ah! he was noble and good. If he had but lived, things had been otherwise with us," and with a deep sigh the old man went to an antique tortoiseshell cabinet, unlocked a drawer, and after no end of fumbling, brought out a small faded miniature, and pushed it before me, muttering as he did so, "There, I have not looked at it since that night—not since that evil night, when the good fortunes of the Epernays died with him."

I looked carefully at the miniature he had thrust into my hands, and found it to be that of a young man, bearing a sort of general resemblance to the three dark faces before me, but fresh-complexioned, and with a candid noble expression which was utterly a-wanting in them. The old man looked at me inquiringly. "It is a good face, Pierre," I answered, giving him back the miniature.

He seized it in his withered hands, and pressed it fondly to his lips. "Ah! my poor Jules, what a good brave boy he was! I taught him to ride and to swim, and to follow the wild boar on the mountains. Ah, me! it kills me to think that I am here withered and old, and that he died in his glory and strength. Such a death, too;" and a visible shudder shook his feeble frame. "One day, stranger, I will show you where he died, but I weary you."

"No, indeed, you do not."

"Then I will tell you their story. These three," and he placed the miniature below the portraits of Count Renart and his first wife—"these three were all Epernays—true Epernays. They were cousins. Jules and his brother were joint proprietors of a small estate adjoining Epernay, and she was the heiress of this magnificent château, and the broad lands round it, and of the famous Epernay diamonds.

"But, first, I must explain to you the connexion between the women. Jacques Epernay, the father of the heiress, married a Spanish lady; my father was butler in the château, as I became after him, and I have heard him tell that you would not see a lovelier woman in a long summer's day than my lady was when she came first to Epernay. But Monsieur the Count was a stern, cold man, and there were no heirs to the broad lands, and she pined and fretted. And there grew dispeace between them, and what with one thing and another, no one was surprised that when the little lady came at last, my lady folded her hands on her breast and died. I remember her still, a feeble thin spectre of a woman. I used to think, when I saw her gliding about the grounds, that she was one of those spirits *le bon Père Martin* told us of. Ah! trouble is a sore thing, even to the innocent, but what of that, she died. And they gave the little lady to be nursed by a peasant woman in the mountains. She had been a favourite with Count Henri, the elder brother of Count Jacques, but all that was past, and she was the wife of a charcoal burner—a silent, industrious, hard-working woman, with a large family. In due time the child was taken home to Epernay, and the Count, though a hard, stern man, was fond of his child—fonder than he had ever seemed of his beautiful wife, and as she grew up, wonderfully clever, and vivacious, with his dark beauty, and no end of wit and spirit, he began

almost to dote upon her. Mademoiselle's will was law at Epernay, and as for her father, he seemed to have no pleasure in the world but her, and lived but to gratify her slightest wish. Almost from her birth, he had set his heart on marrying her to her cousin Jules, but Mademoiselle Angelique had a will of her own, and greatly preferred the younger brother, that dark false-faced Renart. I think she loved him, for she had some heart then, though she flouted at him, and tyrannized over him in her saucy, laughing way. Poor Mademoiselle Angelique! She was a bright, merry girl then, a thought too proud and high-spirited for a woman, perhaps, taking too much after the proud old Count, but frank and generous withal.

"When she was about seventeen, it chanced that old Jeanne, the charcoal-burner, fell sick. In spite of all this woman's industry, things had gone ill with her. Her goats fell over the precipices in the mountains, when those of her neighbours escaped unhurt; her bees died, though the winters was mild; she was in constant poverty, and her family dropped off one after another, till none were left but stupid old Etienne, her husband, and a girl Cephyse, who was born before her marriage to the charcoal-burner. The gossips said she was Count Henri's child, but of that I know nought. I only know that she was very like Mademoiselle Angelique—like, and yet unlike—she had the same tall, slender figure and dark face, but the carriage and air were different. And Cephyse was slow and stupid, poor thing! how could it be otherwise, nothing but work—hard wearing work—ever since her birth, and harder now than ever, for her mother was sick, and craved, as sick folks will, many little dainties which it was almost beyond the poor girl's power to procure for her?

"Our sprightly Mademoiselle Angelique was not over-charitable to the poor. She was clever and beautiful, but there was not much kindness in her nature, the old folks said. I think myself that there was, perhaps, no lack of kindness then, but she was thoughtless. She scarcely knew, in the brightness of her gay rose-coloured life, that there were poor suffering, dying, people around her. She never sent anything to the charcoal-burner's hut, for all the deep poverty there, but nobody wondered at that, it was her way. And for a while old Jeanne never applied to her for help; but shortly before her death, she took a

fancy for some rare wine. We had dozens upon dozens of it in the cellars. I trow one bottle would have been but little missed; but it was a great night at the château, and the house was full of company, and Mademoiselle Angelique was busy, and she was hasty of temper at any time, and when poor Cephyse came to her to beg for the wine, she called out angrily, 'What would the peasant churl do with such wine? it is not fit for such brutes as she. Put her forth, Pierre.' I obeyed, for I knew remonstrance was useless. My young lady was like her father, she never permitted any of her inferiors to advise her. I had heard her order, and I knew I had nothing to do but put the young girl out, and I did so. It was a cold, stormy winter's night, and I watched her till her figure disappeared among the drifting snow, and then went back to the chateau, where everything was bright and warm and gorgeous.

"Mademoiselle Angelique was looking beautiful that night. She wore a dress I know not of what rich material, but I remember the colour well. It was of that soft, rosy hue that one sees on the mountains when the sun is setting, and it threw a flush on her dark cheeks which deepened the lustre of her glorious eyes. Glorious her lover called them, and glorious they were when flashing with love and hope in that bright spring-time of her life. Ah me! a change came soon.

"The banquet was over, fruits and wine were placed on the table, and I was standing at the sideboard behind my master's chair facing my young mistress, when I heard a noise—a sort of scuffle in the hall, and before I could turn myself the door was flung open and a figure advanced—a ghastly, livid figure, wrapped in a tattered blanket, all covered with snow—old Jeanne herself, and no other. I caught her eyes, they were fixed and glassy, but there was life in them too—wild, revengeful life. She came straight forward to the count, and laid her hand on his shoulder, and croaked out, 'Jacques Epernay, I have come to you because I knew well you would not come to me; no, not even though you knew I was dying. I have come now to give up my trust. The debt I owed to your brother I have almost paid out to you. I would I had held out a little longer. It was sweet to have an Epernay toiling and slaving for me, but that is over. Stand forward, Cephyse; why need you

blush to face your father? My lord, I have the honour to present to you the heiress of Epernay, your only child, the infant you entrusted to me seventeen years ago. As for yonder fine lady,' and she dropped a mock curtesy towards the astonished Angelique—'as for yonder fine lady, she is a mere peasant churl—a brute beast like myself, a—a—' here her voice failed, the passion that had sustained her had burned out, and life went with it, her head fell forward on her breast, and she would have fallen to the ground had not one of the guests caught her, and laid her down on the floor. As for the count, he was lying back in his chair in a dead faint, utterly unconscious. With much ado we recalled him to his senses, and he stood up and looked around him, and spoke. We had all thought till then that his ruling passion was love for his daughter, but ah! monsieur, the pride of those Epernays was something terrible. Few could fathom it; his words undeceived us. They were few and short, but I know there was not one in that large room that did not shrink from them. He pointed to mademoiselle, and said—'Turn that woman out; let her go to her mother.'

"Ah! pride is a terrible thing. We looked at mademoiselle; she sat still and rigid in her chair, as motionless as if she had been a marble statue. With her great black eyes wide open, staring right before her blank and stupified, she made no appeal to him, but he was not suffered to perpetrate his great sin unchallenged for all that. No one stepped forward to obey his order, but we looked to each other, servants and guests, not well knowing what to do. He repeated his cruel words, and then Father Martin the good priest rose; he was no reveller, though he made one of that dismayed company, and he came forward and stood by the count's side, and said—'Seigneur, listen to me. Act not so unjustly; deprive not this poor child of the shelter of thy roof, she hath been delicately nurtured. She had no hand in deceiving thee, and if not thy child, she is yet of kin to thee, for she is thy brother's daughter; but for his sin she had been what thou art now. Think of that, seigneur.' These and many other wise, temperate words the old priest urged, but all in vain, the count was mad, frenzied with pride. He shook Father Martin off, glared round at us all, and striding forward to the chair where mademoiselle

still sat, seized her by the arm and pushed her before him out into the dark night, and closed the door behind her. The heavy clang of that door as it closed grated upon my heart; I forgot for a moment all the reverence and submission of years, and rushed out after her. It was a wild night, a howling wind was driving the snow into little heaps, and then scattering it in drifting showers, and there she stood in her bright robes, while the wind moaned, and whistled, and shrieked around her, and dashed against her defenceless head with mad vehemence. I went up to her and wrapped a cloak round her, and brought her back to my room. She was like a thing dead, she neither moved nor stirred, and I placed a chair upon the hearth and put her in it, and piled fresh faggots on the fire. I knew he would curse me, strike me, perhaps, in his rage, but if he had killed me I could not have done otherwise. My heart bled for the poor defenceless thing, and she was guiltless then, ay, guiltless!

"When I returned to the dining-hall the priest had but newly left. I knew not then whither he went, but I heard afterwards that he had wandered about all that wild night over the hills seeking her. The count did not notice my entrance, and I was glad of it, for I said to myself she will have shelter for a few hours more at least, and God may change his heart. So I stood behind his chair and looked at the troubled company. Some stood, others sat, but the two young Epernays stood apart together talking earnestly. Jules was remonstrating with his brother—he was pleading for her, I could see that. Brave, kind heart! he was ever ready to succour the distressed, but his pleading was in vain. Seigneur Renart was not proud like the old count, he was too low for that—too low and mean! Young as he was, he was already a miser and a spendthrift, and he would not have wedded Mademoiselle Angelique, if she had been a king's daughter, unless she had brought him the lands of Epernay. To wed the heiress of Epernay had been his earliest ambition, and so to join her lands again to those of Louay, his small patrimonial estate. This estate, though belonging of right to Jules, the elder brother, he always spoke of as his. People remarked this strange habit afterwards, monsieur, but you shall hear.

"The brothers still spoke apart, when

the count, my master, rose, and pointing to Cephyse, who crouched in a corner near them like some frightened fawn, exclaimed in loud angry tones—'Remove that—that—lady—No, call the waiting women. She must be treated with all due respect. She is heiress of Epernay.'

"The waiting women came. And the poor peasant girl was removed sobbing and moaning in an ecstasy of grief and terror. The count then turned to the company, and bade them draw near and fill their cups and be merry. No one dared to thwart him, but the mirth was forced and joyless, and as soon as they decently could, the guests withdrew.

CHAPTER II.

ANGELIQUE.

"THIS was the last merry-making held in Epernay under the auspices of the grim old count. Next morning there came doleful news to the château. When I went to my room after the guests had left, I found that poor Mademoiselle Angelique was gone. I would have followed her, but the count had taken measures that none should leave the house; so I could do nothing but watch and wait till the morning light should bring us tidings of the poor young thing. And when the morning was well advanced Father Martin came. He held something beneath his cloak. I asked him what success he had had, but he never answered me, but passed, as though he neither saw nor heard me, straight into the dining hall, where the count had sat all night, and threw down on the wine-stained table before him the very dress poor Mademoiselle Angelique had worn, all wet and stained with the blue clay of the stream. The count turned very pale, but he betrayed no other emotion, but coldly asked, 'What mean those rags, priest?'

"And good Father Martin answered sadly, 'If thou dost not know, I will tell thee. There seemeth every reason to fear that the unhappy Angelique has gone to her last account, and if so, her blood is upon thy head.'

"'Nay, I see not why I should be burdened with the death of every peasant churl,' answered the count, sullenly, and the priest said no more, but turned him round and left the château, and caused

search to be made in the stream for the body of *la pauvre petite*, but they found it not. The Louay, so the stream was called, was in high flood, and they gave up the search at last, concluding that it had been carried down.

"As for the count, he never inquired if the body was found, and never again referred in any way to Mademoiselle Angelique, but he thought of her for all that. He never smiled after that morning when the priest threw down the torn wet robe before him, never hunted the wild boar, never fished in the Louay, never mingled with his neighbours, never looked on the face of Mademoiselle Cephyse, or once called her daughter, but shut himself up in the deserted château a silent, conscience-stricken man. One idea alone possessed him, and gave life some slight charm: it was that the Seigneur Jules, his favourite nephew, might yet marry his daughter, the heiress of Epernay. When this, his favourite project, was accomplished, he would look upon her face, but not till then. But the seigneur Jules would not accede to his uncle's proposition unconditionally. 'If I find after a fair trial,' he said, 'that I can love Mademoiselle Cephyse, and that she can love me, I will gladly wed her, but if not I will not, even for the broad lands of Epernay, take to my home and hearth a woman I cannot love.' With this the old count was forced to be content. The Seigneur Renart, indeed, had no scruples, and would have married his cousin at once out of hand, but his uncle shrank from him and his advances. He had been too closely connected with Mademoiselle Angelique to make him a welcome wooer for Mademoiselle Cephyse. So he was virtually forbidden the château, and Monsieur Jules went and came, visiting his uncle and cousin when he chose.

"Mademoiselle Cephyse, when her peasant rags were stripped off and she had somewhat recovered from the effects of early toil and privation, and been clothed in the rich garments befitting her station, bore a certain resemblance to Mademoiselle Angelique, which the waiting-women strove to increase by every means in their power. They arranged her hair in the same rich folds—they cut her gowns in the same fashion, and chose for her the same colours; but with all they could do the resemblance was but faint and negative. They could not give her Mademoiselle Angelique's grand air, or her

graceful, careless elegance, or her strange weird-like beauty; but, in spite of all that, Monsieur Jules grew to love her. He had never cared for Angelique, she had been too bold, too haughty, too high-spirited for him. This young girl, who had learned in a peasant's cottage to love warmly, to toil hard, and to practise fasting and self-denial for those she loved, seemed charming to him. Nothing on earth seemed to him so precious as this young, fresh heart, which he came not only to awaken, but to create; and while he guided the untutored opening mind to throw off the gross ignorance which had burdened and oppressed it, the solitudes of Epernay seemed to him an earthly paradise. Nor was Cephyse ungrateful for his love and care, her heart beat responsive to his. For the first time in her life she was happy, and in her happiness blessed the God who had sent her so kind and true a friend.

"As for the count, he seemed glad that his favourite project was in such a fair way of being realized; but when Jules, with lover-like pride, would have dilated on the many accomplishments of Cephyse, he stopped him coldly. His heart was with Angelique still, despite all his injustice, it was easy to see that; but the lovers, happy in each other, did not much care, fondly trusting that his unnatural prejudice would wear away. They were formally betrothed, and it wanted but a few weeks to their marriage when Seigneur Jules left the château one cold stormy night to ride to his own house of Louay.

"She was very unwilling for him to leave. She was afraid of the storm—she was afraid of her own servants—she was afraid of everything and all in the world, excepting him; but with him she was free and open and unconstrained, with a sort of shy, timid playfulness. I remember, as if it had been yesterday, that even I, who never admired her, thought it a fair sight to see her clinging to him in her pretty, pleading way. They parted out there at the top of the staircase, and I think I see her yet, a slim, slender young thing. She looked very young—younger far than the stately Angelique. Poor Mademoiselle Cephyse! he would not stay with her for all her sweet entreaties, but laughed at her fears for him, and kissed her and put her away from him resolutely, and went downstairs and mounted his horse and rode away. That was the last we saw of good, handsome

Seigneur Jules. Before the next morning he was stretched on his bier. Ah, me! monsieur, that was a frightful sight, to see the man we had parted with the night before, so full of life and health, stretched there all bruised and mangled. But I forget.—When Seigneur Jules left Epernay that night, he had to cross the Louay on his road home. The Louay is a fast-flowing stream, deep and rapid, and liable, like all hill rivers, to sudden floods. It has, besides, high precipitous banks, which make it doubly dangerous, and has, in truth, but one safe ford, at which the Count Epernay had built a hut, and given commands that a light should be constantly kept burning when there was no moonlight, that in the dark winter nights travellers might be guided to the ford. It was a very dark night when Monsieur Jules left, but we all of us knew of the light at the ford, and it did not occur to any of us—not even to Mademoiselle Cephyse—to take any fear for that.

“Ah, monsieur! we are frail, short-sighted creatures. Before midnight we were roused by the fearful news that the young count had ridden straight for a precipitous part of the bank, a little below the ford, and that horse and rider had been dashed—yes, literally dashed in pieces on the rocks below. Ah, monsieur, what a horror that was; and there was wonder mixed with horror and some suspicion too; for stupid, half-witted Jean, the goatherd, was abroad that night, and he persisted in declaring that the young count passed him not far from the river, riding straight in the direction of the light. But no one knew well where to turn, or on whom to fix suspicions, for Monsieur Jules had no enemies. Monsieur Renart, indeed, would fain have accused poor Jean, but everyone knew that he would have died for the dead count; and there was such an universal outcry that he was forced to withdraw the charge. Meanwhile there was nothing at Epernay but grief and wailing. High and low, all were the same; but the grief of poor Mademoiselle Cephyse was pitiful to see. I have seen much grief, and heard many a cry of human sorrow, but I never heard anything so full of desolate, terrible agony as her scream when they told her that he was gone for ever. He was all to her, you see, monsieur—all to her in the world—father, mother, brother, sister, lover, all in one!”

“Poor girl,” I answered, “she was indeed to be pitied.”

“Ay; that she was, monsieur, and not so much then as later. In those early days she had undisturbed possession of her grief. It seems strange to speak in that way, monsieur, but it was true. It was something for that desolate creature to be permitted to embalm his memory in her bitter grief, to have him and her sorrow, and nothing less pure and holy, to fill her thoughts, and to dream of constancy, as if such vain chimeras could be permitted to the heiress of Epernay.

“Not long after Monsieur Jules had been laid in his bloody grave, I began to have suspicions how things would turn out. Monsieur Renart had grieved much for his brother’s death; he had, indeed, shown a grief so violent and extreme that it surprised every one. In Jules’s lifetime he had spoken of Louay as his own, but now that it was his indeed, he refused to assume his brother’s title of Count of Louay; but he drew the rents, I knew that, and even raised them before the first quarter was out; but the old count never knew of that, and he was pleased to see Monsieur Renart’s grief for his brother, and in a short time he came and went to Epernay, much as Monsieur Jules had done, and Monsieur le Comte, who had at first merely tolerated him, began at last to like him, and to look upon him as a suitable husband for Mademoiselle Cephyse.

“When Monsieur Renart had once got things this length, he never let the subject drop, but kept artfully working away in secret, till he had accomplished his end. In spite of all mademoiselle’s tears and entreaties she was forced to become his wife. Theirs was a joyless bridal,—I remember it well, it was scarcely a year after Monsieur Jules’s death. There was deep snow on the ground; from the windows of the chapel you could see nothing but the trees bending beneath their wintry load, and within the dull yellow light showed only sad, mournful faces, and a pale, cold bride, with a face whiter than the white robes she wore. Even Monsieur Renart showed but little of a bridegroom’s joy, but before the marriage service was over something happened that lighted up his dark face with a flash of triumphant pleasure. Monsieur, the Count of Epernay, had sworn never to look upon his daughter’s face until she was her cousin’s wife, and

Heaven decreed that when that time came he should be unable to look upon any face, whether of friend or foe. All through that marriage day he had looked haggard and pale; no one wondered at his gloom, for we all thought of Mademoiselle Angelique when we saw her lover stand at the altar in the bridegroom's place; and he who brooded over the past continually, no doubt remembered her then; and the remorse and sorrow which he had long borne in such stern silence, were at last too much for him. While Father Martin was pronouncing the marriage benediction, he fell heavily forward; and as I ran to raise him from the floor, I met the bridegroom's baleful glance of joy. But Monsieur Renart was wrong; he was not dead, nor did he die then, but lived for months, if such ghastly death in life could be called life, lived in a dull trance-like stupor, without consciousness or motion, with nothing to show that he lived except that he still breathed; and when that ceased, and this world and he had done for ever, no one mourned much for him. He had been a stern and hard lord, proud and haughty and overbearing to all, noble and churl; but stern as he was, he had not been many weeks in his grave, when we wished him back again. His was a light rule—light and easy when compared with Monsieur Renart's. Many and many a time have I heard the poor oppressed peasants wish that Madame la Comtesse would arouse herself, and take some order on her own estates. But of that there seemed little hope,—her mind was steeped in a stupor as deep as that which had oppressed the bodily energies of her father. She lived and moved about as if in a constant trance of pain; she seemed susceptible but of one impression, and that was terror of her husband. Her dread of him was extreme, and showed itself in passive unquestioning obedience. As for him, he scorned and neglected her in every way, and spoke of her with open contempt, not concealing even from us, her servants, that he thought her weak even to imbecility.

"Thus matters continued till he had wasted all the money the old count left, and had nothing wherewith to maintain the lavish personal expenditure which seemed necessary to him. He could screw no more money out of the wretched peasants, for his exactions were already frightful; but he had another plan,—he

dismissed the servants, no one but myself was left in the large old château; even madame's waiting woman was sent off, and there were times—yes, monsieur, there were times—when I was glad to go out to the mountains and gather wild fruits, that the heiress of Epernay might not die of sheer starvation. I have known, monsieur, when there was no food for days together in this splendid house, except a few mouthfuls of black bread. In the midst of all this misery an heir was born to Epernay, and with the birth of her son a change came to madame. Her shyness and timidity vanished; she still seemed to fear her husband, but it was for her child, not for herself. She would not allow the infant to be out of her sight; she would scarcely suffer him to look at it; she watched over it and its interests, not like the timid gentle woman she had been, but like some fierce wild beast; and Monsieur Renart, I could see, very early began not merely to dislike, but even to hate, his child. If it had not come in his way, he would doubtless only have neglected it, but it did come in his way—very much in his way—monsieur, as you shall hear.

CHAPTER III.

CEPHYSE.

"VERY early after the birth of the young lord, Monsieur Renart came to madame about some farms which he wished to sell—not to consult her as to the advisability of the sale, but merely in a formal way to obtain her signature, without which he could not effect a legal sale. To his intense surprise, she refused to sign the deed—steadily, firmly refused. He flew into a furious rage, but she neither trembled nor gave way; on the contrary, she defied him, told him that she was mistress of Epernay, that not a foot of the land should be sold, and that she claimed a right to participate in the administration of its revenues. When she uttered these words, all his passion disappeared at once, he ceased his threats and turned away; but such a look came over his face, such a baleful, deadly look! No wonder she turned ghastly pale as she watched him; he was never half so dangerous in his moods of loud blustering as he was in those fits of silent malice.

"But he did not immediately determine upon anything. I could see that by his

restlessness; and she seemed to feel it too, for she had an air of relief, as if she was conscious that she had gained a slight respite. About this time he ceased to live constantly at Epernay and went to Louay. There he gathered round him a set of men of his own stamp—wild, reckless, law-defying men, who gloried in crime, and laughed at virtue and humanity. Often have I stood out there in the silent night and heard the faint sounds of their evil revelry mingle with the plash of the fountains, and trembled lest some demon should send them to Epernay to disturb with their unhallowed mirth the peaceful slumbers of my mistress and her child. Those were quiet days when madame nursed her infant and I toiled for her in the grand old house. The very air of Epernay seemed freer and more healthy when he was gone, and I thought she would grow again what she had been before Monsieur Jules's death, but she did not. The old dull stupor crept over her again. She went about and performed all her duties mechanically, like some automaton; her very love for her child became quiescent, it seemed as though it needed some great danger to call it forth—and that danger soon came. I had heard from time to time that large tracts of the lands of Louay were sold. It is a common saying in our mountains, 'that those who ride fast never ride long,' and it was so with him. Slice after slice of Louay was sold, until nothing was left but a few acres round the house, and then he came back to Epernay, desperate and resolved. I could see that by the dark gleam of his stealthy eyes.

"The first thing he did was to fill the house with servants, all strangers. Then he affected to chide madame for her carelessness about the child, and would have taken it from her and committed it to the care of a nurse he had provided, but you might have as easily robbed a wild bear of her cubs as have taken the young lord from the countess, and when he was at last convinced of this, he seemed to have abandoned the project in despair. But madame was not to be thrown off her guard. Her son was in danger, and she had again thrown off the stupid, almost idiotic inertia, which weighed upon her, and was alert, and active, and suspicious. She would not taste, nor suffer her child to taste, an article of food which his cook had prepared; but in spite of all her care he conquered in the end. One night she went to bed as usual, and fell into an

unusually deep sleep. You can guess, monsieur, what happened. In the morning when she awoke, her child was gone.

"She did not show the wild anguish she had displayed when the news of her lover's fate was brought to her, but she immediately took active measures to save and find it, if possible. The rivers were dragged and the country scoured in all directions, but though the search was unsuccessful, she never seemed to relinquish the hope that one day he would be restored to her. As for Monsieur Renart, he seemed sunk in despair. Never had such grief been seen; the servants were loud in their pity, even the neighbours, whose feelings of decency he had outraged, compassionated the deep grief of the father. But I could feel no sorrow for him. I saw that madame distrusted him, and to me there was a hollowness and unreality in his loud lamentations which forcibly recalled to me his behaviour after Monsieur Jules's untimely death.

"It always seemed to me that monsieur counted upon madame's falling back into the state of dull, unobservant stupor from which she had only been at intervals aroused by her love for her child; but he was disappointed. The tragical fate of her lover seemed to have benumbed all her feelings and affections, and the loss of her child exercised over her an equally powerful but diverse influence. It broke the benumbing spell of her former grief, and made her resolute, and haughty, and bold. All her timidity disappeared. She no longer buried herself in the old château, but went out into the world, cultivated the acquaintance of the old friends of the family, and assumed naturally and of right the duties of her position. For the first time during all those long years in which I had served her I recognised in her her father's spirit, and became convinced that she was indeed the child of the proud old seigneur.

"Monsieur Renart was not slow to perceive this change, which every one noticed, and at first it cowed and confounded him. He had been completely thrown out of his reckoning, and in his chagrin and disappointment he retired again to Louay. After a while he came back, and after this third return we all of us noticed that there was a change in him also. He was no longer tyrannical, and grasping, and overbearing, but kindly, and considerate, and gracious as the day to all. Towards madame his manner was

tender and slightly deprecating, as if he saw but would not resent her unjust suspicions of him; for she distrusted him still. Indeed, I could see that she distrusted him now even more than ever. After a while he began very gently and carefully to prepare madame's mind for the sale of a portion of the lands of Epernay. I have watched her during these conversations—for neither she nor monsieur took much note of my presence—and her pale, proud face never changed, and she said neither good nor bad. She could speak to others now, but she never spoke to him. I know not whether he was sanguine of success or not, but if he was, he was again disappointed. When the papers were presented to madame for signature, she again resolutely and sternly refused, and told him with contemptuous scorn that if he were starving, she would not alienate a foot of her land, or even reach him a morsel of food. And I saw by the fierce flash of her eye as she spoke that her long-dormant passions were roused at last, and that she no longer feared or passively endured, but hated him with a savage fury, which soon provoked an answering fierceness. As for Monsieur Renart, he returned but one word of answer to her denial, and that one word was—'Beware!'

"'I will not beware,' she answered wildly, 'I defy thee! Thou hast already murdered all I hold dear—thy noble brother, my hapless infant.'

"Monsieur Renart started up, quivering all over, either with rage or fear, and a hot flush burned out for a moment on his swarthy cheek as he said, hastily—'The child is not dead.'

"'Hear him,' she cried, eagerly turning to the lawyer who had accompanied him. 'Hear him, Monsieur Parral, hear the would-be murderer convict himself.'

"'Of what, Cephyse?' answered the count, gently, for he was calm at once when he saw that he had committed himself. 'Of what? Of a broken-hearted father's hope that his child yet lives? It is a forlorn hope, I grant, but I must cling to it or die.'

"'Hypocrite that thou art!' began madame; but he interrupted her again, softly, gently.

"'Nay, dear Cephyse, no such hard words. Fie upon such sparring! It will make Monsieur Parral think conjugal happiness but a myth. Let us to dinner. Away with business, and let us seem what we are, the happiest

couple in the Lyonnaise.' And he went up to her and put his arm round her. She did not throw him off as if he had been a viper, as I had seen her do more than once, but she turned slowly round in his embrace and fixed her eyes on his face with a look I had often seen pass over her father's face—a look calm, scrutinising, self-assured, and guileful. It seemed to me that Monsieur Renart shrank before it, for his eyes fell, and when she saw that she laughed low, but not sweetly, muttered, 'You are right, the time has not yet come,' and going up to Monsieur Parral, she took his arm, and led the way to the dining-hall, with a certain stately grace that reminded me of one that was gone. That day forms one of the epochs of my life, monsieur, for in it I first recognised the extraordinary likeness madame bore to Mademoiselle Angelique. I had heard every one remark it, but I never could see it in her days of humble dejection. I saw it clearly now in her new-born haughtiness and pride. She was like, painfully, frightfully like. I never could see her after that without thinking of that poor young dead thing. But where was I? Ah! at the dinner. Eh, bien! the open strife was soldered over again apparently by mutual consent. They lived on together at Epernay, and there was peace between them—a joyless, hollow peace, whose deep, unnatural calm betokened the fury of the coming storm. I foresaw its coming long before it burst, by the wild revenge that burned in madame's large black eyes, and the ferocity of mortified pride and baffled avarice that looked out of his stealthy glance.

"One day, one fête day of our Lady, when the whole household was absent but myself, my lady came to me in my room. I never heard her as she came gliding in with her slow, stately step—never knew she was beside me till she laid her long, white fingers on my arm, and I turned round and looked into her face. Her eyes were glittering with excitement, and their wild brilliancy made yet more intense the chalky whiteness of her complexion. She was richly dressed, too, and the bright hues of the silk flung into yet stronger relief her frightful pallor and the strange fire that burned in her great wide eyes.

"'Pierre,' she said, in a low, distinct whisper, 'where does Olivier sleep?' Olivier, monsieur, was Count Renart's favourite servant. 'Where does Olivier

sleep?" she asked. "Take me to his room instantly."

"I did so, and when she was there she looked round her for a little while as if somewhat uncertain what to do next, and then went up to a trunk, opened it, and took from it a horseman's suit, coarse and rough, and all stained with mud. This she folded up, article by article, into a compact bundle, closed the trunk, took up a brace of pistols lying near, and examined them carefully. They were loaded and in good order. After a careful scrutiny, she seemed satisfied of this; and adding them to the articles of clothing, lifted the whole, and passing out, beckoned me to follow. I made a motion as if to take it from her hands. It seemed far too heavy for her. The peasant robustness had gone from her look, she was fragile and slender now as Mademoiselle Angelique had been. But she would not allow me to help her. She pushed me off, and said, almost sternly,

"No, I have not so utterly forgotten the memories of my girlhood as not to be able, upon occasion, to serve myself. Go before me to your room, and wait for me there."

"I obeyed. In a short time she came to me. The bundle was gone, and she came close up to me where I sat in my old arm chair—the very chair I had put Mademoiselle Angelique in—and leaned down and looked into my face, as if she were reading one by one all its old withered lines. Poor lady! she had got a habit of suspicion; she could trust no one, not even me, who had served her so long. After a while she seemed satisfied, for she lifted herself up from her bending position, and said, abruptly,

"Pierre, he is at his old tricks again."

"I had no need to ask who the *he* meant. Love knows but one person in the world, and ah, monsieur, so does hate—so does hate, when it becomes intense, and God gives us up to it, as I feared was the case with my poor lady. So I did not ask who she meant, but simply asked what evil Monsieur the Count was planning now? She did not answer me immediately, but began to walk up and down the room. It was a favourite habit of hers—a very favourite habit of late years when she was disturbed, but I never liked to see her pacing in that fashion, up and down. I scarcely know how it was, but the wild light in her eyes, and the rapid gliding motion, and the incessant twisting of her long, thin

fingers, put me in mind of some caged wild beast. Old folks take strange fancies, monsieur, and I was old even then!

"After a while, madame stopped in her rapid walk, and said, but rather as if to herself than in answer to my question,

"Four, five, seven are gone, and he will be back to-night; he it must be, for I have taken care of his tool beforehand. And I shall be more than a match for him—more than a match for him! Ah, ha! Ah, ha! He shall have an audience to-night he little recks of."

"When I heard those words, a strange fear seized me, and I went up to her where she stood, and scarce knowing what I did, took her poor, writhing hands into my toil-roughened ones, and prayed and besought her to forego her purpose, and rather suffer the wrong than blacken her soul with crime, and above all, such a crime as murder.

"When she heard that, she drew her hands from mine and laughed that low, bitter laugh of hers that had so little of mirth in it, and began to walk up and down the room again, and I watched her sorrowfully, till, after another long interval, she paused and said,

"Have no fear for me, Pierre Lannay. I am proud, not with my father's insensate pride, for I was nurtured in a cottage, and all I have known in life of virtue or of truth I knew there, but I am proud, though not with that pride. I have a respect for myself. I cannot lie, or steal, or do murder like the wretch upstairs, for I am an Epernay of Epernay; but I can and will defend my property, not a sous of the wealth my father left me shall go to supply either his vices or his necessities. I have told you this as a friend, an old friend, but now we are mistress and servant again, and I have a command for you. You will go to my room to-night at eleven o'clock. Lock yourself in, and pace up and down as I am in the habit of doing. If he comes to the door, neither answer nor open to him, nor to any one, until I myself demand admittance; and take arms with you, they may be necessary."

"Are the diamonds still there?—still in the old tortoise-shell cabinet in which the Count your father kept them?" I asked.

"No, they are gone. He has all the more valuable ones in his possession; but he must act warily for fear of detection, and they shall be in mine to-night."

I have taken my measures too well to be disappointed.'

"When she had said this, Monsieur Renart came out into the hall and called her, and she went up to him, and I saw them walking together, out there on the terrace. After that, they dined and supped together, not more distrustful, not more cold than usual, and at ten o'clock madame retired for the night. At eleven I went to her room, it was empty and unlighted. I locked the door, and began to pace up and down in the dark. After a while I heard a stealthy step approaching, then a long pause as if some one was listening, then a knock. I took no notice of it. Then Monsieur Renart spoke in soft, coaxing tones, 'Open to me, Cephyse, I have something to tell you, ma chère.' I took no notice of this conciliatory speech. Monsieur Renart murmured an oath or two, in the same bland, suave tones, and then went away. A few moments after, I heard him say distinctly under the window, 'It is all right. I thought at first that the step was heavier than hers, but it is her, I know, by her accursed obstinacy.' When I heard this, I would have liked to have looked out at the window, which was open, but I dared not pause in my walk; and even if I had looked out, I should have seen little, for it was a still, moonless, autumn night, with a thick, white fog muffling everything up in a close impenetrable veil. After that first sentence, I heard nothing distinctly, only a shuffling tread of feet, with a whisper now and then. At last the mysterious business was completed. I heard Monsieur Renart return to the house, and come upstairs to his room, which was next to the one in which I kept my uneasy watch. Soon after, the sharp clanging tramp of a horse spurred to the gallop waked all the echoes about, and then everything was quiet. After this, I continued to walk for half an hour or more, when I thought I heard a light step stealing softly up the staircase. Presently there came a gentle tap at the door, and a soft 'It is I, Pierre, open instantly.'

"I opened as softly as I could, and my lady stood before me in the rich dress she had worn in the afternoon, not a fold creased or out of order, but her long, heavy hair was unbound and dripping

with wet, and she held a black, rusty, steel-bound casket in her hands.

"Softly as she had spoken, and carefully as I had undone the lock, Monsieur Renart had heard as quickly as I did, and before she had time to speak, he was there in the room glaring at her. As soon as his eye fell on the casket, he made a motion to seize it, but she drew back, and taking a pistol from her breast, presented it at him. He recoiled in his turn, and then she said, tauntingly,

"Renart, mon cher! the next villainy you perpetrate, choose your tools better. See that no one overbribes you. Ah, ha! Olivier is too fond of wine, mon cher. It is a trifling weakness, but inconvenient at times. Now, go back to your room, mignon—make much of it; tomorrow you will sleep in prison. As for me, I must place my diamonds in safety. I will take them myself to old Father Martin. They will be safe there until I can take other measures for their safety. That is a good idea, is it not?' and she laughed wildly. She was in uproarious spirits, hilariously triumphant in her success. But there seemed to be something frightful in her mirth. I could not bear to hear her loud, bitter laughter, and I went out, but lingered near the door, in case he should attempt any violence. A few minutes after I came out, Monsieur Renart came out too; he had never spoken to her again, at least that I heard, and he passed me in silence, and went into his own room. After a while, the countess came out too. She wore the rich dress—the silken dress, monsieur, that she had worn in the afternoon, and over that she wore a large mantle, also of silk, and on her head a scarlet hood, such as she had worn when she was a peasant girl. She held the casket in her arms, under her cloak. I saw it distinctly when she moved, for the light of the lamp she gave me fell upon the steel hoops that bound it. I would fain have accompanied her to the priest's, but she would not allow me. It was but a step, she said, and I was an old man, and she bade me good night kindly, and told me to go to bed. God bless her, she was a gentle lady, even in the midst of the strange wildness that had come upon her, kindly and considerate to the poor and those beneath her, after a fashion unusual with her race."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THIS distinguished statesman was born in the parish of Dores, in the county of Inverness, in the year 1766. His father was John Mackintosh, Esq., of Kellachie, who, during the first years of a long military life, served in the German war in the same regiment with Major Mercer, well known as the author of a small volume of elegant poetry.

When young Mackintosh was thought old enough to be placed under male tuition, he was sent to the school of Fortrose, in Ross-shire, where talents were elicited and observed, which gave encouragement to his friends to determine upon his receiving a university education. Accordingly he was placed in King's College, Old Aberdeen, where he passed through the usual course of study and discipline with the greatest credit. From Aberdeen he repaired to the University of Edinburgh, in which he spent three years, chiefly in medical studies, preparatory to taking up the degree of doctor of medicine, and applying himself to a regular practice in that profession. Robertson and Smith, Clark and Brown, were then in the zenith of their fame in Edinburgh; and in addition to the study of medicine, he was won by their celebrity to an attention of their several works, and his early and profound study of them laid the foundation for that mature knowledge of men and things for which this able man has so long been renowned. His mind became soon and seriously directed towards general literature; moral, political, and speculative philosophy; in fact, almost every subject in preference to that which he had first taken up, and which at no period of life he very diligently cultivated. He received his medical degree in the year 1787, just at the time that he began to resolve on abandoning the profession, and devote life to more miscellaneous investigations and pursuits.

On visiting London, in the year 1789, he was induced, by the excitement of the public mind on the subject of a Regency, to write and print a defence of the claims of the Prince of Wales to the unfettered and unrestricted exercise of the functions of Regent. This was his first essay as an author. The work, however, passed into oblivion almost from the press; and the author, foiled in this effort to obtain political celebrity, re-

paired to the continent to renew his political studies, and prepare himself for some settled plan of life and action.

The period of his arriving in France gave a decision to his political creed and character, at the same time that it diverted his attention from the further study of medicine. The Revolution had commenced, and as yet had given no symptom of its proceeding beyond a struggle for rational and constitutional freedom. Mr. Mackintosh was impressed in favour of the early system of the first movers in that great affair, and soon set about his famous "Vindication" of the men and their principles, which acquired for him the friendship of Mr. Fox, and an early celebrity among the Whigs of England. The chief object of the pamphlet was to counteract the effect of Mr. Burke's "Reflections;" and although that gentleman was naturally displeased at any opposition to his favourite views, the work was written with a spirit and talent which even he was constrained to admire, and which gained for Mr. Mackintosh the friendship of that renowned philosopher and statesman.

Anxious for some regular plan of disposing of his time Mr. Mackintosh, in 1792, entered himself as a student of Lincoln's-Inn, was soon called to the bar by that society, and commenced the practice of the law. Scarcely had he entered upon this new career, than a severe domestic affliction befel him, in the loss of his wife, to whom he had been married but about three years. She was a Miss Stuart, of Edinburgh, and her death left her mourning husband with the care of three daughters. This heavy calamity rendered as great a variety in his pursuits as possible requisite for his excitement and relief; and among them he betook himself to the study of the laws of nations, in which he is supposed singularly to have excelled. Having digested the subject, and the plan of a course of lectures upon it, he applied to the benchers of Lincoln's-Inn to allow him to deliver them in their hall. The spirit of party at that time ran remarkably high, and threw considerable obstacles in the way of his purpose. A political motive and design were ascribed to the proposal, and some few Tory zealots insinuated that he only aimed to establish

the revolutionary principles in this country, which had resulted in such dreadful excesses among the French. A complete refutation of the calumny was given in the publication of the Introductory Lecture, which he printed under the title of "A Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations."

This publication answered the writer's purpose in every respect. The ability and acuteness it displayed ensured him the attendance on his Lectures of a large number of the wisest men of the age and nation; while the air of candour and truth that pervaded it gave the lie to every charge of a revolutionary purpose, and every apprehension of an injurious effect. Not only did Mr. Fox and his friends lavish their praises upon the author, and prepare to listen with favour to his lectures; but even Mr. Pitt, then a bencher of Lincoln's-Inn, repelled the charges of his assailants, and spoke of the discourse in terms of decided and warm approbation.

In the year 1798, Mr. Mackintosh entered into a second marriage with the daughter of J. B. Allen, Esq., of Cressily, in the county of Pembroke. The fruits of this marriage were two daughters and one son.

The prosecution of M. Peltier, in 1803, for a libel against Buonaparte, then first consul of France, and the ally of this country, must be well remembered. The trial took place, at the instigation of Buonaparte, in the Court of Queen's Bench, and is a memorable event, if it were only on account of the distinguished men employed in it. Mr. Perceval, afterwards first minister of state, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Abbott (late Lord Tenterden, and chief-justice in that court) was second counsel on the same side. Against this array of talent and power, Mr. Mackintosh appeared as the single counsel in Peltier's defence; nor had the defendant any reason to regret the choice he had made. It gave the zealous and ingenious young lawyer an admirable opportunity for introducing with effect his favourite topics—the bright prospect held out by the dawn of the French revolution—the disappointment of the hope it inspired by the horrors in which it terminated—the adventurous and ambitious career which Buonaparte was pursuing—and the military despotism which was likely to be established upon the minds of Gallic

liberty. On these and other points Mr. Mackintosh spoke with an energy and excellence far surpassing every hope that had previously been formed of his professional powers, and which established his fame as an advocate and orator of the highest rank.

From this period, if not some time before, he was viewed by the ministry as an individual who might be employed, with advantage to his country, in some important offices of her wide dominions. The recordership of Bombay was offered to him, and, after some hesitation, he accepted the appointment, and spent nine years in the service of that presidency with great ability and effect. To his communications in the "Asiatic Register" we are indebted for several valuable facts relating to the island, its government, and its inhabitants—the latter were computed by him, with more probable accuracy than by any other writer at that time, to be about one hundred and fifty thousand.

We believe that Dr. Buchanan was materially indebted to his researches, for assistance in his voluminous works on India. A severe illness obliged him to return to England in the year 1811; when he might have been employed in some high station at home, had not his principles prevented the union it would have required with the friends of the late Mr. Pitt, who were then in power, with Mr. Perceval at their head.

Sir James Mackintosh—for he was now a knight—entered the House of Commons, as representative for the county of Nairn, in Scotland, in July, 1813. His first parliamentary efforts, we must confess, somewhat disappointed even his most sanguine friends. But if he failed to please on this occasion, Sir James amply redeemed his reputation in the following year, when he delivered one of the most eloquent speeches, on the escape of Buonaparte from Elba, ever heard in parliament.

His great parliamentary effort was directed to the amendment of the criminal code—a task begun by the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, and taken up as a solemn bequest by his friend and representative. His first motion on the Criminal Laws, relative to the capital punishment of felony, was introduced by a speech very superior, both in point of style and argument; and he was supported in his call for a committee by several very able members, particularly Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Buxton, and Mr. Scarlett. The result was a signal triumph over the minis-

ters who opposed the motion, by a majority of nineteen—147 voting in his favour, and 128 against him.

We have not room to follow this great senator through all the subjects on which his ardour and eloquence were expended. In the following years, the Admiralty privileges—the Church of Scotland—the affairs of Naples—the Congress of Laybach—the condition of Sicily—the Catholics of Ireland—the oppression of the Greeks—the Juries of Scotland—the conduct of the Scottish Lord Advocate—the government of New South Wales—together with his chief subject, the Criminal Code—called forth his talents, and gave occasion for the House to witness the ardent perseverance of his spirit in defence of general liberty, union, and happiness. Other measures were ably advocated by him, though with less immediate success; he lived long enough, however, to see many of them called into action. The measure of Catholic Emancipation he rejoiced to see carried, though it was by his enemies; and the important measure of Parliamentary Reform, which was brought forward by his political friends, he advocated with all his powers, and saw nearly passed into a law before he closed his eyes upon all sublunary scenes.

In the year 1822 Sir James was elected, in preference to Sir Walter Scott, the rival candidate, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; and was re-elected without difficulty the following year.

The eminent literary talents of Sir James Mackintosh require no eulogium. The portion published of his "History of England from the Reformation to the Death of Queen Mary"—his "Biographical Sketch of Sir Thomas More"—and the numerous historical articles he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*, show the accuracy of his critical abilities, the justness of his views on political subjects, the comprehensive powers of his understanding, and the candour and liberality of his character. But it was not to historical inquiries that his mind had been singly or even chiefly directed. Few, if any, surpassed him in the extent, variety, and correctness of his knowledge in every department of moral and political science. His continuation of Mr. Stewart's "Dissertation on Ethics" is a magnificent monument of multifarious and extensive reading, nice discrimination, candid judgment, and profound speculation on subjects the most difficult and

most interesting to mankind. As a politician, Sir James Mackintosh always appeared amongst the foremost to vindicate the rights, to extend the knowledge, and to promote the happiness of the people. As a barrister, he was distinguished by one of the most splendid discourses ever delivered in an English Court of Justice. As a judge, his decisions were remarkable for their soundness and discretion, and their accordance with the various systems of national law he was called upon to administer. As a parliamentary orator, the vehemence of his argument was tempered by the gravity befitting one who had filled a judicial situation; but he was at all times the eloquent and copious expounder of liberal opinions, the advocate of humanity, and the enemy of cruelty, persecution, and oppression. His eloquence was of that warm description which is congenial with the truth and diffusion of generous sentiments. He had great disadvantages to contend against as a speaker. Amongst the most prominent was a harsh voice, a strong provincial accent, and an uncouth delivery. But the warmth of his feelings, the power of his language, and not unfrequently the depth of his reflections, enabled him to triumph over every defect; and though it was late in life when he entered the House of Commons, he acquired a reputation within its walls, such as many have not been able to acquire under circumstances much more favourable. Yet it may be said with truth, that his mind was better fitted for philosophical investigation than for active political warfare. The natural bent for his understanding led him on all subjects to the investigation of principles, and the habit of philosophical arrangements he had acquired, aided by a strong and retentive memory, left him at all times in full possession of the extensive knowledge he had treasured up. His temper was calm and placid, his conversation that of a man of letters, rich and varied, and fraught with anecdotes. His disposition was obliging, perhaps to a fault, and led him often to sacrifice to others the time that had better been bestowed on the prosecution of those studies in which he was so eminently qualified to excel. No man was less habitually attentive to his private interests; and though he passed his life in a state far removed from affluence, no temptation ever induced him to abandon the principles or desert the political friends of his youth. In

the domestic circle, he was a man of warm and amiable affections; and in Christian society he shone as the advocate of whatever was sacred and hallowed. Whatever he believed to be instrumental in advancing the cause of truth and goodness, that he highly prized and conscientiously supported.

His last illness was but short. The attack of which he died may be said to have originated in an accident. In the year 1832, Sir James, while at dinner, attempted to swallow a portion of the breast of a boiled chicken; but the morsel remained in his throat, and gave rise to several distressing symptoms in deglutition and respiration. At the end of two days the obstruction was removed by an emetic, and it was found to consist

of the flesh of the chicken, with a portion of thin bone, upwards of an inch in length, embedded in its centre, and projecting at one side in a sharp point. The effects of the accident completely unsettled his general health. He afterwards laboured under increasing debility, and occasional attacks of severe pains in his head, shoulders, and limbs. A few days before death the pains suddenly ceased. Febrile symptoms set in, and the head became affected. Although this change was met, and in a great measure subdued, by the treatment prescribed by the medical gentlemen in attendance, the consequent debility was too great for his constitution to resist, already oppressed by the weight of sixty-six years.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

THE Oak is not only one of the most familiar, but one of the most useful of trees; and to Englishmen generally it is surrounded with interesting and thrilling associations. It is a representative of the English character. It has materially assisted England in her growth and development; and it must be interesting to all to know something of that grand old tree, which has been celebrated in song, and made the theme of so much comment.

Of the oak (called *Quercus* in Latin) there are, according to Linnæus, fourteen different species. Professor Martyn, in his edition of Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, enumerates twenty-six. Willdenow, who wrote in 1805, describes twenty-six; and Persoon, another eminent naturalist, who lived about the same period, says there are eighty-two. Twenty-six species were discovered in North America by two distinguished naturalists, named Michaux, father and son; and Humboldt has mentioned twenty-four others, which they found during their travels in South America. Oaks are of various sizes; some may be classed with shrubs, and others tower majestically, as in our own country, above all the other trees of the forest. Some, again, are evergreens, and others are *deciduous*, or lose their leaves every winter.

At one period the oak was not known as useful for its timber, but for its acorns.

We have no record that our forefathers ever ate acorns in Britain; but it is well known that formerly the poorer peasants in the south of Europe consumed them. Cervantes, in his romance of *Don Quixote*, not only sets acorns before the goat-herds as a dainty, but picks out the choicest as a dessert for the countess herself. The evergreen oak, which is still common in Spain, in Italy, in Greece, in Syria, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in the south of France, bears a fruit which in its agreeable flavour resembles nuts. The Italian oak, which Virgil, the Mantuan bard, speaks of as the monarch of the forest, of whose elevation, the steadfastness of whose roots, and of whose triumphs in its greenness over the lapse of ages, he gives a splendid description in the second book of his *Georgics*, bore fruit which was used as food. There is another evergreen oak, very common in Spain and Barbary, whose acorns are most abundant and nutritive. During the Peninsular wars, the French armies were fortunate in finding subsistence upon the *Balotta* acorns in the woods of Salamanca. We are often startled by the assertions of ancient writers, that the fruit of the oak, in the earlier periods of society, formed the principal food of mankind. But much of that surprise would cease if we were to distinguish between the common acorn and that of the *Balotta* and *Esculus* Oaks.

Some of the classic authors speak of the fatness of the primitive inhabitants of Greece and Southern Europe, who, living in the forests which were planted by the hand of nature, were supported almost wholly on the fruit of the oak. The Grecian poets and historians called these people "acorn-eaters." But it should be borne in mind that the Greek word *balanos*, which the Romans translated *glans* (acorn) applied to such fruits as dates, nuts, and olives. It will be seen from what we have already said, that the oak, in some one of its different species, is familiar to almost every nation in Europe. It was formerly useful for what it *produced*—now it is principally useful for *itself*.

Having said so much about acorns as food for human beings, we will say a little about their being used as food for animals. During the time when the ancient Britons held sway in this country, the fattening of hogs upon acorns in the forest was accounted so important a branch of domestic economy, that, at about the closing of the seventh century, King Ina enacted the *panage laws* for its regulation. The fruit of the oak then formed gifts to kings, and part of the dowries of queens. One of the most vexatious acts of William the Conqueror, in his resolution for converting the whole of the forests into hunting grounds, was that of preventing the people from fattening their hogs. This restriction was afterwards repealed at Runnymede by King John. Up to a recent period, large droves of hogs were fattened upon the acorns in the New Forest in Hampshire, under the guidance of swineherds. At the present time, the hogs of Estramadura are chiefly fed upon the acorns of the Balotta Oak; and to this cause is assigned the delicacy of hog's-flesh in that part of the world.

But oaks, and more especially the proud trees of our own country, are more renowned for their timber than for their fruit. In point of strength, durability, and general application, oak claims the superiority over all timber; and to England, which has put forth such gigantic strength among the nations, and manifested her prowess on the land and on the sea, the oak is especially dear. England has risen among the nations principally on account of her commerce, and that commerce is as much indebted to the oak as to anything else. Some rejoice and sing of the "wooden walls of old England," and they think that we are more indebted to our navy for our security,

protection, and glory, than to anything else. Whether this be so or not, we will not discuss now. Noble as may be the appearance of a naval fleet, we think a fleet of commercial vessels is still more encouraging and beneficial. But whether for building the ship of war or the ship of peace, oak is alike required. The knotty oak of old England, "the unwedgeable and gnarled oak," as Shakspeare calls it, when cut at a proper age (from fifty to seventy years), is really the best timber that is known. The oak timber of America is much inferior to that of the common oak of England; so also is the oak from the various central parts of continental Europe. The English oak is superior to those in compactness and resistance to cleavage. Some timber is harder, some more difficult to rend, and some less capable of being broken across; but none contain all the three qualities in so great and so equal proportions as the British Oak. It is very durable, whether in air, in earth, or in water; and it is said that no insects in the island will eat into the heart of oak, as they do, sooner or later, into most of the domestic, and many of the foreign kinds of timber. The history of the importance of the oak as timber nearly keeps pace with that of ship-building; and there is little doubt that, from the time of Alfred to that of Nelson, the oak was the principal material used in ship-building. When the oak stands alone, it is a spreading rather than an elevated tree. In that situation the timber is said to be more compact and firm, and the crooked arms of the trees are better adapted for ship-building. In thickly-planted groups, the oak will reach an elevation of eighty or a hundred feet before it begins to decay; and in some of the choicer trees, forty, fifty, and even sixty feet may be found without a single lateral branch, and of such diameter, that even at the smaller extremity they will square to eighteen inches or two feet. These are as well adapted for beams and planking as the others are for crooked timbers. The trunk of the detached oak acquires by far the greater diameter; some of the old hollow trees have a diameter as much as sixteen feet in the cavity, and still a shell of timber on the outside sufficiently strong to bear up the whole weight of the tree. Oaks continue to flourish for ages: generations pass away and still leave them vigorous and strong; empires rise and fall while they are growing and decaying. In the New

Forest, Evelyn counted, in the sections of some oaks, nearly four hundred concentric rings, each of which must have recorded a year's growth. The same celebrated planter mentions oaks in Dennington Park, near Newbury, once the residence of Chaucer, which could not have arrived at the size they possessed in a shorter time than three centuries. Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," notices "a few venerable oaks in the New Forest, that chronicle upon their furrowed trunks ages before the conquest." But he does not give us the evidence how he came to the conclusion. It is more difficult to arrive at the age of old oaks than old towers, as oaks grow without any record being taken of them. Who then can walk under their spreading branches and deep shadows without reflecting on the winters and summers that have passed away since they were young, of the storms and blasts which have passed over them, of the sunshine which has warmed them, and the elemental changes they have witnessed? Since they plunged their roots in the soil, the face of nature and the face of nations have changed, dynasties have risen and fallen, empires have been shaken, new institutions have displaced old ones, and new forms and manifestations of society have alternately appeared and disappeared. But there stands the oak unweakened by the blasts of five hundred winters, unchanged by the influences of five hundred springs. Grand monuments of perished ages! suggestive monitors of human littleness, and its transient glories!

We may here enumerate a few of the most ancient and celebrated of oaks. One of the three in Dennington Park, the King's Oak, was fifty feet high before a bough or even a knot appeared, and the base of it squared five feet entirely solid; the Queen's Oak was straight as far as forty feet, then divided into two immense arms, and the base of it squared to four feet. The Framlingham Oak, used in the construction of the *Royal Sovereign*, was four feet nine inches square, and yielded four square beams, each forty-four feet in length. An old oak, cut down at Withy Park, Shropshire, in 1607, was nine feet in diameter without the bark. It contained twenty-eight tons of timber in the body alone, and the spread of the top, from bough to bough, was one hundred and forty-four feet. In Hart forest, Hampshire, there was an oak, which, at seven feet from the ground, measured thirty-four feet in circumference in 1759,

and twenty years afterwards it had not increased half an inch. Dr. Plott mentions an oak at Norbury which measured forty-five feet round; and when it was felled, and lay flat on the ground, two horsemen, one on each side of the trunk, were concealed from each other. The same author mentions an oak at Keilot, under the shade of which four thousand three hundred and seventy-four men had sufficient room to stand. The Boddington Oak was fifty-four feet in circumference at the base. The large arms and branches were gone in 1783, and the hollow cavity within was sixteen feet in diameter. The hollow had a door and a window. Damory's Oak in Dorsetshire was the largest of which mention is made. It was sixty-eight feet in circumference. Its cavity was sixteen feet wide and twenty feet high, and during the time of the commonwealth, it was used by an old man for the entertainment of travellers. It was shattered to pieces by a dreadful storm in the third year of the last century, and about fifty years afterwards the remains of the once majestic tree were sold as firewood. It is not unlikely that this tree existed upwards of one thousand years; or it might have been flourishing in youthful beauty when Julius Cæsar first landed on our shores; but this is not very probable. Not a hundred years ago, the oak in the New Forest against which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel glanced before it killed William Rufus, was said to have been standing. The Royal Oak at Boscobel, in which Charles II. concealed himself after the defeat at Worcester, was celebrated for many years, but it has now ceased to exist. But there are various oaks in different parts of the country reared from acorns taken from the Royal Oak. An oak of still more venerable mien now stands, or lately stood, at Torwood Wood, in Stirlingshire, under which the Scottish patriot, Wallace, is reported to have convened his followers, and harangued them on the necessity of delivering their country from the thralldom of Edward.

The author of "Vegetable Substances" says, "A fine oak is one of the most picturesque of trees. It conveys to the mind associations of strength and duration which are very impressive. The oak stands up against the blast, and does not take a twisted form from the action of the winds. Except the cedar of Lebanon, no tree is so remarkable for the stoutness of its limbs: they do not exactly spring

from its trunk, but divide from it, and thus it is sometimes difficult to know which is stem and which is branch. The twisted branches of the oak, too, add much to its beauty, and the horizontal direction of the boughs, spreading over a large surface, completes the idea of its sovereignty over all the trees of the forest. Even a decayed oak—

—————dry and dead,
Still clad with relics of its trophies old,
Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head,
Whose foot on earth had got but feeble hold ;

even such a tree as Spenser has thus described, is strikingly beautiful: decay in this case looks pleasing. To such a tree Seneca compared Pompey in his declining state." Having said so much about the oak tree in general, it will not be out of place to give a short account of the CORK OAK, of which there are several varieties. There are broad-leaved and narrow-leaved cork oaks, which are evergreens. There are others which shed their leaves. The broad-leaved evergreen is, however, the most common, and is the one from which the cork of commerce is chiefly obtained. The cork oak, if not indigenous, is abundant in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and the south of France. Spain and Portugal supply nearly all the cork which is consumed in Europe. The cork is the bark which the tree pushes outwards, as is common to all trees; but in this tree the bark is thicker and of larger quantity, and is more speedily removed. When the tree gets about fifteen years of age, the bark is for the first time taken off. After this the operation is repeated once in eight or ten years, the produce being larger in quantity each successive time. A cork tree thus barked will live one hundred and fifty years. The bark is cleft longitudinally at certain intervals down to the root with an axe, the handle of which terminates in a wedge; and a circular is then made from each extremity of the longitudinal cuts. The bark is then beaten to detach it from the *liber* (the inner bark). It is lifted by introducing the wedged handles. Great care must be taken or the tree may be materially injured. After the bark is removed it is divided into convenient lengths. It then undergoes a trivial preparation, being flattened and charred to contract the pores. This substance is the cork of commerce, and fit for the various purposes for which it is used. Two thousand four hundred tons

of cork were imported into England as far back as 1827. Cork, burned in vessels made for the purpose, gives the substance called *Spanish Black*. In speaking of the cork oak, the "Penny Magazine" says:—"To the intelligent inhabitant of the country, the cutting down of an aged tree is a somewhat painful occurrence. It has probably been the admiration of the neighbourhood for many generations, and the removal of an object which his forefathers as well as himself had regarded with interest and pleasure, harshly severs many of the associations which almost visibly connected the past with the present. The conviction, however, that what has been beautiful in its natural state will be eminently useful in its employment by man, at once reconciles the reflecting mind to the circumstance. The oak, formed into a stately ship, is better than the oak rotting in the forest which human art has never felled. Trees are sometimes left standing till they are so completely undermined by age, that it is a measure of safety to cut them down to prevent their falling on the cattle which resort around them for shelter. For the purpose of obtaining timber for commercial uses, the proper time for felling an oak or any other tree is at the season of its maturity, when it ceases to make any farther increase to its diameter. The farmer, then, either cuts the roots at about three feet from the stem, and secures a chopping block for the butcher, or severs the trunk at the level of the earth, and leaves the root to grow shoots for fuel. The tree being felled, is next divested of its branches, which are sorted into fence wood faggots, &c.; and the trunk and arms preserved as entire as possible for the builder. But before the trunk is deprived of its larger branches, the whole are stripped of the bark. This operation is performed in the following manner:—a number of women called 'barkers' are each furnished with a light short-handled mallet, made of hard wood, about eight or nine inches long, three inches square at the faces, and the other end sharpened like a wedge, in order the more easily to make an incision in the bark, which is done all along the side of the tree which is uppermost in a straight line; and as two barkers generally work together, it is proper that whilst one is employed in making an incision with the mallet, the other, being furnished with a pointed instrument called the barking bill, cuts the

bark across the tree in lengths of from two feet six inches to three feet; and then, by forcing a shovel-shaped instrument, called a 'a peeling crow,' between the bark and the wood, easily separates the former, and peels it from the timber in entire pieces. The larger branches are afterwards stripped in a similar manner. This business being chiefly done in the early spring season, the vast trunks are left in the situations in which

they first fell, till the gathering of the crop in autumn permits their removal. During this time they get blanched to almost perfect whiteness, and in the midst of the summer verdure have a very singular but picturesque appearance. The bark, when peeled, is carefully dried for two or three weeks, and then piled in stacks of about eight feet square by fifteen feet in height, and sold to the tanner."

SELF-DISPLAY.

HOWEVER little and contemptible a person may appear in the estimation of others, yet in his own eyes he makes a figure of no small importance, more especially if he be of that class who see all external objects through the narrow windows of the chamber of ignorance wherein their own souls dwell in mental darkness. Such people cannot survey the outward world with any clear perceptions of the principles of truth and justice, and consequently arrive at false conclusions as to their own merits and real position in society. They are constantly intruding themselves upon the notice of those who instinctively shrink from self-display, and who, if possessing real merit themselves, are nevertheless diffident of their own abilities, and have the good sense to acknowledge their faults.

True, they may for a time attract the attention of those about them, who, possessing a like amount of calibre, see objects from the same point of vision; but to those of a higher order they simply appear ridiculous.

A person should certainly have sufficient confidence in his own ability to enable him at all times to maintain the dignity of his position whatever it may chance to be, but beyond enforcing that, all self-laudation is entirely inconsistent with the rules of refinement or even common politeness, and is a mark of ill-bred vulgarity.

All people ought to be able to talk of themselves in a becoming manner on fitting occasions, for they must sometimes do so; but to know how and when is the point. There is no greater distinction between man and man than the manner

in which this is done. Some talk of themselves because their intellectual horizon is extremely limited, and who, having a mere paucity of ideas and dullness of fancy, can have but little perception of matters outside of the circle in which their mental vision wanders, and self is the most prominent object therein. Others talk of themselves from a desire to cover up their defects. They well know their weak points, and imagine that by setting off their better qualities they can, like a horse-jockey, hide an immense amount of poor ones. In fact, a noisy display is considered a bulwark of strength by the vulgar, who act accordingly. And thus it is that we so often see men occupying different stations in life, imitating the shallow waters of the brook, which, lacking depth to form the majestic waves that move silently along upon the bosom of the broad river, assume to make up the deficiency in noisy display. But such individuals rarely deceive the intelligent observer, who most assuredly puts them down exactly at the figure they mark on the scale of worth; and true to nature they always stop at "shallow" on the balance.

But very few persons who talk much of themselves talk the truth. They intend to convey a false impression, and the habit soon extends to other matters, so that their word should always be taken with a due allowance which may generally be put down as falsehood.

Again, the people who talk so much of self, in order to hide their own defects, can never speak truthfully of others. They think that by pulling down their neighbours' houses, they can thereby build up their own. Hence we fre-

quently see men disgracing the profession to which they belong by going about with a lie in their mouths, attempting to defame their neighbours' character and abilities, hoping that perchance they may themselves appear to better advantage in the eyes of the community. Poor simpletons! do they expect to live on such crumbs of comfort? If so, they will go hungry indeed; for society very soon finds out their motives, and accords to them their true character. Can anything be more contemptible, low, or degrading than such a course of traducing the fame of others with the hope of covering up one's own ignorance? No, and people of good sense never attempt it; it is only the ignorant pretenders who venture upon such a course of infamy.

Some assume the garb of religion, and behind its sanctity hope to obtain a character for respectability and a standing in society which they could not obtain before. O, hypocrisy! when wilt thou cease to aid men in sinning? Ah! poor, ignorant, deluded creatures of humanity, think not to hide yourselves there; for too soon the day will come when this cloak will be torn from you, and then you will stand forth in such naked, hideous deformity that the very angels will blush for shame.

The world judges of the merits of men by their acts and usefulness, and not by their self-praise and noisy egotism. And indeed it is a notable fact that the more real merit a person has, the more does he admire and applaud it in others. But men of meaner qualities cannot see through the surrounding mist, and their little souls go no higher than the looking-glass of selfishness, wherein they appear to themselves in such fantastic dress that they imagine all the world sees them in the same colouring. It has been truly said that none are so invincible as your half-witted people, who know just enough to excite their pride, but not so much as to cure their ignorance.

"By ignorance is pride increased;
Those most assume who know the least;
Their own false balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light."

If a man is ambitious to excel his fellows, let it be done in acts that will of themselves demonstrate to the world his virtues. An honest, earnest rivalry for a prize is commendable, for whoever gains the advantage then has reason to value it. But the man who goes about from

door to door, extolling his own virtues and abilities, and maligning those of his superiors, carries upon his countenance the very impress of a fool.

Vanity is of course a leading motive in all obtrusive self-display; and yet selfishness is not always confined to the ignorant and vain, for the world is full of people who claim everything for themselves with an utter disregard of the rights and privileges of others. They must have the best seats, the most attention, and must be first in all affairs, or else they become at once jealous, and look upon others who are labouring in the same field as intruders upon their special rights, and treat them with disdain. To see another undertake and successfully perform any enterprise that has before fallen to their lot is a source of irritation—a thorn in their side, and is deemed a sufficient cause for a sort of vindictive warfare upon the unpardonable offender.

But can it be possible that it should never occur to people of common sense that it is not very much to their advantage to make so much display of themselves? Is society simply a tablet upon which to subscribe "Self?" Must every one who comes within their circle be subjected to their insufferable egotism and ill-bred manners? There are persons who will take you by the button, and detail by the hour every little circumstance connected with themselves, even to the last quarrel with their wives, and all their aches and remedies. They entertain every company with a history of their family affairs and standing in the church, and break in upon every conversation that does not in some manner concern themselves; and when forced out of this indulgence they are painfully out of their element and at a loss how to employ their time.

There are not many more unpleasant things in the social world than a self-conceited, flippant, ill-bred person who is for ever boasting of himself, and keeping up an endless chorus of I, I, I, as if it was the only letter of the alphabet worth emphasizing. They are certainly the most insufferable bores, and society should treat them as such, for they are either underbred, or suffer the want of certain wholesome restraints that keep refined people in order.

Precisely how far it is desirable, or even tolerable, for people to talk of themselves, is certainly a very nice question

to decide. With ordinary people, under ordinary circumstances, the subject at any length or particularity must be as a rule either a favour or an impertinence. But some people have a right to talk of themselves with more freedom than it is wise to give ourselves. Persons who meet with some great shock of sorrow will find relief from the burden which threatens to unhinge their whole being, and by so doing they lay hold of our sympathies. Old people may claim our indulgence and recall to their hearts' content the scenes and incidents of childhood. And so with invalids and sufferers: who would deprive them of a little respite from pain and weariness? Again, persons of notoriety have somewhat of a

license for indulging in a little self-display, and circumstances under which they are placed frequently compel them to assume such a position, however distasteful it may be to them.

Most people at the present time are not overburdened with modesty, which is one of the chief virtues of a refined and cultivated mind, and has a natural tendency to conceal a person's talents. But impudence, on the contrary, finds a dwelling-place and numerous worshippers in every society; and for this reason we see so much vulgar egotism and love of self-display hanging up at the windows, like gaily-coloured curtains, to hide the filth within.

N. A. S.

EARLY TEARS.

HAPPY he whose early pathway
Was not still with roses strew'd;
Happy he whose spring of lifetime
Pass'd not without tempests rude.

Happy who some wholesome suffering
Drank e'en at his mother's breast;
O so rich does sorrow make us,
And so poor all joy and rest!

Do not speak of saddened childhood,
Or of bliss that could not last;
Do not gaze with tearful eyelids
On the happy time that's past!

Could we learn to feel for others
Had we not of pain our part?
Could we learn to prize our treasures,
Or our riches, or our heart?

How should we have learnt endurance?
Learnt to pray with our last breath?
Learnt to hope, believe, and suffer—
Love until the hour of death?

Let us, then, enwreath with roses
Early childhood's quiet grave;
Happy to whom God above us
Soon the tears of sorrow gave!

TEMPLE TALES.

BY A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS.

No. 5.—THE PALE-FACE WARRIOR: A SAVAGE STORY.

SOME four years ago, just before the fratricidal war—which is now rapidly depopulating America, destroying her commerce, and undoing the work which Washington so nobly commenced—began, I took it into my head to run across from Liverpool to New York, intending merely to spend a couple of weeks in the “finest city in creation, I guess,” and then to return once more to Albion’s Isle.

However, after I had been there some little time, I picked up a capital acquaintance, a genuine Yankee at best, but, what cannot be said of many of them, a thorough gentleman in manner and at heart. Above all, he was an enthusiastic hunter and sportsman, and from my being of a similar vein, we rapidly fraternized together, so that by the time that I had fixed for my return to England we were sworn friends.

When I told him that the time had arrived for me to quit America, he said—

“Pooh, nonsense! What are you going back so soon for, eh?”

“To get home in time for the partridges,” I said. “I do not want to miss the shooting.”

“Shooting!” he observed sarcastically; “much of that you have in the old country, to be sure! Come home with me. I live out in the backwoods, as far west as the railway goes, and a tarnation sight further, too. Come along with me: you know you are welcome, and I will let you see what I call shooting. A fine bag we will make together.”

“Very well,” said I. “Agreed. I accept your kind offer in the same frank manner in which it is made; so Westward Ho! instead of my going back to Old England, as I intended.”

My mind was soon made up, as I like nothing better than to decide on a plan at a moment’s notice. I would go to any part of the world to-morrow, I verily believe, if it was suggested to me off-hand as the present proposition was.

My Yankee friend, whose name was Wollaston, told me what traps to get, what guns to buy, and all the paraphernalia necessary for my excursion; so

there was not much time lost, for in two days after he had asked me to accompany him, he and I were sweeping our way westward in one of those queer-looking railway “cars,” as they are termed, peculiar to the States—once “united,” it is true, but now apparently as far apart as the poles.

After a long journey, which lasted more days and nights than I care to mention, we at length reached the tether of the iron horse, and had to pursue the rest of our way by means of a frightful spring-wagon, drawn by a team of four rough-looking but serviceable horses. Jolt, jolt, we went along through the virgin forest, by means of paths which it would be bitter irony to term roads, past straggling villages, placed some twenty miles apart, and dignified with the name of city, until we at length reached the solitude of the backwoods, and after a journey of another day through these, after we had left the last “city” behind us, we arrived at my friend’s “clearing”—and clearing it was, and no mistake, for it presented a striking contrast to the scenery around.

“Here, stranger,” said Wollaston, “is my diggings, I guess. We have arrived here at last, after our tarnation long journey, which, I kalkerlate, you’re purty glad is over. You’re welcome, stranger, to ‘Wollaston Clearing.’”

In front of us, in the centre of a large tract of ground, well planted, and of the extent of some hundred acres perhaps, was situated the house of my worthy host. It was a log hut, built entirely of rough-hewn timber, of some considerable size, and surrounded by a “stoup,” as they term verandahs in the New World. The log-hut was erected on the bank of a small river, of about the size of the Thames above Hampton, which apparently encircled the clearing, except on the side from which we approached; and a charming little garden, in which every sort of vegetable appeared growing, and fruit-trees were not wanting, extended up and down the bank of the river by the sides of the house. At our backs and all around the horizon was bounded by a

black, impenetrable forest; trees and foliage so dense as to resemble one vast ocean of wood, which showed me that I was now far from the haunts of civilization, and an eye-witness of primeval nature. Large trees, whose names I knew not, grew around to mark out the foreground of the picture. Rhododendrons and gigantic kalmias of immense size grew wild amongst the stems of oak, maple, and hickory trees, and wild grapevines turned and clustered around the more sturdy forest trees in graceful luxuriance and profusion. The scene was a very pretty one, and the charm of it struck me so much, that my satisfaction was visible in my face.

"A pretty sight, stranger," said Wollaston, as I gazed with admiration on the vista before me.

"Yes," I answered; "it would puzzle even a critic of nature, which I am not, to find a prettier prospect than the one before us."

Wollaston seemed pleased with my approval, and after a minute or two more spent in gazing, made a move on towards his log-hut. When we got there, we were received by Pompey, a sturdy-looking "nigger," as Wollaston termed him, who, with the assistance of his jolly-looking, fat, Ethiopian "mate," Clem, conducted all the business of the farm, house, and garden.

"Come along, Clem," shouted Wollaston, as we rattled up to the rude doorway of his dwelling. "Just get us something to eat; and you, Pompey, just uncart those horses, and put 'em up with a good corn feed. You can then unpack the waggin, and bring the fixins inside here."

Clem bolted off into the interior of the house before her master had concluded his orders to her inferior half, and the latter worthy had the horses out in a trice from the pole of the waggon, and led them off to a shed, which I presume was the stable, and which was placed at the side of the house. My host and myself then entered within his mansion, and he ushered me into a good-sized room, which took up about one-third of his entire house.

"This, stranger," said he, "is my parler; so jist squat down in that chair there, and make yourself comfortable. I guess Clem wont be a long time with the supper and fixins."

While awaiting the expected viands, and the return of my host, who had

"skedaddled" into another room, opening out of the one in which I was located, I looked round me with some curiosity, anxious to gain an insight into the manners and customs of a backwoodsman. The sitting-room was a large and, on the whole, comfortable-looking one, although rough in the extreme. A fireplace, built of brick and mud, took up about half of one side, and a long settle, supposed to be a sofa, was placed opposite to that on the other side. In the centre was a good-sized deal table, which could have accommodated on a stretch some twenty hungry persons; and a long dresser, ornamented with rows of crockeryware and tin dishes, occupied another side of the room. In the corners of the fireplace were a couple of rocking-chairs, those comfortable seats, dear to the American heart, and some dozen or so other—plain deal, basswood, and oak—chairs were ranged around the table, and in other spare places against the walls. Over the chimney-piece was an engraving of Washington, and facing this, above the settle, was one of those flaring eight-day clocks which Sam Slick has so ably celebrated. A few books, mostly on farming, and on the lives of celebrated preachers, ornamented the shelves of an old bookcase, which had squeezed itself somehow into one of the chimney-corners; and while my attention was drawn to the latter article of furniture, as I was engaged in reviewing the samples of literature therein contained, Wollaston re-entered, followed shortly afterwards by Clem with her arms full.

"Here we are at last!" cried Wollaston. "I guess you thought the grub was never coming. However, here it is, and not bad neither. Clem says Pomp shot an old deer about a couple of days ago, so we will have some venison steaks to commence with."

While the master was giving vent to these words, Clem had laid the cloth on the deal table, and had placed knives and forks, a couple of tin mugs, and other et ceteras there, after which she disappeared for a moment only to reappear again with her arms again laden as before. She made one or two more trips into the interior after this, and when she had placed about a half-dozen dishes on the table, said, in a tone of triumph—

"There, massa and massa Englishman, I guess you've got a purty good feed dar—at least as far as old Clem knows about it, and she's been to York, she has."

Old Clem was right without doubt. Before us was a plentiful dish of steaks fresh from the deer that Pompey had killed; some capital stewed fish, which I had never seen eclipsed even by the sole *au gratin* of the Café Philidor; a couple of roast fowls—that infallible resource always of a negro cook—a dish of potatoes, hominy, and some capital doughnuts and Johnny cakes, besides rice and plain bread. A decanter of treacle was placed alongside the Johnny cakes, to be eaten with them; and some capital whisky served us for drink, which was diluted by water, as pure as if it had been milk, so mild and beautiful it appeared. We both pegged away with a vengeance into Clem's comestibles; but when we had exhausted ourselves, we had evidently not exhausted her cuisine; for after clearing away the remnants we had left of what she had first supplied us with, she reappeared with a couple of dishes of pumpkin-pie—the all-in-all apple-pie of the Americans—and quince or peach jelly, I forget which, but they were both delicious. After our glorious feed my host and myself both lit our dudeens, and after another glass of whisky strolled out into the open air for an after-dinner constitutional.

From the doorway, where we stood a few moments, the house appeared to stand in the centre of a lovely valley, which was girdled on all sides but one by the silver-like river, beyond which appeared the forest rising in ridges, presenting a massive background to a charming, noble picture. Towards the south our view opened fully on the stream, which there appeared to mass itself in a sharp angle into an inland lake, its further course being hidden by a lofty headland crowned with maple trees in full leafy luxuriance. Right before the house, stretching down to the river, was the garden, comprising in all, perhaps, an acre of ground; and on the banks of the river by which the garden trended grew wild roses, wreathing themselves gracefully round lofty pines, or else forming a thick brushwood of natural forest flowers. Cedars, too, raised themselves loftily like those of Lebanon. Here and there an oak jutted out into the landscape. To the north the river came down between two ledges of granite which stood out in bold prominence before the evening sky, and over these creepers had entwined themselves, so that but little of the natural rock itself could be seen, and wild

briars, and all sorts of other creepers seemed to usurp supremacy with the dog rose and grape in their arduous longing for the sturdy embrace of the hardier denizens of the forest—the pines, the maples, the cedars, and last, though by no means least, the hardy oak, the monarch of the forest, whose grain is only equalled by the metal-like "Iron-wood" of the Brazils and Southern America.

We strolled on until we turned the angle of the house and the farm was before us. The absence of the trim hedges to which I was accustomed in England somewhat took off the effect from the fields of maize, and rice, and potatoes before me; and the split fence which supplied its place could not be compared to the irregular prettiness of the hedge-rows of Great Britain. In the bottom of the valley were the farm-sheds and places for the cattle and other stock belonging to my friend, and altogether the whole place had the most complete appearance of comfort and rural opulence and felicity.

Wollaston described to me all his belongings, told me how he had got this old hoss from Sam Soper of Texas for an old debt, how he had taken that old mule out of charity for farm produce, how much the wheat brought in, and what potatoes were at the last market, and how, above all, he had built, and reared, and stocked this entire farm of "a hundred acres, sir, in crop, and more than five hundred cleared," with the sole help of Pompey and an old friend of his, a hunter, by the name of "Trapping Tommy," whom he told me I should have the pleasure of seeing when we went out on our hunt, which he planned we should do in a week's time, when he had looked up his place after his absence, which had been extended longer than he had intended "all through Congress."

After a long chat and about a dozen pipes of honeydew, not forgetting a few nips of whisky, we turned in about eight o'clock—for they have very primitive hours in the New World, not like ours in the old one—and I soon sank off into a deep sleep in the comfortable settle which Wollaston gave me to occupy in the sitting-room. I was roused the next morning at five by my host passing through the room to go out, and I jumped up and accompanied him. We both had a swim in the river, and taking a fishing-line which I had brought out with me, I sat down to fish till breakfast-time, which he said would be at six, while

Wollaston went off to look round his farm and to see that Pompey had not been sparing of "elbow-grease" during his absence from home.

At six sharp by my watch—although Wollaston reckoned time by the sun—he returned, and we both sat down to as sumptuous a breakfast as the dinner we had had the day before. We both then took our guns for a long day's shooting, in which I bagged a deer and about a dozen prairie hens, while Wollaston brought down a noble old stag, and two wild turkeys, besides a host of smaller birds, which he assured me were good eating, although I did not know their names, and I am sure you would be none the wiser if I told you. We got home late and were glad of dinner—in fact, as much pleased by the appearance thereof as Clem was that her larder was so nobly replenished by our game-bags—and I slept a sounder sleep than even the night before.

The next morning Wollaston said to me—

"The farm's all right, stranger. That nigger Pomp hasn't been lazy, so I can go off at once, if you like, on a hunting trip."

"Agreed," I said. "I am your man. We will set off to-day, if it's not too soon for you. When do you propose going, eh?"

"Why," said he, "*well*, I reckon there's a camp of the Yutahs—they're Ingins friendly to the Whites—about two days' journey from here. I have often hunted with them before, and this is just about time they'll be back again at White Cress Spring. I was thinking of taking you there along with me, and we could have a regular hunt with them after all sorts of game; for there's no game to speak of just about my clearing. All the deer and such-like cut away like mad from the sound of the axe."

"I am quite willing," I answered, "Wollaston. There's nothing I would like better than to get along on friendly terms with the Indians. I never came across a real tribe before, although I have seen several single specimens of them."

"*Well*," said Wollaston, laying that peculiar emphasis common to his countrymen on the first word of his sentence. "*Well* Bob (I had particularly requested him that morning to drop his elaborate sobriquet of "stranger," and to call me by my own name—that is, by the name I am generally known to my chums), y'll see 'em now sure enough, and soon too,

and no mistake. Perhaps we'll have a scrimmage, too, with some of those red devils, as this is just about the time that the Indians I know have a war excursion against the Rapahoes—a set of rogues with whom they're always at deadly enmity, and I don't wonder at it too, the skunks are bad enough in all conscience, and when half-a-dozen of 'em see a white alone the're purty certain to try and raze his haar, so I rather like getting a pop at 'em in legitimate warfare, I reckon. You can shoot all right, as I saw this morning—*plumb centre* and no mistake—so you'll get along with them all serene; and I am not a bad hand with the shootin'-irons myself, as you might have seed when I brought down that buck. Therefore, we needn't fear for our scalps, even if we should come across any of those darned thieving set of Rapahoes afore we get to the lodges of the Yutahs."

"I am sure I am game," I answered. "I don't object to a brush with whites or Indians, if they first attack me. So we'll set off as soon as we can get our traps ready. I don't fear for my scalp."

"Hoorah," answered Wollaston, "we'll be off in a shot. Here, Pomp, you darned nigger," he cried out immediately, "just get us a couple of good horses out—the best you've got, and that old mule nag to carry our traps. And Clem," he again cried, raising his voice still higher, "we want a power of fixins, so get us enough, as we are off to the woods for a month at least."

Our preparations were soon made, thanks to the handy aid of our helps—Pompey and Clem.

Clem had collected a pile of eatables, which seemed sufficient to have lasted us a twelvemonth instead of merely the circle of the moon's revolution. We had half a deer cut up uncooked, besides a couple of haunches, which had already been roasted under Clem's supervizing eye; about forty pounds of pork; a large jar of molasses to eat with the same, or sweeten our tea and coffee, of which latter article we took a considerable quantity; about a hundredweight of flour, besides a lot of bread and biscuits ready made; plenty of salt and pepper; and, finally, a very good-sized keg of whisky for our own consumption, besides a five-gallon cask that Wollaston carried with us as a present to the Indians for the feast with which they were certain to celebrate our arrival. Of course we did not forget to take a considerable supply

of powder and shot, besides bullets and sheet-lead for the purpose of casting the same when our ready-made article should fail us. We each had a couple of bullet-moulds and a couple of shot guns. I had also a double-barrelled rifle—an article which Wollaston had never seen before, besides a very good sporting single-barrel rifle. He had an old rifle that had evidently seen some service, as its stock was all hacked and battered. But the iron tube was deadly withal, and it was never known to fail to carry a death-billet when in Wollaston's nervous arms.

All the traps I have mentioned, except a rifle of mine and its belongings, were packed on the back of a vicious old mule which Pompey led up first to be loaded, and then everything was settled on its back. Pomp then reappeared with a couple of spirited, although unclipped, horses, which said much for my host's judgmentship in horseflesh.

We then each strapped a buffalo blanket behind our saddles, slung a tin panikin and pot in front of our saddles, and jumping on our horses, with a hearty good-bye to Clem and Pompey, and receiving a heartier response "Good-by, massas," rode away round the house, and started off into the forest in a direct line from the back of the house.

When gazing at the scenery of the clearing the night before, I said that the river encircled the clearing, but this I found was not so—it was a mere optical delusion, as it started off at an abrupt angle about a mile from the log hut, and this enabled us to get into the heart of the forest dryshod, which I had not expected to do, and saved the risking of our prog, some of which, as the flour, powder, and so on, would not have been improved by a wetting.

It was a longer journey than I thought to the camp of the Yutahs. We started about ten o'clock in the morning, as it was fully that time when we had done breakfast, made up our minds for the start, and had finished our preparations, and at six o'clock, after eight hours' continuous riding, we were still in the depth of the forest. Wollaston signalized a halt.

"I guess we'll camp out here, Bob," he said; "I feel mighty hungry, and could eat a heap, and it wont do to push our horses too far, as they have a long journey to go; so we'll rest now, and commence again early in the morning on

our trail for the Yutahs." So saying, he flung himself quickly from the saddle, unloosed his horse's bridle, and hobbled him by a long rope which he carried on his saddle-bow to a peg which he quickly drove in the ground. He then took off the saddle, and flung it down on the ground beside of him with all its traps, and drew up the mule, which had all our heavier goods, and proceeded to dismantle her in the same summary manner, and tethered her as he had done his horse. I was not slow to follow his example, and by the time our preliminary preparations were over it was quite dusk. Wollaston was evidently accustomed to the usages of the woods. He kindled a fire in a moment by the help of his tinder-box and a lot of dry timber which we found near us, drew up the eatables from the packages, had a kettle boiling in less than no time, and had likewise warmed up our roast venison, so in about half an hour we were eating "away like gooduns"—as only men who have been all day in the woods can eat; and the coffee which Wollaston soon concocted by the aid of the kettle was by no means a bad adjunct to our repast. After we had eaten copiously, we each had a pretty good nip of the strong Monagahela whisky we had with us, and lighted our pipes for that smoke which only men who have eaten and drunk well can enjoy. How pretty the scene was that first night I can never forget. The woods became darker and darker round us, and the only sound we heard was that crisping noise produced by our horses and mules clipping the grass. Then the fire began to light up the foliage of the trees around us, and I felt all the charm that a gipsy encampment must have produced on Bamfylde Carew when he first went amongst those errant Bohemians. When it got later, the hootings of some night-birds and the occasional growl in the distance of wolves or other animals convinced me that I was now really in the wilderness. We did not sit up late. About a couple of hours after we first encamped, Wollaston said it was time to turn in. He "fixed up the fire handsomely," as he said, with piles of logs, so that it crackled and blazed away in the chill evening air with a most comforting appearance. He then handed me my blanket, and taking his own, wrapped himself in it, and placing his saddle under his head for a pillow, turned his feet to the fire, and was soon fast asleep, as his snoring amply testified. I felt

tired myself, so was not loth to imitate his example; and although a little wakeful at first, soon went to sleep with only the starry sky above me for a covering. That, however, I had been used to before, so did not mind it much.

Wollaston, as usual, was first awake in the morning, and roused about four o'clock, when the first fleck of dawn was infusing a gray light into the forest around us. The embers of the fires we had kindled the night before were still smouldering, and these we soon blew up into a good fire again, on which we broiled some more meat and had some coffee—having our breakfast over, the traps packed up, the animals saddled, and starting again on our journey before five—wonderfully early travelling for me, I assure you. We did another long day's journey, had another night in the woods similar to the one we had passed before, and by about midday on the next day had got out of the thicker forest into a sort of wooded yet open country, which struck me with its rare beauty. We had a halt and a sort of lunch on the banks of a little stream which we had to cross, and this we afterwards did satisfactorily without wetting any article that we carried over. Then we had a long journey of some three hours or more across a long ridge of country, the top of which we at length reached, and, looking down on the other side, I beheld the Indian encampment.

"Look there, Bob," said Wollaston. "There're the lodges of the Yutahs. We'll be among them in half an hour at furthest," saying which, he began the descent, which was much easier travelling than coming up the other side had been. The encampment was situated in a valley near a gently flowing stream, and abounding in tall, rich buffalo grass. The conical lodges of the Indians, to the number of more than two hundred, were ranged in parallel rows, covering a large space of the prairie land in which they were situated, and round about the camp were tethered a large number of horses, mustangs, and mules, while immense numbers of half-starved yelping curs of dogs completed the many elements of the picture. As we descended the valley, some straggling Indians, who were some distance, perhaps a mile, off the camp, perceived us, and a couple of these instantly went back on horseback to warn the camp of our approach, while the others remained to dispute our entrance

into it, should we be enemies. They could not, however, restrain their impatience until we got up to them, but galloped up, on horseback, to accost us first, headed by a young chief, clad in all the panoply of savage dress. This individual quickly recognised Wollaston under the title of "MAHNGOTAYSEE," or brave hearted, and Wollaston saluted him by the appellation of "Kenabeek," or the great serpent, both of which my friend afterwards interpreted for me. This young Indian chief was a handsome, full-formed fellow, and was decidedly picturesque in his appearance. He strongly reminded me of Longfellow's description of "Pau-Puk-Keewis," in the "Song of Hiawatha"—

"He was dressed in deerskin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in mocassins of buckskin
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

"Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses"—

although by no means so elaborate in his attire. He received Wollaston and myself, as did also his followers, who did not strike me as by any means so imposing as himself, with shouts of welcome, and we all set off towards the lodges with great acclamation. When we had reached the front of the lodges, all the inhabitants had turned out to meet us, and first amongst these were two tall trappers, or white hunters, whom Wollaston introduced to me respectively as "Trapping Tommy" and Rube Blake, two of the best hunters, he said, in all creation. The other chiefs who advanced to greet Wollaston were now introduced to me, and "The Cedar," as I was poetically styled, was told that he was welcome to the lodges of the Yutahs, and that a dog feast would be prepared in his honour, and in that of "the Brave-hearted"—I can't pronounce these Indian names—that very evening. And now the cries of hundreds of curs informed us that the chief's directions were being carried into effect. We looked upon the proceedings with great amusement. The squaws had sallied out in chase of all the youngest and fattest curs, and then they were seized

yelping, a knife drawn across their throats, skinned, and otherwise prepared in a twinkling, and flung into a series of iron pots, which were quickly slung over as many large fires. Boiled dog is decidedly not bad, as I found out after I had overcome my first reluctance to taste such a peculiar dainty. As for Wollaston, he had often eaten it before, and declared to me that it licked deer and buffalo all to nothing—"in fact, they couldn't shine nohow alongside of dog." After our feast, which was long, and truly some of the Indians disgusted me with the immense quantities of meat they consumed—something incredible, in fact,—Wollaston proffered the keg of whisky he had brought to the head "totem," or chief, and it was accepted most graciously. Then began a wild debauch, whose wildness eclipsed everything I had previously seen in the civilized world, and that is saying something. The potent Monaghahela mounted in the brains of the stupified red men like smoke rises up from a fire, and they executed savage dances round poles on which they had previously strung all the scalps they possessed of enemies who had "gone under" before their prowess. Wollaston, Trapping Tommy, Rube Blake, and myself, besides three or four of the principal chiefs, and the one who had first accosted us, Kenabeek, formed a separate group in front of the lodge of the head totem, "Kenew," or the "Great War Eagle." And all of us white men chatted on for some time without the Indians joining in our conversation, which was about various things—sporting principally—excepting with an occasional "Ugh!"

At last the "Great War Eagle" broke the silence.

"Will the 'Brave Hearted,' " he said, "and 'The Cedar' accompany the braves of the Yutahs on the war trail against the dogs of Rapahoes?"

"Are the other whites going?" asked Wollaston.

"Yes," answered the Indian, speaking slowly. "The great Trapping Tommy and the Brave Hunter 'Kabibonokka' (the north wind) will accompany the braves of the Yutahs to-morrow on the war trail as soon as the sun leaves its wigwam in the eastern sky, and the 'Great War Eagle' would be pained in the heart if the 'Brave Hearted' and 'The Cedar' stopped in the lodges with the squaws. However, they are free to do as they like."

"All right," answered Wollaston; "say no more about it, me and my friend will gladly accompany you, and you will have two more good rifles to aid you in your vengeance against those rascally Rapahoes."

"The Brave Hearted," answered the Great War Eagle, "has made his brother's heart glad. You are both now brothers of the Yutahs, and the Great War Eagle will tell his brethren of the prairies of the brave hunters from the east."

So saying, the chief assembled all his braves, even those who were overcome with the potent whisky, in front of his lodge, with the assistance of the other chiefs, and declared to them that we were henceforth brothers of the Yutahs, and were going to join in the war expedition. Thereupon arose the greatest apparent joy and congratulation, and the proceedings of the evening terminated with a great war dance in the square in front of the head totem's lodge, in which we were afterwards accommodated with blankets and buffalo robes for the night. I at last went to sleep, after the din and clatter in the Indian village had subsided, and was roused early in the morning by the noisy preparations which were being made for the departure of the braves on the war trail. After a hearty breakfast, to which Wollaston and I contributed all the remains of our deer's meat which was heartily accepted, and a grand council of the lodges, in which the calumet was passed round, and the order of the expedition agreed on, we at length mounted some two hundred strong, and sallied forth from the lodges two and two, forming a long train of mounted horsemen.

It seems that scouts had beforehand ascertained the exact position of the Rapahoes. They were some thirty miles off in a sort of cañon, or dry watercourse, where they had encamped for the purpose of resting themselves before they tried to turn out the Yutahs from the Chauny Valley which they had fortunately just got hold of; as, from its situation, it was much in favour with the many other tribes of Indians who inhabit the far west. The Yutahs had, however, got the best place first, and by right of preoccupation determined to hold it against any forces. At a council held before we entered the camp it was decided to attack the Rapahoes first before they attacked them, and by dint of quickness and by being first in the field the Yutahs were determined to

outwit their enemies, although they were pretty equal in numbers. We rode along at a hand-gallop for a couple of hours, and then walked on slowly, while scouts were sent forward to ascertain the exact position of the hostile camp. These soon galloped back with fresh intelligence which was communicated to the head totem who led the van, and at a signal from him we all again advanced at the same hand-gallop with which we had commenced the excursion.

At length we reached a wooded eminence—and as we got through the cover we saw below us another large Indian encampment, which appeared to my unpractised eyes much like that of the Yutahs, although the hunters would have seen the difference at a glance. We all halted at a signal from the chief, and at another signal from him half the band he led broke off under the command of the Kenabeek, and determined to the right. The chief was evidently intending a rear and flank movement at the same time, in order to ensure success. In front of us we saw something was astir in the encampment, for about a couple of hundred warriors were assembled in an open space in the middle, and were listening to an evident harangue, from one of the number, who stood on a stump of a tree in the middle—and, although we could not hear any words that were said, as we were too far off for that, yet an occasional yell broke upon our ear, softened by the distance between us.

All at once the call of a loon broke shrilly on our ear, and our old chief, the Great War Eagle, sent a glance around. Then addressing us, said—

"The Yutahs now expect our white brothers to assist us. The time is come. There goes the Serpent. *We* must also fight now."

Our guns were all ready, and slung in our left hands ready for the combat, while with our right hands we urged our horses again into a gallop at a command of the chief, expressed by a wave of his hand.

The loon-call had already aroused the Rapahoes, and in a second they formed to resist the enemy that had come suddenly on them. It was too late, however, for them to resist with advantage. Precisely as they saw us charging down out of the coppice, Kenabeek, at the head of his warriors, emerged from the woods on the right shouting the loud appalling war-whoop—"Owgh! owgh! owgh! owgh!" Rifles were discharged, and

Wollaston, at his first shot, felled down the chief who had been just haranging the Rapahoes. Then we all pulled out our revolvers, and the Indians slung their lances. We had a great crash caused by the two bands meeting each other, then a recoil. And some of us sprang from our horses and began a hand-to-hand combat.

"Ugh, take that you varment," shouted Wollaston, cracking in a Rapahoe's skull like a nutshell with the butt-end of his rifle which he was swinging round and round with both arms. I just then got a slice in the shoulder from a tomahawk, and turning round perceived my assailant about to renew his blow—one click of the trigger, and I shot him through the brain dead in his tracks. Then another and another crack, for my blood was up, and my revolver did not speak in vain, for I brought down one at each stroke. Just then I saw the chief totem, the "Great War Eagle," down on the ground on his back, and a Rapahoe raising his tomahawk to bury it in his skull. I club-ended my rifle and brought it down on the savage's skull just in time to avert the blow from the War Eagle, and in return received from some one, I know not whom, a stunning blow which laid me in the dust, and that is all I recollect of the fight.

When I came to myself I found I was back again in the encampment of the Yutahs, stretched on a pile of buffalo robes in the lodge of the Great War Eagle, and Wollaston was by me, as was also a pretty young squaw whom I afterwards found out to be the daughter of the chief.

"Thank God," said Wollaston, "you're all right again, Bob, I thought you had gone under."

"I am all right now," I said, "bar a headache. Where am I hurt, eh?"

"Head-ache?" said Wollaston, "why, you have nearly had your head smashed, and you call it a headache!"

"Never mind," I said, "tell me about the end of the fight."

"Oh," answered my friend, "it turned out all slick for the Yutahs; they smashed those d——d Rapahoes all to pumkins and took more than sixty scalps, and only twenty Yutahs went under in the fray."

"And the hunters, are they all right?" I asked.

"Well," answered Wollaston, "Tommy is all right, but poor Rube's rubbed out, I am sorry to say. He was a good hunter

and a brave fellow. A pity for him to be rubbed out by one of those darned skunks at last."

I soon recovered from my wound, and when I was able to get up and walk out I was received with joy by the whole tribe. War Eagle declared that I saved his life, and christened me "The Pale-face Warrior" in honour of our grand battle with the Rapahoes; and I was ever afterwards known amongst the Indians, while I remained in America, by that designation. When I recovered sufficiently, which was about a fortnight after the battle, I went in company with Wollaston and Tommy Trapper several hunting excursions, in which we were greatly assisted by the Indian chiefs of the Yutahs. I shot the buffalo, and all sorts of game such as I had never before bagged, and enjoyed my sporting immensely. After another month's sojourn at the Indian camp, however, Wollaston said he must go home to look after his farm, and of course I accompanied him back, after parting with my red friends with mutual regret.

The farm was all right on our return. Pomp and Clem were blooming, and I stopped there another month, enjoying fishing and a quieter species of sport than I had had with the Yutahs. Then intelligence arrived of the outbreak of hostilities between the North and South, and Wollaston and I started for New York, where we arrived even after a more fatiguing journey than our first one from thence. Poor Wollaston received commission in one of the newly-raised corps as captain, although he had as much knowledge of military matters as my pipe, and I returned home again to England. Not long afterwards I heard that my poor old friend was killed at the battle of Bull Run while gallantly endeavouring to stop the retreat of his regiment. And now I must stop."

"Thank you, Bob!" said we all, when Burke had concluded his dashing narrative, and we thereupon drank his health, and hoped he might live to have many a scrimmage with the Indians again.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

SWEET is the bud of the new-born rose
When tipp'd with evening's dew;
Sweet is the balmy gale that flows
From summer skies so blue;
Sweet is the song of the warbling bird
As she springs from the sun-lit lea,
But far more sweet when lovers meet
Beneath the trysting tree.

Sweet is the song of the nightingale
As she warbles her vesper lay,
And the voice of the thrush in yonder dale
As she carols at close of day;
Sweet is the murmuring of the stream,
And the humming of the bee,
But nought so sweet as when lovers meet
Beneath the trysting tree.

When day at night's approach has fled,
And the moonbeams play around,
And the stream runs o'er its pebbled bed
With a soothing silvery sound;
When the gentle breezes woo the flowers,
And the heart is light and free,
Oh then how sweet one's love to meet
Beneath the trysting tree.

A. HOUGHTON MILLS.

POPULAR PEOPLE.

"THE success of certain works may be traced to sympathy between the author's mediocrity of ideas and the mediocrity of ideas of the public!" observes a shrewd writer—evidently not a popular one, or he would entertain higher respect for the tribunal of public taste. It is certain, however, that whether as regards books or men, there exists an excellence too excellent for general favour.

To make a hit, to captivate the public eye, ear, or understanding without a certain degree of merit, is impossible; but it is not merit of the highest order that makes the hardest hit. Merit of the highest order must ever be "caviare to the general." The *chef-d'œuvres* of art and literature are often condemned to years of obscurity, while some vulgar ballad seized upon by the barrel-organs persecutes us in every street. Some coarse actor having convulsed the public with laughter by his buffooneries, the new farce becomes the darling of the public, and some familiar incident, daubed by the illustrated brush of a jocose artist, is lithographed into fame and hung in all the inn parlours of the kingdom.

So is it with human beings. Certain people as well as certain pieces obtain possession of the stage. Favoured guests as well as favoured pictures are to be found in every parlour. Talkers as well as tunes haunt one like a hand-organ in all directions; people whom everybody likes—whom everybody invites—and concerning whom everybody, when asked the motive of their liking, is sure to answer, "I like them because everybody likes them—I like them because they are so popular."

The newspapers confer this arbitrary epithet upon their favourites as a species of diploma:—"Mr. A., the popular poet;" "Mr. B., the popular preacher;" "Mr. C., the popular member;" "Mr. D., the popular actor," and so on through the alphabet. The greatest poets, preachers, and senators have, however, been the least popular.

Society is apt to confer the honours of popularity upon lords and ladies, squires and squireses, with partiality equally indiscriminating. Society dotes upon people who are neither so wise, so clever, so good, nor so great as to afford too high a standard of wisdom or virtue, and

consequently a reproach to its own deficiencies. "Too good by half," "too clever by half," is a frequent phrase among those who are sneakily conscious of being silly or worthless. They admit with a plausible air that Mr. A.'s poetry, Mr. B.'s prose, or Mr. C.'s speeches may be very fine, for anything they know; but *they* do not pretend to understand them. With the same fatal smile of virtuous stupidity they declare that, "A. is a superior man, certainly, but nobody can bear him; B. an accomplished woman, but singularly unpopular; while all the world acknowledges the merits of the charming Mr. C. and Mrs. D.,—Mr. C. being so great an enlivenment to a dinner party, and Mrs. D. a host in herself at Christmas in a country-house." Mr. C. and Mrs. D. are of course marked out for Popular People.

The fact is that popularity resembles certain echoes which once evoked repeat themselves *ad infinitum*. If any one can be found to utter the phrase or praise loud enough in the first instance, it proceeds in the sequel to repeat itself.

We are wrong, perhaps, to say "anyone," for the privilege of bestowing popularity belongs specifically to certain persons. Let the dullest book ever written be praised in a certain review—it will sell; let the dullest dog that ever prosed be proclaimed an able man by a certain coterie, he will become a popular talker. We have more than one charming countess who has only to pronounce a man a *bel esprit* to stamp his popularity at all the dinners of the season; we have more than one *valseur*, who has only to dance twice with the same *débutante* to render her the most popular partner in the ball-rooms of May Fair.

In such trivial distinctions, indeed, it is not surprising that the world should be credulous; but in matters that concern its welfare—its existence here and hereafter—its mortal body, its immortal soul! To let the pretty prattlers or elephantine prozers of society create the popular physician, the popular preacher!

The nambypamby of the popular poet may be laid on the shelf; but through the blunders of the popular physician *we* may come to be laid out, or laid in the grave; while the errors of the popular preacher may induce a still more alarm-

ing consummation. Through the combined agency of both we may, as Don Juan says—but what Don Juan says is not always fit to be repeated.

“Do send for Dr. Creaksley, my dear,” cries the Dowager Lady Gunderton, one of the most accredited popularity-mongers of society. “Creaksley is the only man going—Creaksley is the person who performed that miracle for Lord Growley’s child, by saving its life after it had been immersed five minutes in a cauldron of boiling water. He had it kept in a bath of iced camphorated oil a day and night. Ah! Creaksley is a wonderful man. He has three pair of carriage-horses always on the trot, and never takes his own horses off the stones. During the season there are always carriages waiting for Creaksley at Hyde-park-corner, to convey him to the fashionable villas. One can’t get him without three days’ notice. Since the days of the famous Radcliffe never was physician so popular!”

And why? What is the origin of this wondrous popularity which keeps coach-horses on the trot and dowagers on the gabble? Is it skill, learning, knowledge, tact, experience? By no means!—Creaksley is a man of trivial mind and equable temperament; patient with his patients, hospitable with his acquaintances;—who, if he let people die, never kills them by the rashness of his experiments;—and when he allows them to live, does not render life a bore. Creaksley talks agreeably, because wise enough to talk of anything but physic, which he would probably throw to the dogs, if he thought the dogs foolish enough to take it. Far easier to administer it at a guinea a dose to such ninnies as the Dowager Lady Gunderton, seeing that the Dowager Lady Gunderton is able to promote his apotheosis as a popular physician.

Then we have Sir Gordon Mosley! With what party does one ever dine throughout the London season without meeting Sir Gordon Mosley? Sir Gordon Mosley is as inevitable as the tongue and chickens—or turbot and lobster sauce. Sir Gordon Mosley and his white cravat are essential portions of every well-mounted dinner-table. People expect him with as much certainty as sherry or champagne.

Read the dinner-parties in the morning papers. One could almost fancy there were ten Sir Gordon Mosleys in the field, so infallibly is he comprised in each. “The

Duke and Duchess of S—— entertained a distinguished party at dinner on Monday last, including the Prince of Rigmoroli Foggi, the Earl and Countess of Mungewell, Sir Gordon Mosley, and other distinguished guests.” —“The Chancellor of the Exchequer entertained at dinner, on Tuesday last, the Master of the Rolls, Viscount and Viscountess Trimmer, Lord Hobbledehoy, Lady Mary Grig, Sir Gordon Mosley, and a large and distinguished circle.” We find Sir Gordon Mosley in the company of lord chancellors, archbishops, judges, princes, peers, academicians, presidents of all sorts of colleges, authors, *et hoc*. Sir Gordon Mosley is ubiquitous—Sir Gordon Mosley is universal.

Sometimes, on arriving late for a dinner-party, you look round the circle assembled in the drawing-room, miss him, and congratulate yourself that for once you have escaped. Don’t flatter yourself! Five minutes before the announcement of dinner, you will find that he has glided in, and is whispering behind the chair of your hostess. Sir Gordon Mosley knows the habits of every dining-house in town, and can calculate to a turn the arrival of the guests, and roasting of the venison. He is not only there, but there to a minute.

Strangers are naturally anxious to ascertain the peculiar merit of this integral fraction of the eating world. At table, they lend an attentive ear to his conversation,—in the drawing-room, they fix an observant eye on his deportment. “Where be his quips, his quirks, his flashes of merriment?”—or if not his wit, where is his wisdom,—where his information?

Worthy public! Sir Gordon Mosley is a moral nonentity; a man who knows nothing, save where he is to dine to-morrow, and next day, and every day of the week. He has a good countenance, wears a good coat, bears a good name, makes a good bow, is civil and conciliating, of a medium tint that harmonizes everywhere:—one, in short, who, without one faculty or quality of real distinction, retains a high place in the category of Popular People.

Mr. Meggot is a gentleman equally important in the estimation of the coteries:—not as a diner-out—for his name is less grandiloquent in the announcement of the butler, or lists of the morning papers; but for the *soirée* or squeeze. Billy Meggot is a something in his way. He sat through two sessions in Parliament, where he said nothing; and was Secretary

of Legation at some foreign court, where he *did* nothing. But he is a man ever to be seen at the elbow of ministers, or button-held by some editor of a leading journal. The cabinet sets a high value on him. The doctrinarians look up to him with respect. Billy Meggot's name is cited as an endorsement to an opinion like Rothschild's to a loan, and when Billy Meggot is cited as not having been much shocked at an occurrence, the world decides that it cannot be *very* dreadful.

This, at least, must be a superior man. This authority, to which sages and statesmen bow, must be a true oracle. An oracle? Meggot is a man who, in the whole course of his existence, never uttered an opinion. Meggot is an echo,—an embodied affirmative,—the best listener in the world. He is one of those who submit to be told the things he knows, by people who know nothing about the matter. He is ready to swallow the most monstrous assertions. He seems convinced by the most preposterous arguments. His air of candour is worth a million; and when we reflect upon the craving appetite of human vanity, it is not wonderful that such a man should command the affections of society, and stand pre-eminent in the ranks of Popular People.

Sporus enjoys a less gratuitous species of popularity. Sporus is a popular author. His works flash upon one like Lucifer matches, and go off like detonating guns. No sooner in print than out of print. The reviews revere him—the daily papers delight in him—the magazines make much of him. Nothing like Sporus. Such style—such delicacy—such freedom from affectation. The *petite maîtresse* buys him and binds him in morocco; the school-mistress buys him and binds him in calf; the bookseller buys him and binds him in a penalty to complete a fresh work at a month's warning. Great guns are discharged from the battery of the press on the production of every new book, as on the birth of the sons of the Sultan. He is written up, till one fears that the sky must be raised a story to make way for

his renown. The most crabbed of critics grows mild in treating of him; and the reading world, like Monsieur Laffarge, is poisoned in doses of sugar and water.

And who and what is the successor of Scott and Byron? This Macaulay, this Hallam, this Rogers? Alas! Sporus is but a shadow of his namesake of the days of Pope:—

“A mere white curd of ass's milk!”

or rather, the mouldy sponge of a leaden inkstand.

But Sporus excites no jealousies—Sporus eclipses no humiliated rival. Sporus is one of whom literary men say with a smile among themselves, “Poor Sporus! he is a painstaking writer, and an excellent fellow. Let us do him a good turn.”

Puffed, therefore, and praised on all sides, his writings first attract notice, and finally command attention. The public is convinced that *all* the weekly and monthly critics cannot be in the wrong. The public asks for his picture—the public demands his bust. The public will one day require a pension for him from Government; and eventually, perhaps, chaffer with the rapacious Dean and Chapter of Westminster a corner in Westminster Abbey. Is not *this* placing poor, harmless Sporus in the catalogue of Popular People?

Concerning the popularity of the numskulls who give feasts that wise men may eat them, no one need express surprise. The popularity of proprietors of hospitable country-houses is equally comprehensible; so is the popularity of bank and railway directors.

To “go the whole hog” has become the favourite pastime of statesmen; and

“Long live all those who've anything to give,”

is the cry of many besides the luckless poet in whose mouth it was wickedly placed by the witty James and Horace. But this accounts in a very limited degree for the immunities and homage accorded to Popular People.

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

SEA-WEED PICTURES.

"Call us not weeds! We are flowers of the sea,
For lovely, and bright, and gay-tinted are we:
Our blush is as deep as the rose of thy bowers,
Then call us not *weeds*! we are Ocean's gay
flowers,
Not nursed like the plants of a summer
parterre,
When gales are but sighs of an evening air;
Our exquisite, fragile and delicate forms
Are nursed by the ocean, and rocked by its
storms."—ELIZABETH L. AVELINE.

WE have had so many inquiries relative to the proper mode of drying sea-weed, and arranging it in bouquets, wreaths, &c., that we feel convinced a few hints on the subject will be acceptable to very many of our friends who are visitants to or residents at the sea-side. And in giving these directions we would observe that it is not our intention to weary and perplex our readers with a long botanical article, but simply to give them such easy instructions as will enable them to convert into elegant ornaments the scraps of weed, sponge, &c., which they may discover on the beach of any of our most popular watering-places. Our information has been obtained from one of the most tasteful professional collectors, and tested by ourselves; it may therefore be relied on.

Among the very prettiest *souvenirs* of a visit to Brighton, or to any other of our English bathing-places, may be classed the collections of sea-weed which, arranged in wreaths or bouquets, framed and glazed, are to be purchased at many of the shops in almost every fashionable watering-place. The wreaths are generally made to inclose the hackneyed but very appropriate lines we have quoted above.

Regarding the authorship of these verses, we may remark that, though they have been attributed to Mrs. Hemans, and various other popular poets, we have undoubted authority for asserting them to be the composition of Miss Elizabeth L. Aveline, of Lyme Regis.

The materials required for these bouquets are sea-weed, gum-water, and cardboard. The sea-weed should be of all the varieties that can be collected, excepting only the very large and coarse kinds. Every atom that can be discovered on the beach, or adhering to rocks, should be preserved; and if we make

friends with the men on board some of the fishing boats and get them to save us pieces, which they obtain in the course of their voyages, we shall have a good variety of specimens. The oyster-dredgers are particularly fortunate in getting weeds which are only found in mid-channel, and which form a great addition to the amateur's collection.

The principal weeds are the Caroline, the oak-leaf, the coral, the feathered-weed, and some coarser kinds, which appear not to have obtained any English name, but which are to be found on almost every English coast. Branches of sponge are also frequently washed ashore in rough weather; and the mid-channel weeds have a character of their own, resembling short stiff grasses, and beautifully ringed and feathered.

The Caroline weed is of that exquisitely delicate pink which is seen gummed closely on the cardboard in the weed-pictures to which we have alluded. When freshly thrown up by the tide it is of a brown colour; it is only after exposure to sun and air that it acquires the pink tint. It should be kept for about twenty-four hours before it is prepared, and, if practicable, exposed to the sun during the day. As soon as the pink colour is obtained, float it in a basin of fresh water. Take a bit of newspaper, dip it in the water, letting a spray of weed float on it, and arrange all the fibres smoothly on the paper, picking off any thick parts, still keeping both weed and paper under water. When the bit of weed is thus nicely arranged, it will adhere to the paper. Take them out of the water, carefully wipe off all superfluous moisture with a soft towel, and hang up the paper by a pin to the wall until it is quite dry. The weed may then be removed from the paper without difficulty, or should it adhere in any place it may be damped. It is then to be laid between the leaves of an old magazine, not more being placed on one page than can lie there without the fibres being covered by each other.

All the fine, fibre-like kinds of weed are to be prepared in this manner.

The oak-leaf weed bears (as its name implies) a very close resemblance to the

ordinary oak-leaf. However, like the Caroline weed, it is of a beautiful pink when dry. It must be exposed to the sun, then damped, laid very evenly in blotting-paper, and pressed down with weights until perfectly dry. It may then be laid evenly between the leaves of a magazine.

The coral-weed is found attached to rocks. It is half-animal and half-plant. In its natural state it is brown or purple, and requires bleaching either in a very hot sun or with chloride of lime, to give it the appearance it has when seen in the bouquets. As soon as possible after it is formed it should be washed in fresh water, and exposed to the sun daily until it becomes quite white. As this, however, is rather an uncertain process in our very variable climate, the surest way is to prepare the weed with the lime. Take a lump of chloride of lime of the size of a filbert, and mix it gradually with a pint of soft water in a basin. Lay the bunches of weed in this, and leave them in it until they are white, when, remove them immediately, and dip them in cold water: wipe them gently with a soft towel, and hang them up to dry. As soon as they are dry they should be folded in soft paper and put away in a box, as the bleaching process renders the coral so brittle that the least touch will frequently crumble it.

Sponges, and the weeds found by the oyster-dredgers, should be well washed in soft water, hung up to dry, and then kept in boxes.

The coarser weeds should also be washed, dried between sheets of blotting-paper, pressed, and then laid between the leaves of books.

The gum used in attaching sea-weed to cardboard requires some little care. Gum-tragacanth is employed in preference to gum-arabic, as it does not leave a gloss on the paper. Take three-pennyworth of gum-tragacanth, and put it in a pint bottle, with three-pennyworth of the best

white vinegar. When the gum is thoroughly dissolved, water may be added to make it as thin as desired. If a wreath is to be made to surround the verses we have given above, the lines must be written neatly on the centre of the cardboard before the weed is attached to it. Then, with a broad brush dipped in gum, brush lightly over the space the wreath is to occupy. Select a nice piece of Caroline weed for each point of the wreath, and lay it on; then form a foundation for the other weeds by laying the Caroline along the edges of each side, as it is made to appear the ground on which all the others are attached. Take little bunches of the other weeds, gum the stems, and fasten them tastefully down the centre of each side. The wreath should get gradually wider towards the base where the two ends meet, and are covered by a handsome swan's wing, or white mussel-shell.

The bouquets are arranged so as to appear to spring out of a little basket, which may readily be purchased.

As great a variety as possible is produced by arranging the most opposite colours near each other. All require gumming at the stems only, except the corals, which must be fastened completely down, or, from its extreme brittleness, it is very likely to break away altogether.

Very thick gum-arabic will be required for fastening on the baskets and shells, but for all other purposes (as well as for domestic use in general), the solution we have already recommended will be infinitely better.

When used as pictures, the frames of these groups should be nearly an inch deep. Leather-work, imitating the coarser sea-weeds, would be pretty and appropriate ornaments for them; but we shall shortly introduce various articles to which sea-weed can be appropriately applied as a decoration.

THE PHEASANT.

THE earliest English writer who mentions the Pheasant is Echard, whose "History of England" bears date 1299, the market price of the bird was then 4d.; in 1512 we find it set down at 1s. 3½d., a very considerable sum in those days; about 1250 was probably the date of its first introduction into Europe. According to some authorities, Jason of the Golden Fleece, and his Argonauts, brought it from the banks of the Phasis, a river of Colchis in Asia Minor; hence the generic name of the bird *Phasianus* in Latin, *Faisan* in French, *Fagiano* in Italian, *Pheasant* in English, and hence too the specific name *Colchicus*. In very ancient times this bird was highly valued as a table delicacy: in the luxurious repasts of the Romans it bore the palm, perhaps in a great measure owing to its rarity and expense. Heliogabalus in his ostentation is said to have fed his lions with pheasants' flesh—right royal fare for the imperial brutes. Coming down nearer to our own times, we read that Archbishop Neville, somewhere about the middle of the fifteenth century, made a great feast, of which two hundred pheasants formed a part. In the household books and privy-purse accounts of various noble families, they are also included among the items of expense; but we do not learn when they were first *preserved* in England, in the way that they are now, with laws enacted for the protection of these, and other creatures called "game."

The old English poets and dramatists make frequent allusion to the flesh of this bird, associating it generally with that of the partridge; thus Ben Jonson, in his "Staple of News," says—

"Fetch me a pheasant or a brace of partridges
From goodwife poulterer for my lady's supper."

And Prigg, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Beggars' Bush," makes this modest demand—

"I must have my capons
And turkeys brought me in, with my green geese
And ducklings in the season; fine fat chickens;
And if you chance where an eye of tame pheasants
And partridges are kept, see they be mine."

With all his love of good eating, how-

ever, we question if this luxurious dog would have relished the repast provided by William Browne, and to which we have before alluded—

"Pheasant with partridge into jelly turned,
Grated with gold seven times refined and burned,
And dust of Orient pearl."

While we are upon this gustatory part of our subject, a hint or two on pheasant cooking may not perhaps be considered amiss.

Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," recommends from experience this method of cooking an old cock:—"After due keeping, stuff the bird with the lean of the outside of a sirloin of beef, cut into thin slices and well seasoned; the gravy issuing from the beef gradually diffuses itself through the flesh of the game, and renders it mellow and juicy." Scott, in his "British Field Sports," tells us that "the hen pheasant is the most juicy and fine flavoured, and that it is customary in Suffolk to make the addition of oysters to the gravy."

Pheasants, we are told, are still found in great beauty and abundance in that quarter of the globe whence they originated, and especially about the banks of the ancient river Phasis; but so kindly have they taken to our soil and climate, that, notwithstanding the murderous onslaught annually made upon them, we question if rocky Colchis itself, or, as we now say, Mingrelia, could furnish such good sport for the pheasant-shooter as our own green woods, and fields of fruitful tillage. All through the country, as far as Northumberland, we find this bird; of course much more plentiful in some localities than in others, according to the care bestowed on its preservation, and to the character of the scenery. It loves woods with a thick undergrowth of long tangled grass, and thorny brakes, and ferny hollows, where the foxglove and the wild hyacinth spread a purple flush through the cool shade; the hazel copse and shrubby plantation it loves, and the ozier holt or marshy island, overgrown with reeds and rushes; wood and water it *must* have, and plenty of them, or it will soon die out, or fly to lands more congenial to its nature. It may be found in the thick hedgerows, and corn-fields, and clover patches; but its home is not

there; it wants a world of greenery to wander in—a wild free sylvan tract—where it may at least fancy itself secure from man and his misdoings. Although, as it were, a semi-domesticated bird, depending on human aid for its very safety and means of existence, yet it is one of the shyest and wildest of all the creatures about us. It will not “come and be killed” like a duck, or a barn-door fowl, and will not listen to the voice of the charmer, “charm he never so wisely;” but persists in disbelieving in the benevolent intentions of its pursuer, and in hiding away in the thickest coverts, and crouching close, like a heap of dead leaves that has been transmuted into gold by the autumn sunshine. Oh! a glorious bird, but unsociable, *very*; and to preserve its life, would persist in getting away if it could, although it knew that you would kill it in the most scientific manner, without ruffling a feather, and that you had tramped for hours and hours in pursuit of it, and were likely to return home with an empty game-bag.

A singular circumstance connected with this bird is, that the females sometimes assume the plumage of the male, and when this is the case it is advisable to destroy them, for they are incapable of performing the maternal functions and are generally fierce and mischievous, frequently destroying the eggs of the other birds, and tearing the young in pieces like hawks. “They may be known,” as Yarrell says, “by their partial want of brilliancy of tint; the golden red feathers on the breast generally want the contrast of the broad dark velvet-like margin; the legs and feet retaining their smaller and more female-like character, and are without spurs.” Another indication is the smallness of size, and the absence of the short husky crow which distinguishes the cock, seldom heard except at the breeding season. Usually, on going to roost, the male pheasant makes a noise, which is called *cocketting*, and which he repeats several times: the hen bird, as she flies up, utters one shrill cry, and then ceases. These are like notes of invitation to the watchful poachers, who, thus informed, know exactly where to pitch upon their birds; indeed, the peculiar habits of this

species of game afford great facilities for its capture by the midnight depredator.

Mary Howitt has given so true and charming a picture of the sylvan home of the pheasant, that we cannot do better than conclude our article therewith:—

“The stock-dove builds in the old oak wood,
The rook in the elm-tree rears her brood;
The owl in a ruin doth hoot and stare,
The mavis and merle build everywhere;
But not for these will we go to-day,
’Tis the pheasant that lures us hence away;
The beautiful pheasant that loves to be,
Where the young green birches are waving free.

“Away! to the woods with the silvery rind,
And the emerald tresses afloat on the wind;
For ’tis joy to go to those sylvan bowers,
When summer is rich with leaves and flowers;
And to see, ’mid the growth of all lovely things,
The joyous pheasant unfold his wings,
And then cower down, as if to screen
His gorgeous purple, gold, and green.

“The streams run on in music low,
’Twill be joy by their flowery banks to go!
’Twill be joy to come to the calamus beds,
Where a broken root such odour sheds;
And to see how the water surge uplifts
Its spires and crowns—the summer’s gifts;
To see the loosestrife’s purple spear,
And the wind through the waving reeds to hear.

“Then on through hazelly lanes, away
To the light green fields, all clear of hay,
Where along the thick hedge-side we greet,
Tall purple vetch and meadow-sweet;
Past old farm-house and water-mill,
Where the great coltsfoot grows wild at will,
Where the water-rat swims calm and cool,
And pike bask in the deep mill pool.

“So on and away to the mossy moor,
Stretching on for many a mile before;
A far seen wild, where all around
Some rare and beautiful thing is found;
Green mosses many, and sundew red,
And the cotton-rush with its plummy head,
And spicy sweet-gale, loved so well,
And golden wastes of the asphodel.

“Yet on and on, o’er the springy moss,
We have yet the bog-rush bed to cross,
And then a-nigh, all shimmering green
To the sunny breeze, are the birch-woods seen.

Than the green birch-wood a lovelier spot,
In the realms of fairy land was not;
And the pheasant is there—all life—all grace—

The lord of this verdurous dwelling-place.”

ARTS AND INDUSTRY OF THE JAPANESE.

NAGASAKI is an imperial town, one of the four great cities, with Yeddo, Sakai, and Okosaka; and therefore what is found in its shops and bazaar stalls may be taken as a good specimen of what is generally to be found throughout the empire. At one stall our naval missionaries found microscopes in neat morocco cases, telescopes bound in stiff paper cases, sun-dials, rules, scales, clocks, knives, spoons, glass-beads, trinkets, and mirrors—all of native make upon European models—at ridiculously small prices; small telescopes, one shilling; large ones—equal to Dollond's—five shillings! Beautiful table-clocks, with open works, and waterproof paper overcoats at eighteenpence each! The Japanese day is divided into twelve hours of unequal duration, depending on the amount of daylight or darkness in each day. The dial of their clocks differs, therefore, from ours; in some, the dial is changed every month; in others, the motion of the hands is regulated by an ingenious adaptation of weights, and increased or decreased length and pendulum. A good clock of this description, which, says Captain Sherard Osborn, from its elegance, and the beautiful workmanship and chasing of the exterior, would have been an ornament anywhere, was only priced at about £8. This brings us to a consideration of Japanese industry.

The Japanese are an exceedingly industrious and ingenious people, and in certain manufactures are surpassed by no nation.

Metals.—They work in iron, copper, gold, and silver, and, indeed, in all the metals they have. Of iron, it is supposed the supply afforded by their country is not large; still they have extracted the metal from such ores as they possess, and wrought it into shape. Copper is very abundant, and they understand perfectly well the mode of treating the ores, and preparing the metals for market or for manufactures. Gold also exists, and probably to an extent as yet undeveloped; the deposits are likely, we think, to prove large on further and scientific exploration. At any rate, there does not seem now to be any scarcity of it for the purposes to which they apply it. They have silver mines which they work. They know,

too, how to make some combinations of metals which produce a beautiful effect, Thunberg tells us that they work with great skill in what they call *soneas*. This is a mixture of gold and copper, which they colour with *tausche*, or ink, making it a fine blue or black, by an art unknown to Europeans. They make steel, and temper their sword-blades admirably. Clocks and watches are also made by them, but in these they are not entitled to the merit of invention: they have copied from European models. The same may be said of their astronomical instruments; they make very well the metallic portions of telescopes, &c., and buy mirror-glasses from the Dutch, which they grind into suitable lenses. They also manufacture excellent metallic mirrors; and we saw carpenters' and cabinet-makers' tools, particularly saws, made in Japan, quite equal to any English tools of a similar kind. They are exceedingly quick in observing any improvement brought in among them by foreigners, soon make themselves masters of it, and copy it with great skill and exactness. They are very expert in carving metal, and can cast metal statues. Their copper coinage is well stamped, for they are good die-sinkers; and several of their operations in metal are carried on in very large and well-ordered manufactories.

Wood.—No people work better than they can in wood and bamboo, and they possess one art in which they excel the world: this is, in lacquering wood-work. Other nations have attempted without success to equal them in this department. For this operation they select the finest wood of fir or cedar to be covered with varnish. They get the gum from which they prepare the varnish from the *rhua vernix*—a tree which is abundant in many parts of their country. On puncturing the tree the gum oozes out, of a light colour, and of the consistence of cream, but on exposure to the air grows thicker and blacker; it is so transparent, that when laid on wood, the grain and every mark on the wood may be seen through it. They obviate this, however, where it is desirable, by placing beneath the varnish a dark ground, one element in the composition of which is the fine sludge caught in a trough under a grindstone. They also use for the purpose minutely

pulverised charcoal, and sometimes gold leaf ground very fine. They then ornament the varnish with figures and flowers of gold and silver. They make, and thus varnish, screens, desks, caskets, cabinets, and other articles, exceedingly beautiful, of which specimens may be seen from time to time in Europe and this country. It is said, however, that the best specimens are never sent out of the kingdom.

Glass.—They know how to make this article, and can manufacture it now for any purpose, both coloured and non-coloured. Formerly they did not know how to make the flat pane for window-glass; and probably what they make is an inferior article, as they still purchase thick mirror glass from the Dutch to grind into lenses.

Porcelain.—This they make, and some say in greater perfection than the Chinese can. At any rate, specimens we have seen of Japanese porcelain are very delicate and beautiful; though some writers tell us that, owing to the exhaustion of the best clay, they cannot manufacture such as they once could.

Paper.—Of this they make an abundance, as well for writing and printing, as for tapestry, handkerchiefs, packing-cloths for goods, &c. It is of different qualities, and some of it as soft and flexible as our cotton cloth. Indeed, that used for handkerchiefs might be mistaken for cloth, so far as toughness and flexibility are concerned. The material of which it is made is the bark of the mulberry (*morus papyrifera*), and the process is described as follows:—In December, after the tree has shed its leaves, they cut off the branches about three feet in length, and tie them up in bundles; they are then boiled in a ley of ashes in a covered kettle till the bark is so shrunk that half-an-inch of the wood may be seen projecting at either end of the branch. When they have become cool, the bark is stripped off and soaked in water three or four hours—until it becomes soft, when the fine black skin is scraped off with a knife. The coarse bark is then separated from the fine; the new branches make the finest paper. The bark is then boiled again in fresh ley, continually stirred with a stick, and fresh water from time to time added. It is then put into a sieve and taken to a brook, and here the bark is incessantly stirred until it becomes a fine pulp. It is then thrown into water and separates in the form of meal. This is put into a

small vessel with a decoction of rice and a species of *Hibiscus*, and stirred until it has attained a tolerable consistence. It is then poured into a larger vessel, from whence it is taken out and put in the form of sheets on mats or layers of grass straw; these sheets are laid out one upon another with straw between, and pressed to force the water out. After this they are spread upon boards in the sun, dried, cut, and gathered into bundles for sale. This paper will better endure folding and last longer than ours.

Woven Fabrics.—They make silk, the best of which is superior to that of China. The best silks are woven by criminals of high rank, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, deprived of their property, and made to support themselves by their labour. The exportation of these silks, it is said, is prohibited.

They have but small skill in producing cotton fabrics, though such are made. For many purposes to which we apply cloth or cotton, they use the coarse spongy paper to which we have alluded. They require woollen cloths, for the winters are cold; but we believe they make none. Indeed, they have no sheep or goats, and therefore lack the materials from which to make woollen cloths.

Leather.—They convert the skins of certain animals into this article; but all those who have anything to do with the making or vending of leather are outcasts from the rest of the population and are universally proscribed. They never apply the article, as we do, to make shoes or other coverings for the feet. They hardly ever wear shoes or slippers that are not made of plaited straw. The shoes are always the shabbiest and most awkward part of the dress of the Japanese. As they are of straw, they consequently last but a little time. But they are made in immense numbers, cost but a trifle, and may be bought in every town and village in the empire. The pedestrian, therefore, throws away the old pair by the road-side, and buys new ones as he goes along; while the more provident man takes two or three pairs with him on starting. Immense numbers of these discarded shoes may be found on the sides of all the roads. In wet weather they wear under the shoe a wooden clog, which is attached to the foot by ties of plaited straw. Dignitaries sometimes wear slippers made of fine rattan slips neatly plaited.

Agriculture.—Japan is very moun-

tainous, as we have already stated, but with the exception of that portion of the ground covered by the roads and by the woods left to supply timber and charcoal, nearly every foot of ground, to the very tops of the mountains, is cultivated. Of animals to assist in culture, they have the horse, ox, and a large species of buffalo, which they train to draw carts, and carry heavy goods on the back. They plough with both the ox and cow. Of milk and butter they make no use. When they cannot use cattle to plough, as on the steep sides of hills, men are substituted; and sometimes the plough is laid aside, and all the labour in preparing the earth is done by hand. Generally their soil is rather poor, but by means of the immense labour they bestow upon it by irrigation, and especially by the use of manures, which they understand well, they raise very large crops. Their chief grain is rice, of which they are said to produce the best in all Asia. They also make barley and wheat. The first is used for feeding the cattle, the other is not much valued, and is chiefly used for cakes and soy. This last is made by fermenting, under ground, wheat with a peculiar kind of bean and salt.

Next to rice in importance is the tea plant. This was not cultivated in Japan before the beginning of the ninth century, when it was introduced into China. Immense quantities of it are now produced, for its use is universal. Besides the plantations devoted to it, the hedges on the farms are all of the tea plant. Siebold says, the finer kinds require great care and skill in the cultivation. The plantations are situated as far as they conveniently can be from all other crops and from all human habitations, lest the delicacy of the tea should be impaired by smoke or any other impurity. They manure the plants with dried anchovies, and with the juice pressed out of mustard seed. The harvesting is a process of great nicety. Dr. Siebold thinks that the green and black tea are from the same plant, and differ only in the mode of preparation; though others have said the plants themselves differ. Neither, however, are ever dried on copper; they are both dried in an iron pan. Beans of various kinds are produced, and some other vegetables. Several edible roots are carefully cultivated. They grow the mulberry tree in great abundance, for the sake of the silk-worm, and also for making paper. In Foo-choo they make a coarse

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Horticulture.—In this department, the Japanese are very skilful. They possess the art in a wonderful degree of dwarfing or of unnaturally enlarging all natural productions. As an evidence of the first, may be seen, in the miniature gardens of the towns, perfectly mature trees, of various kinds, not more than three feet in diameter. These dwarf trees are often placed in pots. Fisher says he saw in a box four inches long, one-and-a-half wide, and six in height, a bamboo, a fir, and a plum-tree, all thriving, and the latter in full blossom. As proofs of the last, Mayhew tells us that he saw plum-trees covered with blossoms, each of which was four times the size of the cabbage-rose; it produced no fruit, however. He also saw radishes weighing from fifty to sixty pounds; and those of fifteen pounds were not at all uncommon. The fir trees are represented as being forced to an enormous size; we are told that the branches at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground are led out sometimes over ponds, and supported by props, so that they give a shade around the tree three hundred feet in diameter. The cedar tree is a tree which reaches a great size.

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tions.—We have just said that the Japanese possess some knowledge of the principles of civil engineering. They know something of mathematics, mechanics, and trigonometry. Thus they have constructed very good maps of their own country; they have measured the height of some of their mountains by the barometer; they have made some very good canals; they have constructed water-mills and lathes, moved by water power. They make clocks; and herein, by the way, they have shown remarkable ingenuity and skill. Meylan gives the following account of a clock which they made, and exhibited to the Dutch, while he was an inmate of Desima:—"The clock," says he, "is contained in a frame three feet high by five feet long, and presents a fair landscape at noontide. Plum and cherry trees in full blossom, with other trees, adorn the foreground. The background consists of a hill, from which falls a cascade, skilfully imitated in glass, that forms a softly flowing river, first winding round rocks placed here and there, then running across the middle of the landscape till lost in a wood of fir trees. A golden sun hangs aloft in the sky, and, turning upon a pivot, indicates the striking of the hours. On the frame below, the twelve hours of the day and night are marked, where a slowly-creeping tortoise serves as a hand. A bird, perched upon a plum-tree, by its song and the clapping of its wings, announces the moment when the hour expires, and as the song ceases a bell is heard to strike the hour, during which operation a mouse comes out of the grotto and runs over the hill. * * * * Every separate part was nicely executed; but the bird was too large for the tree, the sun for the sky, whilst the mouse scaled the mountain in a moment of time. Whatever may be the defects of it, the ingenuity and taste in this piece of mechanism are very apparent."

A far more creditable instance of the ingenuity and talent of a Japanese fisherman is related in the Dutch annals of Dezima. It occurred during the presidency of Mr. Doeff. The Dutch at Batavia, during the war, feared the English cruisers too much to send one of their own ships on the annual voyage to Japan; they therefore more than once hired American vessels. One of these having taken in at Dezima the usual cargo of copper and camphor, as she set sail at night, struck upon a rock in the

harbour, filled and sunk. The crew reached the shore in boats, and the authorities of Nagasaki, the Dutch factory, and the American captain, were all alike concerned to devise means of raising the vessel. Japanese divers were sent down to fetch up the copper, but the camphor had dissolved, and the effluvia thus disengaged cost two of the divers their lives. The idea of unloading her was then abandoned. Efforts were then made to raise her as she was, but without success. A simple fisherman, named Kisjemon, who now, perhaps, for the first time in his life saw a European-built ship, for he did not live in Nagasaki, promised to raise the ship, providing his expenses in doing it were paid; if he did not succeed, he asked nothing. He was laughed at by the people for his presumption; but as the case was hopeless, the people interested permitted him to make the attempt. At low tide he fastened on the side of the vessel fifteen or seventeen boats together firmly by props and stays. He then waited for a spring-tide, when he came in a Japanese coasting vessel, which he attached firmly to the stern of the sunken ship, and at the moment the tide was highest he set every sail of every boat. The sunken vessel was lifted, disengaged from the rock, and was towed by the fisherman to the strand, where she could be unloaded and repaired. Frassines says he was handsomely rewarded for this. The readers will be amused to learn that his reward consisted in being allowed to wear two sabres (which is the badge of elevated rank), and to bear on his coat of arms *a Dutch hat and two Dutch tobacco-pipes*. We have never read in any narrative of the circumstance that he received any *money* to support his rank. The Dutchman and the American captain should have found that. If the circumstances had been changed, and either Hollander or Yankee had raised the vessel for the Japanese, it would very soon have been intimated to the natives that two swords, with the picture of a Dutch hat and two tobacco-pipes, afforded very inadequate compensation for such a valuable service.

Medicine.—All the writers on Japan agree in the statement, that on the visit of the Dutch president to Yeddo, his European physician who accompanied him, was always visited by the native physicians, and closely questioned on points purely professional. Their object

was to gain information. But they already know something. They have not, however, availed themselves of *post-mortem* examinations either to investigate disease or to study anatomy. We cannot suppose that they are without opportunities of thus acquiring knowledge, for we read that, after a criminal is executed, it is not uncommon for his body to be hacked into pieces by the young nobility that they may try the edge and temper of their sword-blades. But superstition is in the way; to come in contact with the dead is deemed pollution. Without such examinations, it is obvious that the knowledge of the physician and surgeon must be imperfect at best.

There are, however, in Japan, original medical works constantly appearing, and translations are also made of all such as they can obtain in the Dutch language, which they best understand. The European medical gentlemen, who have come in contact with their professional brethren of Japan, report favourably of them; and Dr. Siebold speaks with high praise of the zeal with which the native physicians thronged around him from all parts of the empire, seeking to enlarge the store of their knowledge. He bears testimony also to their intelligence, as evinced by the questions they asked. Acupressure and moxa-burning are both used in Japan, and are native inventions. They have an original treatise on the first and the proper cases for their use. Their drugs are mostly animal and vegetable; they are too little acquainted with chemistry to venture on mineral remedies. They study medical botany, however, with great attention, and their remedies are said to be generally efficacious. Some of their medicinal preparations are very remarkable, producing most singular effects. Of these, there is one spoken of by Titsingh, who saw its application and its consequences; and from some of the officers of our own expedition we have heard of this preparation, of which, we believe, they have brought home specimens. Titsingh thus writes:—"Instead of inclosing the bodies of the dead in coffins of a length and breadth proportionate to the stature and bulk of the deceased, they place the body in a tube three feet high, two feet and a-half in diameter at the top, and two feet at the bottom. It is difficult to conceive how the body of a grown person can be compressed into so small a space, when the limbs, rendered rigid by death, cannot be

bent in any way. The Japanese to whom I made this observation, told me that they produced the result by means of a particular powder, called *dosia*, which they introduce into the ears, nostrils, and mouth of the deceased, after which the limbs all at once acquired astonishing flexibility. As they promised to perform the experiment in my presence, I could not do otherwise than suspend my judgment, lest I should condemn as an absurd fiction a fact which, indeed, surpasses our conception, but may yet be susceptible of a plausible explanation, especially by galvanism, the recently discovered effects of which also appeared to exceed the bounds of credulity. The experiment accordingly took place in the month of October, 1783, when the cold was pretty severe. A young Dutchman having died in our factory at Dezima, I directed the physician to cause the body to be washed and left all night exposed to the air, on a table near the open window, in order that it might become completely stiff. Next morning several Japanese, some of the officers of our factory, and myself, went to examine the corpse, which was as hard as a piece of wood. One of the interpreters, named Zenhy, drew from his bosom a *santock* or pocket-book, and took out of it an oblong paper, filled with a coarse powder, resembling sand. This was the famous *dosia* powder. He put a pinch into the ears, another into the nostrils, and a third into the mouth; and presently, whether from the effects of this drug, or some trick which I could not detect, the arms, which had before been crossed over the breast, dropped of themselves, and in less than twenty minutes by the watch the body recovered all its flexibility.

"I attributed this phenomenon to the action of some subtle poison, but was assured that the *dosia* powder, so far from being poisonous, was a most excellent medicine in child-bearing, for diseases of the eyes, and for other maladies. An infusion of this powder, taken even in perfect health, is said to have virtues which cause it to be in great request among the Japanese of all classes; it cheers the spirits and refreshes the body. It is carefully tied up in a white cloth, and dried after being used, as it will serve a great number of times without losing its virtues. The same infusion is given to people of quality when at the point of death; if it does not prolong life it prevents rigidity of the limbs, and the

body is not exposed to the rude handling of professional persons—a circumstance of some consequence in a country where respect for the dead is carried even to excess. I had the curiosity to procure some of this powder, for which I was obliged to send to Bidgo, or the Nine Provinces, to the temples of the Simtoos, which enjoy the exclusive sale of it, because they practise the doctrine of Kshow Dagsi, its inventor. The quantity obtained, in consequence of my first application, was very small, and even this was a special favour of the priests, who, otherwise, never part with more than a single pinch at a time." Titsingh, however, obtained a considerable quantity afterwards, which he carried home with him in 1784. It has the appearance of sand, and when it is perfected for use is as white as snow. It is obtained on the mountain of Konsogen or Kinhsen, in the province of Yamotto, where there are many mines of gold and silver. The process by which it is prepared is the secret of these priests. Their knowledge is doubtless the result of accidental experience, for their acquaintance with chemistry is so slight that we may safely conclude they do not understand the rationale of its preparation.

Astronomy.—In this science they have made very considerable proficiency. They understand the use of European instruments, and have caused many of them to be very successfully imitated by native workmen. Meylan says he saw good telescopes, chronometers, thermometers, and barometers, made by Japanese mechanics. They calculate eclipses accurately, and yearly almanacs are prepared in the Yeddo and Daure colleges. Lalande's treatises and other astronomical works have been translated from Dutch into Japanese, and are studied with great ardour. They have, in their division of time, a cycle of sixty years, calculated out of their zodiac, which, like ours, has twelve signs, differing from ours by their names only. But this is not the place to consider minutely their astronomical system. We cannot leave it, however, without the remark that on a comparison of it with that of the Mursias, an ancient, semi-civilised, and now extinct race that once inhabited the plains of Bogota, in New Granada, the resemblances were so striking, that they produced on our mind a conviction that the astronomical systems of the two people were substantially the same.

The character of art exhibited in the Japanese illustrated books and their pictures reminds us of the designs (in one colour) upon the Etruscan vases: the same simplicity of expression and soberness of colouring, the same unextravagant expression of nature. One of these specimens is a work in two volumes, written by the Prince Hayashi, a negotiator of the American Treaty. The subject treated of is, "The Points of a Horse," and the work is illustrated by a large number of pictures. These illustrations are from woodcuts of bold outline, and apparently printed with a tint to distinguish each in the various groups of the animals by sober greys, reds, and blacks. The style might be classed as that of the mediæval, and the horses might pass for those sketched in the time of Albert Durer, though with a more rigid adherence to nature. They exhibit, what may be noticed in the Elgin marbles, a breed of small stature and finely-formed limbs, such as are found in southern countries. The animals are represented in various attitudes, curvetting, gambolling, and rolling upon the ground—positions requiring and exhibiting an ability in foreshortening, which is found, with no small surprise, in Asiatic art.

A Japanese artist, employed to draw a set of screens, will make no sketch, but draw at once the various portions of the landscape, putting in houses, ships, horses, trees, birds, and at times painting in foliage with two brushes in one hand. The result will be, not a production of high art, but a much better specimen of ornamental screen than the most pretentious of our manufacturing establishments turn out. In linear drawing the Japanese excel. The engines of the steamboats, American and English, were reproduced at once, by drawings in true proportion, of the whole engine, with its several parts properly placed.

A humble little illustrated primer, purchased at a broker's stall for a few Chinese copper "cash," suggests many points of interest. Its illustrations show a knowledge of perspective. There is a balcony presented in angular perspective, with its rafters placed in strict accordance with the principle of terminating the perspective lines in a vanishing point abruptly in the horizon. In another page is a humorous Tartar Hercules, a Japanese St. Patrick, valiantly brandishing his sword, and clearing the land of snakes and reptiles. Again, here is

a quaint old shopman, peering through a pair of spectacles stuck upon his nose, and made exactly like the double eye-glasses now so fashionable, without any side-wires to keep them on the head, a glass globe of fish watched by a cat, a couple of chairmen smoking their pipes, a professor of phrenology measuring the bumps on bald-headed disciples with a pair of compasses, and other pictures, exhibiting both taste and humour, abound in this child's book. We have none such at home at such a price.

Books are to be seen in all the shops—cheap elementary works, and popular story-books or novels. The people are universally taught to read, and are eager for information. Education is diffused throughout the empire, and the women share in the intellectual advancement of the men. The higher classes of the Japanese are not ignorant of the geography and contemporary history of the rest of the world, and could speak with knowledge of railroads, telegraphs, photographs, and steam-ships.

DUTIES OF THE TEACHER.

In a school, whether large or small, one of the chief requisites is the determination to rule; but this, of course, is not all that is necessary. Children are to a greater extent than is usually supposed reasonable and intelligent beings: they are nearly as much influenced by motives as adults; and they should be governed much in the same way. Now, if a teacher, disregarding, or ignorant of this truth, insists upon ruling simply by the exercise of physical force, he must expect to reap the due reward of his folly in the uneasiness, vexation, and perplexity which such a course will inevitably bring upon him.

Nor is this all. By doing so, he at once chokes up the spring of some of the highest enjoyments of which the human mind is susceptible. All men love power, especially moral power. Its exercise is universally grateful; the intensity of the enjoyment depending upon the number of minds which can be influenced; the perfection or dominant character of the influence itself; the difficulties which have been surmounted; the skill that has been exercised; and the amount of mind which has been brought to bear in its attainment. "It is this," says Mr. Abbott, "which gives interest to the plans and operations of human governments. Men can do but little by actual force. Much of the power that is held even by the most despotic executive, must be based on an adroit management of the principles of human nature, so as to lead men voluntarily to co-operate with the ruler in his plans."

Now, this particular kind of gratifica-

tion the able teacher enjoys in perfection. His school is the field of his enterprise; in proportion to his skill and ingenuity in managing human nature is the measure of his success, and in that success he finds a rich reward. To lead, by the power of his own mind, many other minds in willing captivity—to turn the very waywardness and restlessness of childhood to the accomplishment of his own matured plans and purposes, and to do this without crushing the buoyancy of one spirit or checking the flow of natural gladness in any one heart—is a triumph and a joy, abundantly compensating the toil and care by which it has been effected.

"Kindness in words and looks," says Dr. Knox, "effects wonders in children, who are governed more by what they feel and see than by reason." And, in another part of his work on *Liberal Education*, he asserts that "extreme rigour is not only to be reprobated for its cruelty, but likewise for its inutility in promoting the purposes of education and its ill effects on the puerile disposition. The heart is injured by it in a degree not to be compensated by any improvement of the understanding, even if it were found to contribute to improvement."

Dr. Arnold, at Rugby, kept corporal punishment as much as possible in the background, and by kindness and encouragement attracted the good and noble feelings of those with whom he had to deal. But among the younger part of the school he maintained that it could not without danger be abandoned.

"The beau ideal," says he, "of school discipline with regard to young boys would seem to be this: that, whilst corporal punishment was retained on principle, as fitly answering to and marking the naturally inferior state of boyhood, and therefore as conveying no peculiar degradation to persons in such a state, we should cherish and encourage to the utmost all attempts made by the several boys, as individuals, to escape from the natural punishment of their age, by rising above its naturally low tone of principle." Flogging, therefore, for the younger part, he retained; but it was confined to moral offences, such as lying, habitual idleness, &c.; while his aversion to inflicting it rendered it still less frequent in practice than it would have been according to the rule he had laid down for it. But in answer to the argument used in a liberal journal, that it was even for these offences and for this age degrading, he replied with characteristic emphasis:—

"I know well of what feeling this is the expression; it originates in that proud notion of personal independence which is neither reasonable nor Christian—but essentially barbarian. . . . At an age when it is almost impossible to find a true manly sense of the degradation of guilt or faults, where is the wisdom of encouraging a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction? What can be more false, or more adverse to the simplicity, sobriety, and humbleness of mind, which are the best ornament of youth and the best promise of a noble manhood?"

The infliction of punishment requires great judgment, and great command of temper; judgment to proportion the degree of severity to the degree of mental feeling, or want of it; and command of temper, that the cool results of the dictates of justice may not appear the effect of anger and revenge. "One must not be bitter in correcting," says Quintillian; "some reprimand as if they hated the boy."

Not to be able to command passion, is to set a bad example to your scholars and to lessen authority by showing weakness; for it is, undoubtedly, great weakness in an instructor to be carried away by the impulse of anger. Persons with such infirmity of temper should remember the saying of Seneca: "I would punish you as you deserve," observed that philosopher to his slave, "if I were not

in a passion." And Archytas, returning from war, found his farm much neglected by his steward. "I would make you repent it," he said to the culprit, "if I were not exceedingly angry."

That was a saying, worthy of all acceptance, of Dr. Dwight, "He that makes a little child happier for half-an-hour, is a co-worker with God." It admirably expresses, in few words, the spirit which pervades the bosom of a teacher thoroughly adapted for his situation. Such a man loves his work because he delights in the exercise of the benevolent affections. His school-room is the theatre of his good will—the place where his best feelings are developed and exercised.

Some of my readers may, perhaps, remember that part in Roger Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, in which he depicts the character of Mr. Elmer, preceptor to Lady Jane Grey, and the effect which his amiability had upon her.

"And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report, which may be heard with some pleasure and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Gray, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park; I found her in her chamber, reading *Phædon Platonis*, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park: smiling, she answered me—

"I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow of the pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

"And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you into it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?"

"I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry or sad; be

sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened; yea, presently sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name, for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me, so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.

"I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

As materially affecting the degree of comfort which a teacher will enjoy in his school, is the qualification—ability to interest children; not only to make them happy, but happy in the performance of their duty. This is a capability which, to a large extent, depends on the art of communicating instruction.

There is another qualification essential in a teacher: he must be in the possession, not merely of just sufficient knowledge to conduct his school, but of such an acquaintance with the elements of those branches which he has to teach as shall give him the mastery of all their parts, and confidence in the correctness of his instructions. No one can clearly and simply explain to a child any thing with which he is not himself well acquainted.

Still, in order to be successful as a teacher, it is not necessary to be proficient in everything, nor is it either wise or honest to make any such pretensions. A teacher brings an immense amount of unnecessary anxiety and irritation upon himself when he is ashamed to confess ignorance.

"I remember well," says Professor Jardine, "the striking effect produced on the minds of the students by an instance of candour on the part of the late Dr. Reid, when he was Professor of Moral

Philosophy in Glasgow University. During the hour of examination they were reading to him a portion of *Cicero de Finibus*; when at one of those mutilated and involved passages which occasionally occur in that work, the student who was reading stopped, and was unable to proceed. The doctor attempted to explain the difficulty; but the meaning of the sentence did not immediately present itself. Instead, however, of slurring it over, as many would have done—

"Gentlemen," said he, "I thought I had the meaning of this passage, but it has escaped me; I shall, therefore, be obliged to any one of you who will translate it."

"A student thereupon instantly stood up in his place, and translated it to the doctor's satisfaction. He politely thanked him for it, and further commended the young man for his spirited attempt. This incident had a powerful effect upon the minds of the other students, while all admired the candour of the professor; nor was there a single difficult passage which was not afterwards studied with more than usual care, that the next opportunity for distinction might be seized."

Act in this praiseworthy spirit, and you will lose nothing by renouncing the ridiculous claim to infallibility.

No individual can be happy as a teacher of youth who is not prepared to devote the whole of his powers, both natural and acquired, to the performance of its important duties. Fellenberg demanded for this office "a vigilance that never sleeps, a perseverance that never tires." I am persuaded that nothing short of this will suffice.

How strange, then, is the delusion of those who rush towards the office as the Elysium of indolence! That such should be wretched and miserable in the employment is rather a source of gratification than of regret. Let them flee with all haste to some more congenial occupation, for here they will find no abiding place. The glorious motto of Luther, "Work on earth and rest in heaven," must also be the motto of every faithful schoolmaster; and he who is not prepared to act in this brave spirit had better leave the service to warmer hearts and nobler minds.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge knew something of the spirit that actuates a good teacher when he penned the following lines:—

" O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold
 firm rule,
 And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
 Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy
 graces,
 And in thine own heart let them first keep
 school.
 For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
 Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
 Do these upbear the little world below
 Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.
 * * * * *

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love too will sink and die.
 But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
 From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
 And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
 And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
 Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half sup-
 plies;
 Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first
 gave to Love.
 Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When overtaken at length
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give
 way.
 There with a statue's smile, a statue's
 strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing
 loth,
 And both supporting, does the work of both."

I have already briefly stated that children should be governed to a great extent in the same way that men are, for men are but children of a larger growth. The mode advocated is, by the adaptation of plans to the fixed and uniform tendencies of human nature. At the same time it is fully allowed that the government of a school must necessarily be arbitrary in its character; it must be power exercised by the will of one man, according to circumstances of which he is the sole judge.

Now there are two ways of obtaining power of this description—one is by force, the other by moral means. Both are absolutely necessary in their places, according to the age and character of those who are the subjects of discipline.

As an infant cannot be reasoned with, Locke warmly commended the mother who whipped her baby eight times ere she subdued it; for had she stopped at the seventh act of correction, her daughter would have been ruined. I may here also notice the opinion of Dr. Bryce, namely, that in early infancy pain has a moral as well as a physical effect—the effect which a blister has on the body, producing what is medically termed "counter-irritation." Thus the child's attention is drawn away by the present pain from the fretfulness which made it unhappy; its happiness is restored, and

good is effected by the withdrawing of its mind from a bad object.

But a child, when it has arrived at the age of ten or twelve years, is a reasonable being, and therefore I am of opinion that Dr. Johnson was wrong in arguing that "school-boys can be governed only by fear; that no stated rules can ascertain the degrees of scholastic punishment, but that it must be enforced till it overpowers temptation, till stubbornness becomes flexible, and perverseness regular." It appears to me that Lord Mansfield proved himself a wiser man when he said, on a certain trial, "My lords, severity is not the way to govern either boys or men."

Allow me, then, to suggest "a more excellent way." Putting aside, therefore, at least for the present, corporal punishment, let us see how moral means may be brought to bear in this very important service.

The very first thing that should be attended to in every school, is "Heaven's first law"—order. This point—not less important to the comfort of the teacher and to the communication of knowledge than it is to the happiness and moral welfare of the child, must be gained at all hazards. It is a sad mistake to attend to instruction as the first needful thing. The love of order and punctuality ought to be awakened before the means of knowledge are increased; and this, not because intellectual instruction is of secondary importance, but because discipline is itself a principal means both of moral and literary improvement.

Every intelligent being is aware of the beauty of order when he finds himself surrounded by it, and children do so in nearly an equal degree as adults. A good teacher will know how to turn this task for arrangement to account. I will only add, that whatever may in other respects be the talents of an instructor, if he cannot maintain good order he is not a fit moral governor of the young.

The question then arises, how is order to be obtained? I reply by letting it to be thoroughly understood that you are determined to have it. Good or bad arrangements, a well or ill-chosen system, will of course materially affect the degree of order which can be maintained, and will also make a wide difference in the ease or difficulty of gaining it. I am not now, however, speaking of systems, but of the kind of influence which must be exercised to make any system work

quietly, regularly, and efficiently; and here nothing can be done without unbending, inflexible determination on the part of the teacher. He must be an absolute monarch, and he must speak and act as a man "having authority."

But you must not be only the object of fear but of love. Law, not caprice, must rule in your schools.

In enforcing authority, especially over numbers, it is of the utmost consequence that due attention be paid to the tones of the voice. A horse soon perceives the timidity of a rider by the shaking of his legs, and no sooner does he become aware that fear influences the rider than he refuses to obey. Children in like manner instinctively discover, by the tones of the voice, when a teacher is unable to enforce obedience; and the moment that fatal discovery is made, he may bid farewell to his power over them. He may implore, or he may be imperious: his pupils will not be beneficially influenced by either. I need not say that what I refer to has nothing to do with what is commonly termed a good or bad voice; it is not a question of high or low notes, and still less of loudness and violent vociferation. It is only as an index to the mind, as indicating the determination within, that the tones of the voice become important; and this kind of demonstration may be conveyed as readily in a whisper as in a shout.

Dr. Priestley has the following passage on the necessity of enforcing from young persons an implicit submission to authority. "It is of great importance," he says, "that children and young persons be accustomed to submit, without difficulty and reluctance, to proper authority—by which is meant such authority as it is for their own good and the good of society that they should submit to, because that habit of ready submission and the temper of mind which accompanies it will be of unspeakable service to them and to every society of which they shall be members through life. Now this can only be enforced by the parent or tutor absolutely insisting upon submission, without ever retracting what has once been threatened for an offence, unless some sufficient and manifest reason intervene. Mankind always yield to necessity, and when their situation is properly understood by them, they do it at once and without pain. A child that finds it absolutely impossible for him to reach the moon, will never stretch his hand towards

it again. If he be shut up in a room, he will never think of pushing against the wall, because he never knew it to give way to him, but he will go to the door and make repeated attempts to force his way out there, because he has known the door to open."

Let it be remembered in all cases of delinquency, that "he who is sincerely sorry for his fault is almost innocent."

You will, then, bear in mind that the first step you have to take, in moral as well as in intellectual education, is to establish your authority.

There never was a more absurd notion than that which is now popular in some quarters, that children may be brought to love duty without any intervention of arbitrary command. To what extent it may be possible to substitute explanations and reasons for commands I do not wish to give an opinion; but this I am well assured of—no good will be done unless the child knows that authority is at hand if reason should fail. I account that discipline is little worth which does not teach a child to submit to authority, simply as authority. "There are frequently moments in the course of education, and even of life," says Mr. Woodbridge, "when the delay which reasoning demands would expose us to the danger which it is intended to avert, and when we must learn to yield to authority without a question."

Authority once established, obedience will be prompt and very soon become habitual. No obedience, indeed, is worth the name unless it be prompt, habitual, and cheerful. A languid and dilatory yielding to repeated commands is nothing more than rank disobedience.

But it is not enough to assert for a time, even successfully, your claim to unqualified submission; authority must be maintained through a long course of years, under every diversity of circumstances, and with a frequent succession of new scholars.

Now this cannot be done by the mere exercise of the will of the teacher, however strong that may be. You must now, therefore, endeavour to ascertain by what means you can gain an habitual ascendancy over the minds of the young.

It is a great desideratum that you should convince your scholars that you aim at their improvement and that you desire their good. It will not, in general, take long to satisfy them of this, if you are so in reality. A mere declaration to

that effect will be, it must be remembered, very far from proving it or convincing them of it. You must show that you are their friend by evidencing a greater regard for their welfare than for your own ease and convenience. "Deeds, not words," should be your motto in this respect.

Dr. Andrew Bell was well aware of what I here state. "A great deal depends," says he, in his account of the *Madras system*, "on every boy in the school being sensible (for every one of them has a judgment of his own) that you have in view only their good; or filling their minds by the uniform interest you take in their welfare and comfort, with a sure confidence that they will meet with your countenance, support, and favour, which is of great value to them whenever they do right; or teaching them, by their daily experience of your conduct towards them, to consider you as their friend, their benefactor, their guide, and their parent."

To give commands which you have not either time, ability, or intention to enforce, is a sure way to inculcate disobedience. If, therefore, you make a promise, keep it religiously. If you say that neglect of any duty shall be followed by punishment, be sure to inflict it. If you require any act to be done, see that it is executed precisely as you directed it to be performed. By keeping this important principle in view, you will be on your guard not to be hasty either in commanding or threatening. Deliberation is necessary to every person who has to exercise authority.

Take care, however, not to confound this wise delay with dilatoriness. Promptitude is the soul of discipline, especially when you have to deal with numbers. He who is pondering what he should do, and how he should do it when the time of action has arrived is pretty certain to be vanquished.

It is almost an impossibility to carry into effect for any length of time a regulation, however important, which is opposed to the general opinion of your school. Every school has a moral atmosphere of its own; there are certain prevalent notions which give a decided, and, to some extent, a peculiar character to the whole community. Now these sentiments and notions will be found, on investigation, to be almost invariably regulated by a very limited number of the pupils—the master-spirits of their little

world; and it depends almost entirely on the conduct of the teacher whether these young demagogues shall be as thorns in his side or pillars of his strength. These children are usually found amongst the most unruly and mischievous. The natural energy of their characters; the elasticity of their spirits; their consciousness of vigour;—all these tend to make them troublesome subjects. It is the more imperative, therefore, that a teacher should secure their co-operation in his plans; that he should discover a way to their hearts; and that he should know how to turn all this activity of mind into a proper and legitimate channel.

To gain the kind of ascendancy you wish over such characters, you must know how to secure the confidence and affection of all. You cannot, it is true, where large numbers of children are concerned, become acquainted with every trait of character which may distinguish each; you cannot follow them into the play-ground, the street, the field, or their own homes, and detect the motives which influence and the feelings which are predominant when they are away from your superintendence, and no longer under your control; but you can do much to secure such a share of their attachment and esteem as shall materially influence their conduct wherever they be or whatever may be their pursuits.

Now to the manner in which this is to be done.

Be particularly careful to observe in your conduct towards your pupils strict impartiality. Children are quick in the detection of injustice. That which is law, therefore, for one, must be law for all. It is true that you necessarily exercise feelings towards those who are habitually diligent and obedient vastly different from the sentiments you entertain towards the idle and perverse. This is nothing but just, and can afford no reasonable ground of complaint. The wrong commences when this preference is carried to the hall of legislation and to the judgment-seat; and when the badly-disposed are made to bear burdens for their transgressions from which the well-conducted are in a great measure exempt. Now, whatever be the motive, if you allow yourself to act thus unfairly, you will most certainly lose the confidence of your school—even of the subjects of your partiality.

Again; if you would win the hearts of the young, you must respect their feelings.

Children are, in general, very sensitive, and easily wounded to the quick. A sneer, even, at their youthful enthusiasm, may do incalculable mischief.

Dr. Arnold's conduct to the students at Rugby School is worthy of commendation in this respect. He treated the boys as gentlemen and reasonable beings; he made them respect themselves by the mere respect he showed to them; he showed that he appealed and trusted to their own common sense and conscience. Lying, for example, he made a great moral offence; placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely, in the upper part of the school; when persisted in, with expulsion. Even with the lower forms, he never seemed to be on the watch for boys; and in the higher forms, any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked. "If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course*, I believe your word;" and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one."

You should also be careful how you rebuke your pupils for their misdeeds. The more delicately you touch their feelings, the more tender their feelings are likely to become. Many a teacher hardens and stupefies their moral sense, by the harsh and rough exposures to which he drags out the private feelings of the hearts of his pupils. A man may, by exercising great care, produce such a state of feeling in his school-room, that to address even the gentlest reproof to any individual in the hearing of another will, of itself, be a severe punishment. On the other hand, he may so destroy that sensitiveness that his vociferated reproaches will be as unheeded as the wind.

"On a meek and tender disposition," says a well-known teacher, "very slight marks of displeasure or approbation will produce a powerful effect; an angry look or word will succeed better as a correction on such a one than stripes on the backs of the audacious." On the minds of many, praise and shame will at all times be sufficient.

"Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly," is the advice of Lord Burghley, and should not be ignored by the teacher anxious in every way to do his duty.

In illustration of the mode of rebuke that should prevail in a well-regulated school, I may mention the following anecdote by way of warning:—At Lale-

ham, Dr. Arnold once got out of patience, and spoke sharply to a pupil of a "plodding" character, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir?—indeed I am doing the best I can." Years afterwards the Doctor used to tell the story to his children, and say, "I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten."

Be it remembered, therefore, that reproofs should be always administered in sorrow rather than in anger. The greater the offender you are attempting to reform, the more needful it is to adopt the language and tones of friendship when obliged to rebuke.

In educating the ox for the plough, Cobbett recommended that all violence and rough usage should be avoided. "If he be stubborn, there should be no blows, and no loud scolding. Stop, pat him; pat the other ox; and he will presently move on again. If he lie down, let him lie till he is tired; and when he chooses to get up, treat him very gently, as if he had been doing everything that was right. By these means a young ox will in a few days be broken to his labour. With gentle treatment he is always of the same temper, always of the same aptitude to labour." These remarks are not difficult of application.

I may quote from the "Wise Saws and Modern Instances" of Sam Slick, the philosopher in motley, for another illustration:—

"You must be gentle, kind, and patient, but you must be firm; and when there is a fight for mastery, just show 'em it's best not to act foolish. Unless a crittur is too old and too headstrong, it's a man's own fault if he can't manage to make 'em travel the road pleasantly.

"Well, some kick; don't put 'em in harness agin, that's all; they are apt to cut their little pasterns, and hurt your little gig. Some stop, and wont go. Treat 'em as I did a hoss once who wouldn't draw up hill. I set off from Hicknille once with a regular devil, to put her through her facin's at three o'clock in the mornin', and took books and cigars, and my dinner with me, to be ready for inaction, as it was fine weather.

"Well, two miles from home was a high hill, and, as usual, my horse stopped short, lay back in the breechin', and wouldn't budge an inch. She thought she was agoin' to have a regular-built frolic, and I intended she should. She

whisked her tail, laid back her ears, and looked wicked, athinkin', the more you wallop me the more I wont go, and I'll upset you, and break a shaft if I can; but she didn't know what was in store for her.

"Don't you hope you may get the chance?" says I.

"So I threw down the reins, lit my cigar, and began to read, and took no more notice of her than if she was in the stable. When twelve o'clock came, she looked round, as much as to say, if you ain't agoin' to fight, will you make friends, old boy? Well, I took no notice, eat my dinner, and I turned to again, and began to read. Well, as the sun was goin' down, she began to get dreadful oneasy and fidgety, and so put one foot before the other; but I stopped her, and called out 'Whoh!' At last she got very impatient; but I held on till she should take the word

from me. Finally, I took up the reins, gave her a lick of the whip, and away she went up the hill, as if she smelt oats at the top of it; and to show her what a fool she was, I drove her twenty miles straight on eend afore I hauled up. She never baulked at a hill again."

To return. The question may be asked, What is to be done with the incorrigible? I think there can be but one answer—dismiss him. In this case there are, unfortunately, bad influences out of school, operating more powerfully, and counteracting but too successfully the good influences of discipline and instruction. Unless these could be removed, the prospect of reformation is hopeless; and, therefore, you are not only justified, but bound, out of regard for the welfare of the rest, at once to separate him from the school.

THE HUNTER'S TRIUMPH.

"'Tis hard that you have to leave me, George," were the few but sincere words spoken by fair Laura Singleton, as she stood upon the threshold of her humble cottage.

The one addressed was George Lawdon, a young hunter of very prepossessing appearance and amiable qualities. He stood by his fair companion with his handsome embellished rifle grasped in his left hand, while the right was gently pressed in the loving hold of Laura.

"Yes, 'tis hard," she repeated, "but this world is a world of grief and care, and much must be endured herein. But, George, if you have to go, go now, for 'tis anguish to stand here and think that you will soon be gone. Go, and may you return to me again safe and uninjured as you are now. But oh, George, suppose the horrid Indians should ensnare you, then what would become of me? I would —"

"Be calm, Laura," was the cool rejoinder of the intrepid young hunter; "the distance, you are aware, is short, and the route comparatively smooth. I will certainly be back by twilight, when I hope to see your parents with you again. They are now at the settlement half a mile away; and as the road between is

perfectly safe from Indians, you need not be afraid on account of them. And it is not often that a savage is seen in this immediate vicinity, moreover, for they have become intimidated by their numerous routs and defeats. So you may rightly feel secure, and await my return. The errand upon which I go is important, and during my absence you will have one trustworthy companion, and that is —"

"Tillie?" interrupted the girl.

"Yes," answered the hunter, smiling; "she is an honest friend, I am confident; is she not?"

"She is; but, George, if you must go, go now, and hasten back. Go, and may God bless you!"

A silent pressure of their hands, a loving kiss, and the undaunted hunter, with trailed rifle, turned and walked away at a quick gait. Laura watched him with tearful eyes until he reached the forest that gloomily spread itself about four hundred yards from the cottage, where he entered and was soon lost from view. His errand was at a small log fort situated almost in the heart of the Pawnee country. Although the distance was short, nevertheless it was a hazardous undertaking; but the indomitable spirit of the young

hunter was not to be cowed down by anything when he should choose to make up his mind to accomplish an object.

Nature has endowed some with an instinct that can never be eradicated. The Pawnees, as we have previously stated, had been driven from their former hunting grounds, and few were the warriors that ever ventured back to their ancient resorts; but these few were possessed with that instinct that can never be utterly obliterated; although often discomfited by their white enemies, they continued to roam through the much-beloved haunts of their childhood days, often plundering whatever they could lay their hands upon, in revenge for former injuries.

"I was wrong in saying the Pawnees never visited the neighbourhood of Laura's home," soliloquized George Lawdon as he neared his destination. "I have seen the beasts within a stone's throw of the house more than once within the last six months, and then their actions might have aroused a child's suspicions. Never mind; it's all right enough, after all, what I said to her, for she is such a nervous little being, and the least excitement would cause her to faint, I do believe. Yes, I spoke correctly; now she can await my return in peace; and, moreover, it is very unlikely she would see an Indian to-day, for as yet I haven't beheld any, and look where I am—directly in their every-day haunts and hunting grounds. Strange!"

He had reached the rustic gate of the log fort, which stood some eight or ten miles from the dwelling of Laura Singleton, and was met by the sentry, who gladly welcomed him, for the two were warm friends. He remained at the portal but a moment, and then passed in. His business with the commander was important, but brief in transaction, consequently it was soon enacted. The hunter then partook of a hasty meal, extemporaneously prepared for him by the kind-hearted old commander; and then, politely declining an invitation to remain, he bade his friends "Good-bye" and departed.

He returned by the same way he had come, that being the nearest and perhaps safest route to Laura Singleton's. His homeward journey was somewhat more adventurous than the one to the log fort. Several times a panther crossed his path, and on more than a single occasion he joined in a hand-to-hand struggle with

one of these huge forest denizens. But his admirable skill in the use of his weapons soon overcame the bloodthirsty animals, and they fell to rise no more.

Still these were not the only obstructions he experienced in his return. An enemy, still more dangerous than the panther, impeded his homeward progress, and for a time caused him to despair of ever seeing friends again. A tall, brawny Pawnee warrior—for such was that enemy—stepped audaciously up to him soon after he had slain a panther. The sudden and bold appearance of the savage took him completely by surprise; and being somewhat fatigued by his late encounter with the huge animal, he was totally unprepared for the dusky warrior.

The latter stood before him in a haughty manner, and with his large arms folded calmly across his broad breast, he viewed the young hunter as a lion would view his prey before springing upon him.

Lawdon stood back, bold and defiant. He grasped his knife and flourished it high in the air, and then awaited the attack of his muscular foe.

The warrior, after viewing him for some time, drew his tomahawk as he noticed the hunter's knife leave its sheath, and raising it over his head he made a motion to strike. The hunter dexterously dodged, and at the same time the warrior threw down his weapon and rushed upon young Lawdon. The latter tried to elude this dangerous dash, and made a thrust at his brawny foe, but in vain. The savage evinced no intention to murder him; but coolly drawing forth a small phial, he placed it to Lawdon's nose, where he held it but a moment. The hunter, after making several involuntary inhalations, slowly sank to the ground, when the savage, with an exultant grin, seized the young fellow's splendid rifle.

"This is what Eagle Wing wants," said he, as he flourished the rifle in the air; "he does not want the life of the young hunter, for he is too young and weak to join in a contest with the powerful chief of the Pawnees;" and slinging the handsome piece across his shoulder, he dashed away into the forest.

The hunter slept soundly under the effects of the warrior's vile drug. But finally he regained consciousness, and rising to his feet, looked wildly about him. It was apparent that he missed his little rifle; and stooping down he endeavoured to distinguish the savage's trail. But this he could not do, owing to the

intricacy of the undergrowth; and with a quick tread and resolute air he started onward once more.

* * * *

Let us cast another glance at the cottage of Laura Singleton. It was long, long after the young hunter had departed, and the time was fast approaching when the beautiful girl would hasten to the window to watch for her lover. She was seated in a front chamber, near a side window, deeply buried in the pages of an interesting book. Raising her eyes and glancing at the clock she arose from her comfortable seat, when a rap at the door arrested her attention.

"Good!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "He has returned sooner than I expected;" and the happy girl rushed to the door to meet her lover.

The door was thrown open, but instead of young Lawdon greeting her, the tall form of an Indian warrior stood before her. She darted away to a back room, screaming as she went, and doubtless would have fainted had not the unwelcome visitor assured her that he was a friend and meant no harm. He said he wished a drink of water, which want the young girl immediately proceeded to satisfy. She took a glass from the back room and hurried to a little spring at the rear of the building.

In the meantime the wily warrior crept stealthily into the house, and placed himself against the wall by the door that connected the two rooms. His position was such that no one could possibly see him without being in the same room.

The girl soon returned from the spring, and with a light tread hastened to where she had left the warrior. In passing the room door the sly fellow darted out from his hiding-place, and with an uproarious laugh seized the unsuspecting girl in his huge, brawny arms. The timorous Laura uttered a shriek and fainted. The glass fell to the floor, breaking in a hundred fragments; while the warrior, smiling grimly, hastened to a lounge, where he laid the insensible girl. But by a few applications of cold water she was revived, when, rising to a sitting posture, she asked—

"For Heaven's sake, tell me your motives for thus disturbing the quiet of my happy home? Why have—— Stop, sir! take your hand off my shoulder! Answer my question, if you please."

The Indian stared at her with his usual exultant look, and replied—

"Ugh! your words are like the wind that howls past the Pawnee warrior's lodge: they sound in his ears, but are nothing, and soon die away. I come here not to disturb the young white squaw's lodge, nor harm her; but the great Chief of the Pawnees admires the long hair that falls over the neck of the young squaw, like the forest branches that droop into the laughing waters. My squaw was once as handsome as you, but the Great Spirit took her away from my lodge, because He thought best; and now I am left alone. But my brother warrior, Okyhee, has a *white* squaw, and why should not I, the chief?"

Towards the latter part of his speech his words became more explicit, and again he went on—

"I would like a white squaw, and must have one; will you come and share the comforts of my lodge?"

"Heaven protect me!" ejaculated Laura, throwing herself back against a pillow. "Oh, for the sake of my own dear parents, leave this house at once, for——"

"I will!" interrupted the savage, with emphasis. "Wont you go along with me?"

"I cannot!" she cried, shrinking away.

Just then her eyes glanced towards the door.

"Good gracious! whose rifle have you there?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the chief; "you ought to know."

And again he caught the girl in his arms.

* * * *

Once more we look upon our hero. After leaving the scene of his mishap he took up the nearest route to the cottage of Laura Singleton, that is, the same road or path by which he had come. It went pretty severely against him to be deprived of his rifle, but still it could not be helped; he had done his best.

When he arrived at the cottage of his betrothed his astonishment and indignation were intense. And why?

On entering the outer door things appeared very unusual, and supposing matters were not altogether correct, he called Laura in a loud voice. But no answer came, and at once he began to search the house. But it was empty; not a soul was anywhere to be found, neither Tillie, the old house cat.

"This is strange," he mused. Then,

after a brief pause, he broke forth, "Ah! I have it—can see through it all. Curse his looks!" and in his indignation he rushed to the outer door.

"I thought so," he exclaimed, pointing to the ground a short distance from the door, where a trail began. It led away toward the forest, and took a direction almost opposite to that from which the hunter had come.

With the speed of an arrow, Lawdon shot along over the plainly-visible trail, like a person well skilled in woodcraft, and such he was. He was soon environed by the shadows of the forest, but still he kept on. The mystic footmarks were distinct to such eyes as his, and for about two miles he kept up the pursuit with unwavering determination. At the end of this distance he was brought to a sudden halt by hearing a twig crack but a few yards before him. These little occurrences, although apparently insignificant, are often forebodings of impending danger; and with great caution the hunter crept forward and peered through the bushes.

There, not three yards off, sat Eagle Wing in all his savage glory, while beside

him slumbered Laura Singleton. Seeing the warrior was unconscious of danger, he crept as closely behind him as possible, and with a lion's leap grasped the savage by the topknot and buried his knife deep in his swarthy breast.

Some distance away lay the identical rifle that Eagle Wing had stolen from the hunter but a short time before, and with eagerness the latter seized it and strapped it to his back. Then gently raising the girl in his arms he bore her back to her happy home, where they found her parents waiting in great distress. But their misery was soon dispelled when the young hunter related the whole story; and Laura was once more a happy girl. It may be as well to state here that Eagle Wing, the supposed chief, afterwards proved to be an exile brave from his tribe, bearing with him the outward appearances of a great warrior.

Tears have flown, and Mr. and Mrs. Singleton are dead. The little cot is now inhabited by the hunter and his wife Laura, while around them is a thriving town.

CARLO A.

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

PART V.—DIGESTION AND INDIGESTION.

BEFORE the food we swallow is perfectly fitted to be absorbed into and added to the mass of the blood, it has to undergo a rather complicated process, which it will be necessary to describe as briefly as we can. Man is supported as well by food constituted wholly of animal substances, as by that which is formed entirely of vegetable matters; and the structure of his teeth, as well as his own experience, seems to point out that he is destined for a mixed aliment. In carnivorous animals, as their food consists of the flesh and blood of other animals, little preparation is needed for its assimilation into the general system, and a less complicated apparatus, taken on the whole, is required than in the case of herbivorous animals, which feed on vegetables alone; but it is only as to structure, since, in a former article on

the blood, we have shown that the chief ordinary articles of vegetable food contain substances identical in composition with the *albumen*, *fibrine*, and *caseine*, which constitute the principal nutritive materials in animal food. Thus, *albumen* is abundant in the juices and seeds of nearly all vegetables; the *gluten* which exists, especially in corn and other seeds of grasses, as well as in their juices, is identical in composition with *fibrine*, and is commonly called *vegetable fibrine*; and the substance named *legumen*, which is obtained especially from peas, beans, and other seeds of leguminous plants, and from the potato, is identical with the *caseine* of milk. All these vegetable substances are, equally with the corresponding animal principles, and in the same manner, convertible into *blood* and *tissues*; and, like the blood and tissues,

in both classes of animals, the carnivorous and the herbivorous, the nitrogenous food of both may be regarded, as in all essential respects, similar.

PROUT, in his system, arranges the several alimentary substances from both animal and vegetable sources into three classes, which he names the *albuminous*, *saccharine*, and *oleaginous* principles. The albuminous group comprise the nitrogenous principles, such as albumen, fibrine, caseine, gelatine, and chondrine, and in their elementary chemical constitution are composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; they are, therefore, called *quaternary* compounds. The saccharine group, on the contrary, are only *ternary* compounds, being composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, without admixture of nitrogen. In this group are ranked sugar, and the various principles capable of being converted into it, such as starch, gum, pectine and woody fibre. It is remarkable, too, that the hydrogen and oxygen are in the same proportion as goes to the formation of water. The *oleaginous* group includes the various kinds of fatty and oily principles, and are composed principally of carbon and hydrogen, the quantity of carbon being in excess of the hydrogen. Now it has been found that a due admixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous substances, together with the inorganic principles which are severally contained in them, is perfectly essential to the well-being, and even, it may be said, to the existence of an animal. This truth is provable, both by direct experiment and by analysis of "mother's milk," the food which nature prepares for the young of all mammalia. Thus, in milk, the albuminous group is represented by caseine, the oleaginous by butter, the aqueous by water, and the saccharine by the "sugar of milk." Moreover, milk contains phosphate of lime, alkaline and other salts, and a small quantity of iron, thus including everything needful for animal nutrition and the production of animal heat. In oviparous animals, the albumen and yolk of an egg stand in the same relation, as food, for the young of that class, that milk does for the mammalia, and thus give us an example of the providence of nature in affording the best kind of nourishment in the most simple and available yet concentrated form.

On the other hand, Magendie, and, since his time, many celebrated physiologists, have experimented in various ways

with sugar, gum, oil, &c., and have conclusively proved that animals fed with them all linger and die, some sooner and some later, with the symptoms of starvation. In fact, no animal can live if fed on any single article of food (except milk), even though it contain principles belonging to each of the three groups of alimentary substances. For instance, dogs fed on white bread (and water) died within two months; rabbits fed on any one of the following substances—wheat, oats, barley, cabbage, or carrots—died with all the signs of inanition in a fortnight; while if these articles were mixed or changed from time to time, the animals lived and thrived. The Hindus, who live almost exclusively on rice, are peculiarly affected by a disease of the cornea, which is one of the ailments to which those who consume but little nitrogenized food are liable; and indeed all experience compels us to believe that variety of food, in reasonable proportion, is particularly necessary, in order to sustain human life in a healthy condition.

In order that DIGESTION should progress in a wholesome and painless way, it is necessary in the first place that the food, when chewed, should be thoroughly masticated and mixed with the saliva—a somewhat complicated fluid, which lubricates the mouth, and performs both chemical and mechanical offices. It acts mechanically, by keeping the mouth in a due condition of moisture, by dissolving sapid substances and rendering them capable of exciting the nerves of taste, and by mixing with the food during mastication, and reducing it to a pulpy mass, easily swallowed. For these purposes the saliva is admirably adapted both as to quantity and quality. In a chemical sense, Reaumur and Spallanzani found that food enclosed in perforated tubes, and introduced into the stomach of an animal, was more quickly digested when impregnated with saliva than when moistened with water; other experiments corroborate this, and although the exact nature of the chemical part it plays is still somewhat uncertain, and although its composition, as traced by chemical analysis, offers no certain guide, still it must be taken for granted, that its organic principle, which is named *ptyaline*, must be effective in preparing food for the action of the gastric juice, by rendering it more soluble and easily acted on, and thereby capable of quicker absorption. The average amount of this fluid secreted in four-

and-twenty hours, is set down as from fifteen to twenty ounces—that is, in a healthy constitution. Arrived at the stomach, the food becomes subject to the action of the GASTRIC JUICE—a very important fluid indeed. While the stomach contains no food, no gastric fluid is secreted; immediately, however, on the introduction of food or other foreign substance into it, the gastric glands commence secreting actively, and an *acid* fluid is poured out in minute drops, which trickle down the walls of the stomach, and soak into the introduced matters. It is a clear transparent fluid, inodorous, a little saltish, and very perceptibly acid. It is powerfully antiseptic, checking the putrefaction of meat, and when applied to old fœtid sores has restored the healthy action. It is, no doubt, a compound fluid, but the preponderance of scientific authority makes hydrochloric acid the principal active ingredient, although under different constitutional influences this acid may be less abundant, or may sometimes play a less important part than at others.

There is in the gastric juice an *animal matter*, called *pepsine*, which is now much used in the form of powder and “wine,” and which is prepared by digesting portions of a calf’s stomach in cold water, after they have been macerated for some time in water at a temperature between 80 and 100 degrees F. The warm water dissolves various substances as well as some pepsine, but the cold water takes up little else than pepsine, which, on evaporating the cold solution, is obtained in a greyish-brown viscid state. The addition of alcohol to this throws down the pepsine in greyish-white floccule, easily dried, and one part of the principle thus prepared will digest meat and other alimentary substances, even though the pepsine be dissolved in 60,000 parts of water. The digestive power of this potent gastric juice is manifested in softening, reducing into pulp, and partially or completely dissolving various articles of food placed in it, at a temperature of from 90 to 100 degrees. But its action is peculiar, although the nature of it is obscure. The action of the pepsine may be compared to a ferment, which both undergoes changes in itself and induces certain changes in the organic matters with which it is in contact; but it is certain that a very minute quantity of pepsine exerts a very great power on a large quantity of food, by promoting the digestive action, and appa-

rently with little loss in its active power. It is to be remarked, however, that heat above 100 degrees, strong alcohol or strong acids, destroy the digestive power of the gastric fluid, and therefore it is that large drinkers, and those who happen to be very fond of pickles, acids, and sub-acid fruits, and who indulge in them too freely, are often afflicted with indigestion, loss of appetite, and a weak tone in the stomach. Pepper, salt, and other soluble stimulants, however, excite a more rapid discharge of gastric fluid when taken sparingly, so do alkalies generally; while acids have a contrary effect. Cold water, or small quantities of ice, act beneficially and excite a wholesome flow, although in large quantity its retardation is a consequence, and digestion is materially impeded.

The action of the gastric fluid on the several kinds of *solid food* has been accurately studied; and it has been proved by Beaumont that in a healthy stomach digestion takes place so rapidly, that a full meal, consisting of animal and vegetable substances, may nearly all be converted into *chyme* in about an hour, and the stomach left empty in two hours and a half. Many circumstances, however, besides the nature of the food, may influence the process of chymification. In the first place, an over-meal interferes with it, as the stomach should be fairly filled but not distended. Gentle exercise is favourable, but over-exertion of any kind impedes digestion. The state of the weather has its effect, and there are few who have not felt the inconvenient effects of a disturbed state of the mind, or of the temper, in the destruction of appetite, until they pass away; but under ordinary circumstances from three to four hours may be taken as the average time occupied by the complete digestion of a meal. Dr. Beaumont has constructed a table showing the times required for the perfect digestion of the ordinary articles of food, by which it is proved that amongst the substances most quickly digested were tripe and rice, both of which were chymified in an hour; trout, eggs, apples, salmon and venison in an hour and a half; turkey, pig, lamb, potato, in two hours and a half. Beef and mutton required from three to three and a half hours, and both were more digestible than veal; fowls were like mutton in their degree of digestibility; and, in general, vegetables were less rapidly converted into chyme than animal substances.

Under a closer microscopical examination, it has been found that the flesh of fish and hares undergo this digestive solution more quickly than that of poultry or other animals, and that the cells of cartilage and fibro-cartilage pass unchanged through the stomach and intestines. Fatty matters are also unchanged in the digestive fluid, at least to a considerable degree; and Dr. Rawitz's minute investigation of vegetables enables us to class them also amongst the less easily-digestible substances—a fact, indeed, perfectly evident to the senses of all who have what are called “weak stomachs,” with which neither fat meats nor much vegetables are ever found to agree, simply from the difficulty of their solution in the digestive fluid and from their finding their way into the intestines in an imperfectly digested state.

The gastric fluid is assisted towards accomplishing its share in digestion by the movements of the stomach, and its office is facilitated by a perfect state of rest while digestion is going on; therefore it is that a complete cessation of active exertion both of mind and body for an hour or two after a heavy meal is at all times wholesome, and in many cases (particularly in old people) positively necessary. Indeed, nature herself seems to point to this by “the agreeable languor,” as it has been called, which usually follows a hearty dinner. At the same time the readiness with which the gastric juice acts on the several articles of food is in some measure determined by the tenderness and moisture of the substance presented to it, and by its state of division as well; although it does not follow that the most easily-digested substances contain the largest amount of nourishment, for a substance may be nutritious and yet hard to digest from its toughness and other qualities. For the perfection of the process of digestion certain conditions are required, which are all found in a healthy stomach—namely, a temperature of about 100 degrees; such movements by the muscular action as bring in succession every part of the food in contact with the mucous membrane, whence the gastric fluid is being secreted; the constant removal of the food already digested, so as to make room for the undigested portions to be speedily operated on; and finally, a state of softness and minute division, promoted by complete mastication previous to its being swallowed—an operation never to be ne-

glected, lest after-inconvenience should arise.

The fluid food taken into the stomach is probably absorbed directly by the blood-vessels in the mucous membrane of that organ. In soups, the water appears to be absorbed at once, so that the substances suspended in it are concentrated into a thicker material; while water, wine, weak saline solutions, and the like, are absorbed without any manifest change by the digestive fluid.

Before we proceed to speak of INDIGESTION, it may be as well to give a short *résumé* of what we have premised above. In a healthy digestion, then, the conditions are these:—1st, that the food should be thoroughly masticated, mixed with saliva, and swallowed into the stomach; that in the stomach it should be reduced to a semi-fluid consistence, and converted into a uniform pulp called CHYME; that the chyme should be transmitted through the pylorus into the duodenum, and there mixed with the bile, the pancreatic solution, and the intestinal mucus; in consequence of which admixture the whole, as it would appear, is separated into two parts—namely, the CHYLE or nutritive portion of the food, now in a fit state to be taken up by the *veins*, or by the *lacteals*, and thus carried into the blood, while the useless portion is carried out of the body.

But in order that digestion may be easy and pleasant, there are certain things to do, and to avoid doing which are not difficult. Hard students and men of business are apt to eat in a hurry, to go back to their study, or counting-house, immediately after, without the necessary rest, and thus after hurriedly, perhaps, bolting large lumps of half-masticated indigestible food, to lay up a comfortable fit of dyspepsia, by rendering what they have swallowed still more indigestible. These are just the sort of people who at dessert are apt to swallow the husks of seeds, the rinds of fruits, the stones of grapes, the pips of apples, and such-like, without considering that the gastric fluid seldom touches them, and that consequently they pass through the whole of the alimentary canal undissolved, provoking disturbance and possibly forming a nucleus for concretions in an after-day. Now all these things are clearly unfit to be meddled with by a person having a weak or disordered stomach, although when the digestive powers are active and the bowels torpid, they may be useful as

stimulants on the same principle that brown bread, or porridge, is found to be occasionally useful in preventing a recourse to medicine. Instances have been known in which congregated masses of snuff have been found to create fits of dyspepsia, or thick creamy masses have been vomited by those who are accustomed to take large quantities of cream with their coffee or tea; and in one instance we have known a toothless but hungry man to *bolt* a mass of meat, which left him a prey to disease for many days until it was got rid of, undigested, by a mustard emetic, taken by himself in a fit of despair.

A regular fit of INDIGESTION is generally accompanied with loss of appetite, which fails little by little, until at last the gorge heaves at the very sight of food. This state is called *anorexia*, although there are cases in which, on the contrary, the appetite may become morbidly ravenous and craving, or fantastically uncertain and capricious. In either state, the best treatment is in the first instance to attend to the bowels by means of a couple of colocynth and blue pills, followed, if needful, by a rhubarb draught or seidlitz powder; and that done, to have recourse to some bitter infusion, such as gentian, quassia, columba, or chiretta, acidulated with dilute nitric or sulphuric acids, in the proportion of a drachm to eight ounces, and taken three times a day. Nausea and vomiting are very frequently present in dyspeptic attacks, and very troublesome symptoms they are. They are not certain as to time—sometimes the food is hardly swallowed until nausea is felt; sometimes after a couple of hours the food is ejected, and is generally sour; now and then, when the retching is violent, the matter is mixed with bile, and then the patient is apt to ascribe the whole of his complaint to “an overflow of bile,” although in point of fact the secretions of the liver have nothing whatever to do with it. Indigestion is, in many instances, attended with little or no pain, while in others the pain is very tormenting. When this pain is not very severe but continuous, it is called *cardialgia*, or more popularly *heart-burn*; when the pain is sudden and severe, causing spasm or cramp in the stomach, it is called *gastrodynia*. This is often accompanied by flatulence, a sensation of distension, in which the clothes have to be loosened, with much anxiety, restlessness, and, in female cases, with hysteric

symptoms. Another form of this distressing ailment is what Cullen first called *pyrosis*, or *water brash*, more common among females than males, and in the humbler than in the higher ranks of society. Its symptoms are a burning heat in the stomach, followed by the vomiting, or rather the eructation of a thin watery liquid, resembling the saliva of the mouth, sometimes sourish but usually tasteless and insipid, and often described by the sufferers as being “cold.” In Scotland, where the food of the humbler classes is for the most part farinaceous, and in England and Ireland where a vegetable diet prevails, it is abundantly met with; and it has been particularly remarked by practitioners, that females of middle age, and even younger, who live much on “a tea diet,” and whose occupations are sedentary, or who are confined to small and ill-ventilated work-rooms—as milliners, mantua-makers, and the like—are peculiarly liable to attacks of this kind, from which a more mixed and generous diet, coupled with greater freedom for a time, and change of position, scene, and air, have suddenly and wonderfully relieved them. The particular symptoms of *water brash* ought always to be narrowly watched, since they frequently accompany *organic* disease of the stomach, and sometimes indicate a seriously disordered state of the liver. Cullen mentions it as a substantive and idiopathic malady, but Watson, Budd, and other acute observers dispute this; probably, it may be remarked, that when it is simple disease and uncomplicated, the symptoms are periodical and more manageable; and, so far as our own experience goes, we have found that when *pyrosis* exists as an idiopathic disease, it generally comes on when the stomach is *completely* empty, and is sometimes greatly and immediately relieved by food, taken dry, as a crust or a biscuit; the pain also, although burning and severe while it lasts, is much lessened by the dislodgement of a quantity of thin and slightly acid fluid, which relieves it for a considerable time, and which relief is by no means so constant when organic disease is present.

Those who are professionally conversant with, or who suffer from attacks of this uncomfortable disease, are aware that a great variety of anomalous and hard-to-be-accounted-for symptoms sometimes travel in its train. Frequently,

indigestion is accompanied with pains of the head and some confusion of thought; or, at all events, with a complete loss of mental energy and alertness; together with violent headache, there are frequently nausea and vomiting, and a general loathing of food, although the patient may have a temporary or momentary longing for a particular kind, which, when presented to him, is tasted and turned from with disgust. This, in popular language, is called a "*sick-headache*," or a "*bilious headache*," and, while it lasts, is exceedingly painful and troublesome. Palpitations of the heart, also great irregularities of the pulse, and what the patients themselves dignify with the name of "fits of asthma," are at times very afflicting symptoms of dyspepsia; but these symptoms, although alarming, are seldom dangerous; they arise partly from flatulence, which, by resisting the descent of the diaphragm, impedes the free working of the lungs and heart, and partly from what is called "reflex sympathy" between the parts concerned. Indigestion, however, may lead indirectly to the development of consumption (particularly in females) by producing debility, and there can be no doubt that it is to be looked for and guarded against in most cases of female weaknesses of a particular class. In fact, in such cases, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it," since the physician who cures his patient of her general constitutional ailment is almost always sure to cure her dyspeptic symptoms as well.

There is, however, a species of dyspepsia which takes the form of *hypochondriasis*, and which is the most afflicting of all, as, if unrelieved, it often amounts to insanity, or, at least, to that morbid state of mind which makes life worthless, and often prompts the sufferer to rush "unhouselled, unanealed" into the presence of his Maker. Men who have met with much disappointment in life—whose calculations and speculations have missed—whose pride has been wounded by failure, and whose credit has fallen, are peculiarly liable to this visitation; so, too, often are the hard brain-workers, who delight or instruct the world with their lucubrations; and even the comic actor, whose powers of memory are taxed overmuch in his endeavours nightly to prepare to please the public, has over and over been known to succumb to it, and, off the stage, to become the most wretched of men. Within our own experience, we

have met with and treated "dyspeptics" of all these several classes, and it may be a consolation to others similarly afflicted to know that such ailments are seldom or never irreparable, and that by "patience and resignation," backed by rest from mental and bodily toil, as far as possible, by *strict* attention to regimen, and by attending to the directions of a competent medical adviser, their symptoms will gradually give way, and finally (like a patient of our own), those who "pray for Death to take them" one month, would be exceedingly displeased and terrified if he should take them at their word, and insist on gratifying and bearing them off when life began to wear a new gloss, and the "blue devils" of a former one had departed. No doubt the feeling of depression under such extreme circumstances is often almost unendurable, but the sufferers should be taught to nerve themselves, and to be consoled with the idea that their sufferings are only temporary, as in reality they may be, and, as a matter of course, must yield to a combination of treatment in which the physician, the cook, and the wine merchant have all something to do.

One of our greatest "dietetic doctors" was the late Mr. Abernethy, who first brought "blue pill and black draught" into fashion, but who by no means depended on either the one or the other for a perfect or permanent cure. When he prescribed them, he always, at the same time, laid down a scale of dietary, which he required to be decidedly followed up; and in so doing he was perfectly right. He knew that various articles of food are soluble in the stomach with various degrees of readiness; that, within certain definite limits, the supply of gastric menstruum is exactly regulated by the demand for it—so much aliment evokes so much gastric juice; that the amount of the latter is *never* greater than the measure of the requirements of the frame; and, therefore, that whenever the food exceeds that measure, a portion of it remains undissolved, and even disturbs the due digestion of the rest, by giving the stomach *too much to do*.

We know, through the researches of Beaumont and Abercrombie, that various articles of food are soluble in the stomach with various degrees of readiness, and, therefore, when the digestion is liable to be impaired, it is of vital importance not only to refrain from those substances which are known to be

soluble with difficulty, but also to avoid mixing together in the stomach different substances which are of different degrees of solubility. In this, to a great degree, "the patient must minister to himself." Dyspeptic sufferers in general know right well what kind of food agrees and disagrees with them, although no class is easier tempted to forget the good old rule, which tells us to "let well enough alone," and "never to go beyond our last." Thus it is, that on "a dining-out day," they see others enjoy varieties, and think it excessively hard that "when they are in Rome, they cannot do as Rome does;" a stomach to them is only a stomach after all, and why or wherefore *their* stomach cannot digest fish, flesh, and fowl, pastry, jellies, fruits, claret, port, hock, champagne, and brandy toddy, as "a wind-up," as well as others, is to them a disagreeable mystery, only to be solved by their next day sensations, which teach them that "a single dish," which experience tells them would have agreed with them, followed by a glass or or two of good dry sherry, or probably mild ale, might have enabled them to avoid the horrors of night-mare, the morning headache, the distaste for breakfast, and the general languor which their chivalrous resolution to "set doctors and doctor's stuff" at defiance has entailed on them.

At the same time, however we may advocate "the single dish" style of dinner for a person of weak digestion, or who wishes not to become one, we do not mean to prohibit variety, or to induce our readers to suppose that the *toujours perdrix* treatment finds favour in our sight. We must remember, as a very wise physician says, speaking on the subject, that "the stomach has its idiosyncrasies," and it may be said, *en passant*, that sometimes they are of very eccentric kinds. We know, for instance, at this moment, a person who cannot eat an egg until it is "musty," and another who always keeps fish until it becomes what he calls "gamey," but what we would call disgusting and unbearable; a third we know who prefers to have his salad dressed with castor oil, and still a fourth who lives almost the year round on "boiled mutton chop," which is perhaps the most harmless phantasm of them all; on the whole, however, it is always salutary for dyspeptic persons to dine off *one dish*, and that as plainly cooked as it can well be, as by this means they avert

the dangers of injurious admixture, and they are not tempted to overload their stomachs by eating an additional quantity of new and variously-flavoured food.

Another very important principle, greatly insisted on by Abernethy, and fully endorsed by Watson, is that the stomach should have *time* to perform one task before another is imposed on it. They both direct their patients to interpose not less than *six hours* between one meal and another—that is, allowing from three to five hours for perfect digestion, and another full hour for the stomach to rest in before it is again set to work. This salutary rule, however, although based on both reason and experience, is about the most difficult one to have followed that physicians can give; and Mr. Abernethy used to say that "no person could be persuaded to pay due attention to his digestive organs till death, or the immediate fear of it, made him a convert, and then it was too late." In truth, dyspeptic patients are the plague of their doctors' lives as well as of their own; they cannot be persuaded that the indulgence of their "little fancies" can upset them; that "a mere trifle" can interfere with their progress of cure; or that "a single morsel or two" of a tempting dish can render them uncomfortable for days; they have an idea, that if they pay their money to a doctor and duly swallow his drugs, the blame must attach to him, not to them, if a wilful departure from his dietetic enjoinders should send them back; and then, in disgust and despair, they rush to the patent medicine shop, and deluge themselves with pills and potions, which eventually bring them to a full-stop and land them in the tomb.

It is to be remembered, however, that even the weakest and most dyspeptic stomach may be indulged in a variety of its own, and that the "eternal mutton chop," so much feared by the dyspeptics, need not always be the prohibitory rule. Meats that have been "cured" seldom contribute to the cure of those who eat them, therefore sausages, ham, tongue, and corned beef or mutton should be avoided; also raw vegetables, such as cucumber, salads, and pickles of all sorts. Even the kind of fresh meat, which experience tells us "sits easiest on the stomach" in health—or used to do so—deserves to have the preference, since, as we before said, "stomachs have their idiosyncrasies," and the food that they

receive without positive disturbance should be that which is presented to them. Vegetables, in a weakened state of the organ, generally produce distension and flatulence; "nevertheless," as Watson remarks, "a mixture of well-roasted or boiled flesh or fowl, with a moderate portion of thoroughly cooked vegetables, is better suited, in my opinion, for a feeble stomach, than a rigid adhesion to either kind of aliment singly." As to the use of liquors, such as wine, ale, &c., equal caution will be found to be necessary. As a general principle, perhaps, the total abandonment of them would be the most safe and salutary rule; but we fear that few "dyspeptics" will agree to this, as they have an idea that to abandon an accustomed indulgence altogether is rather provocative of disease than otherwise, and Cullen long ago fretted under the difficulty of inducing men fond of wine to leave it off. The best thing, then, to be done by either patient or physician, is for the former to interrogate their own sensations and experience, and to take (in great moderation) that which best agrees with them. Of course, drinks that are followed by evident disturbance are manifestly unfit, and in manifold instances we have found that "mixed liquors" are sure to disagree. Thus, we have the case of a patient now in our mind with whom sherry wine, bitter ale, brandy, or good Irish whisky (Kinahan's) perfectly agreed when taken separately, but when convalescent, he was induced, at a picnic, to take ale and wine to his dinner, in small quantity, and cold punch afterwards, and, as a consequence, was almost as ill as ever the day after, although the whole of his potations were as moderate as possible.

Now, as to the "cure" of dyspepsia, and of stomach derangements generally, nothing can be more protracted and difficult, and the difficulty is most times enhanced by the irritability and impatience of the sufferer, who freely acknowledges that his disorder has "crept" on him by slow degrees, and yet expects that almost the look of a physician should relieve him at a blow.

One of the most usual and unpleasant symptoms which accompany all kinds and degrees of dyspepsia, is costiveness, so obstinate, as that only a constant recourse to medicine can relieve it. Now it cannot be doubted that although the uneasy sensations may be relieved by what a patient of ours calls "a sporting dose" of medicine, still it is equally cer-

tain that anything like permanent relief is never gained by such means, while the reaction consequent on it often aggravates the discomfort when it comes on. Nevertheless, it is of all things necessary not to allow the bowels to get into arrear, as it will generally be found that no sort of stomach medicines will be effective while torpidity is allowed. In a general way, our custom is to prescribe what are called "dinner pills" to meet such an exigency, and the prescription we give is the following:—Take of colocynth and rhubarb pill twenty grains each, blue pill ten grains, podophyllum resin two grains, and extract of henbane ten grains; these ingredients are made into twelve pills, of which one is to be taken before dinner, every day or every second day, as may be required; should one be not sufficient, two may be taken occasionally. After a few doses of these, and when the diet has been regulated, the liquid medicine we find most useful is the following:—Take of pepsine wine and liquor of bismuth three drachms of each; liquor of potash (Brandish) and tincture of henbane two drachms of each; lime-water sufficient to make eight ounces; and of this the patient is to take two tablespoonfuls night and morning, taking after it a little cold water. Should our dyspeptic patient be also a gouty or rheumatic one, or should the stomach be "sour," and much pain or flatulence be present, we vary our mixture thus:—Take of bicarbonate of potash one drachm; liquor of potash one drachm; aromatic spirit of ammonia two drachms; tincture of hop and tincture of henbane each two drachms; tincture of orange half an ounce, and distilled water to make up eight ounces; of this two tablespoonfuls are to be taken three times a day. These medicines we find sufficiently efficacious to recommend them for general use, as there are no ingredients in them which can prove deleterious, and they are easily procured. There are, no doubt, special cases for which special medicaments may be needful, but such cases will require a physician's care, and to this we leave them.

In addition to medicine, however, we have always found that a great deal of good has been done by "change of air," where it is possible, and we prefer a location near the sea. How or why this change works such wonders as we often see it do, science does not seem at present able to fathom; it may be that

electricity has something to do with it; and perhaps, in dyspeptic cases, which are usually accompanied with great "lowness of spirits," a good deal of the resulting benefit may arise from the change of scene as well as air, by the quieting influence of perfect and placid rest, and by the constant temptation to take reasonable exercise in a new sphere. At all events, we are always anxious that those friends who favour us with their confidence should try it, and so far as we have gone, we or they have never had cause to regret having taken our advice.

An abode or visit to the sea-side reminds us of the question of the "bath." In dyspeptic cases, even when the constitution is weakened by the disease, we think that *cold* bathing is generally inadmissible, although we have known cases benefited by it—but never in gouty systems; a warm bath, however, occasionally—say once in fourteen days—will be found comfortable, with the water at 94 degrees or 96, and a liberal use of the flesh-brush over the gastric region while it is enjoyed.

THE WHITE CZAR.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

OF all classes of persons, soldiers and sailors are the most superstitious, and of these it is hard to determine which is the more wedded to its notions. You might reason for ever with a sailor, and yet you could not convince him that a vessel will not be necessarily unlucky because it sails from the port on Friday, or that foul weather is not sure to attend a ship with a parson on board; and as for a soldier, tell him that his favourite general may fail in his most brilliant effort if the slightest circumstance be unpropitious, and he will laugh at you. It's all luck, he will tell you, and it is precisely this blind confidence, this superstition, that makes the two classes so valuable. Take from the sailor his superstition, and he becomes as worthless as would be the soldier when robbed of his trust in luck—his confidence, for which he can rarely give you a solid reason. Impress an army with this blind confidence, and it becomes irresistible; take this feeling from it, and its defeat is certain. The troops of the great Napoleon illustrated this in a wonderful degree, and even in the terrible campaign in Russia, they only succumbed to the fearful obstacles imposed by the land through which they were moving. The Russians, although fighting for home and country, had a disadvantage to contend against that but few if any historians have taken into consideration. There was widely spread among the lower classes of Russians, a superstition that

the great soldier who commanded the invading host was, as the Malakani, or little wise men of Jahnboff affirmed, the lion of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, sent by Heaven to dethrone the false house of Romanoff. To this day the traveller in Russia may see upon the walls of those of the humbler classes who are able to afford such a luxury, side by side with the picture of Peter Velike, the picture of the famous "White Czar," as Napoleon was styled, for whom, although he was their enemy, the Russians entertain a singular and superstitious admiration.

Impressed with such a superstition, and feeling that they were fighting not only against men but against Heaven, it is not strange that the Russian soldiers should have been defeated by the invaders. The superstition descended from father to son, and became so generally accepted in Russia, that many at last refused to believe that Napoleon was dead. They thought it impossible that he could die. He had not accomplished his work.

When the war between Russia and the Allied Powers began in 1853, another superstition arose, which it is proposed to embody in these pages.

It was a cold, clear night in September, in the year 1855. The summer was scarcely over, but the night was so cool that the garrison of the dark and scowling Malakoff drew nearer to the watch-fires, and wrapped their heavy great coats closer around them. The sea breeze blew in

coldly, and the dew was heavy and chilling. Below could be seen the long rows of lights that marked the streets of Sevastopol, and at intervals of five minutes a huge shell, thrown from a hostile mortar, would explode in the silent streets. Far away stretched the watch-fires of the besiegers, and only a few hundred feet from the huge earth-work, the French were working busily at their trenches. Day after day the fatal lines had drawn nearer and nearer, until it was now evident to all that a few hours must witness the final struggle for the work. The guards, on the night to which we refer, the seventh of September, had been increased, and the entire garrison charged to be in readiness to resist an assault at any moment.

Around one of the watch-fires which had been built in the work, and so arranged as not to draw upon it the fire of the French, a group of soldiers were collected. They were nearly all silent. Two or three conversed in low tones, but the others were listening to the hum that could be plainly heard in the hostile lines, and were thinking of the small probability of holding the work.

Towards midnight a man approached the fire. All started up in astonishment.

"Nicholai Nicholaivitch, you are welcome," said an old grenadier, as he saw the new comer. "We thought you were dead."

"Do I look like a dead man?" asked Nicholai, with a laugh.

"Not at all," replied the other. "But where have you been? The holy czar cannot afford to lose the services of his children at this moment."

"I have been a prisoner in the camp of the Ivansontskis" (the French), said Nicholai, "and I have just escaped."

"What news do you bring?" asked the grenadier.

"The Ivansontskis will attack us in the morning."

"We shall defeat them. God will protect the children of the holy Russian empire," said the grenadier, calmly.

Nicholai Nicholaivitch shook his head.

"What mean you?" asked the old soldier, quickly.

"I fear that good is with the Ivansontskis," said Nicholai. "The little wise men of Jahnboff were right, after all, I expect."

"What mean you, Nicholai Nicholaivitch?" asked the grenadier, in astonishment. Then he added, sternly, "If you have come back only to endeavour to

frighten us, you had better not have returned. We are the children of the holy czar, and we fear not his enemies."

"Nor do I fear them, Andrei Andreovitch," said Nicholai, quickly, "but one cannot fight against heaven."

"Are you crazy, man?" thundered the grenadier, impatiently. "Speak out plainly. What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied Nicholai, "that the White Czar is in the camp of the Ivansontskis, and that he will lead them in to-morrow's fight."

"The White Czar is dead," said the grenadier, calmly. "I fought against him before my beard was grown; but he is in his grave now."

"He is in yonder camp," said Nicholai, positively, and pointing towards the camp of the French.

"We have often heard our fathers say the White Czar cannot die," said a younger member of the party. "Nicholai may speak truly."

"What did the Ivansontskis call him?" asked the grenadier, musingly.

"The Emperor Napoleon," said Nicholai, promptly.

The old grenadier started and turned pale.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"No, but his name is on every tongue in that camp. They say he has promised his Cross of the Legion to every one who acts well to-morrow."

"The Cross of the Legion. It is the old trick," muttered the grenadier, gloomily.

"Tell us, Nicholai, what you saw and heard among the enemy," said one of the group. "Tell us all you know about this terrible White Czar. If he is really with the Ivansontskis, we can have no hope of success to-morrow. We must die here, for God and the holy Russian empire."

Nicholai needed no urging to induce him to relate his experience while a prisoner. He was naturally a gossip, and now he had a fine field for the exercise of his powers.

"Four days ago I was taken prisoner and carried into yonder camp. My mother having been a French woman, I am able, thanks to her teaching, to speak the language of the Ivansontskis well enough to understand and be understood by them. When the enemy found this out, they took me before their commander, who questioned me closely as to our strength and position, the effects of the

siege, and the probable intentions of our officers. I answered these questions with seeming candour, but with an effort to lead the enemy into error."

"Quite right, Nicholai Nicholaivitch," said the old grenadier, approvingly. "I did not give you credit for so much sense."

"After this," continued Nicholai, paying no attention to this interruption, "I was treated very well. I was not closely confined, and I usually found the guard disposed to be friendly. The Ivansontskis were always trying to get information out of me concerning our army, and never failed to tell me that the holy czar would come out of this war a beaten man. Once I asked one of them with whom I was talking, why he believed we would be beaten. I told him our works were strong, and held by plenty of good soldiers. He laughed, and said that all the strong works and Russian soldiers in the world would not keep the troops of the emperor from entering Sevastopol. 'What emperor?' I asked. 'The emperor Napoleon, to be sure, *mon ami*,' said he. 'I thought he was dead,' I said. 'It is generally believed in our country that he was driven out of Paris-Gorod some time ago, and died in disgrace.' 'O no,' said the guard, 'that was only one of your Russian lies. Before I left Paris he promised me, with his own lips, that he would give me the Cross of the Legion if I came back home with a *chevron* on my sleeve. We will all go into the fight, knowing that the emperor will know all about our conduct, and will reward all of us who do well.' 'I am sorry enough,' said I, 'to hear what you say about the Emperor Napoleon. We call him in our country the White Czar, and we have a tradition that nothing human can oppose him.* So I expect there is no use of our fighting against him.' 'Your tradition is correct, friend Russ,' said my guard. 'The emperor, or White Czar, as you call him, will yet plant his banner on your Malakoff.' I thought for a long time after the guard left me of what he had told me. I thought of all I had heard my father say of the White Czar and his great victories. I felt sure, when I recalled all I had heard, that the tale of the death of the White Czar must be false. He has been given

* The reader will see that Nicholai spoke of the great Napoleon, and the Frenchman of Napoleon III., a confusion very apt to occur among illiterate persons.

by heaven a work to accomplish. He has not yet performed it, and until he does he cannot die."

"But tell us, Nicholai," said one of the group, impatiently, "did you see the White Czar? We don't care to hear what you thought; we want to know what you saw."

"Let me alone, man," said Nicholai, sharply, "or I'll tell you nothing. Yesterday I learned that I would be taken from the camp in a day or two, and sent to a prison depôt in the country of the Turks. I at once determined to try to make my escape. I preferred coming back here and running the risk of escaping death or capture in the approaching fight to being sent as a prisoner among the heathen Turks. I looked about me to see how I could get away. I could see no prospect of deliverance, and my heart sank within me. To-day I saw a general movement among the Ivansontskis. Troops were hurried towards the front, and there was great commotion throughout the camp. Towards nightfall this unusual bustle helped me greatly. We were kept in a kind of enclosure, about the rear of the encampment. Once, while the guard was looking away, I managed to steal beyond the enclosure and get into the camp. Thanks to my ability to speak the language of the Ivansontskis, I was able to pass through it without difficulty. Guided by the lights and one or two little things, I made my way to the trenches just in front of us. I had scarcely entered them when one of the enemy clapped me on the shoulder, and said in a loud tone—

"Well, comrade, we'll have glory enough to-morrow. Don't you think so?"

"I started in terror, as he touched me, and for a moment thought it was over with me; but his speech convinced me that he suspected nothing, so I said, 'What do you mean, *mon ami*? I do not understand you.' 'What, man, have you not heard the good news?' he exclaimed, in astonishment. 'No,' I replied, 'I have been asleep all the afternoon. I was on duty late last night, and I needed rest.' 'Well, then, know, my friend, we shall storm yonder fort to-morrow.' 'Ah!' I exclaimed, with an affectation of joy, and striving to appear as wise as possible, 'that is good news. And the emperor will lead us?' 'What emperor?' he asked, quickly. 'The Emperor Napoleon, to be sure,' said I. He

looked at me for awhile, and then broke into a laugh. '*Mon ami*,' said he, 'I expect you have been drunk instead of asleep.' With this he left me, and I was glad enough to get rid of him.

"I continued to pick my way through the trenches, carefully avoiding all communication with any of the troops of the enemy. I wanted to reach the extreme edge of the works, though how I was to do so I could not tell, for the trenches were filled with soldiers. I sat down for awhile in a dark place, and watched the scene around me. I could hear the men talking; all spoke of the coming struggle, and the name of the White Czar was on every tongue. They are confident of success, those Ivansontskis, and if the White Czar leads them to-morrow, I think they will beat us. At length my part of the trench was partially deserted, and I took advantage of it to hasten forward, stealthily, towards our lines. I reached the edge of the trench and clambered out. Now, thought I, I am free, and I was about hastening towards our lines, which were not more than forty yards distant, when some one seized me by the foot, and an Ivansontski exclaimed, 'Where are you going?' 'I am ordered,' said I, 'to get as close to yonder work as I can, to reconnoitre.' The man was silent for a moment, then he asked, 'Where is your gun?' 'I left that behind,' I replied, 'to prevent accident.' 'You may go on,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'but I shall keep my eye on you. I half suspect you are playing me false. If you attempt to enter that work, I shall put you out of harm's way.' I left him, and moved cautiously towards this work. Thanks to the darkness, I managed to get out of the fellow's sight, and after a little dexterous manœuvring, succeeded in entering our lines. I at once informed our officers of all I had seen and heard, and received their permission to rejoin my regiment. Now, comrades, I have told you everything. To-morrow we shall be attacked. We will do our best, but I fear the White Czar will prove too much for us."

"Is that all?" asked one of the men, sarcastically. "Your story is scarcely worth listening to."

"That may be," said Nicholai, sharply, "but you asked me for it. You had better profit by it, for you will have your hands full to-morrow."

The grenadier was silent. He was sitting with his head resting on his hands

gazing moodily into the fire. The night wore on, and the men dispersed—Nicholai to secure arms and equipments, and the rest to spread through the garrison the story of the White Czar—but the grenadier still remained immovable. He gazed steadily into the fire, and occasionally muttered in a low tone broken and disconnected sentences. It was evident that he was deeply interested in the story told by Nicholai. At last he rose from where he was sitting, and walked towards the parapet in the direction of the French parallels. He climbed to the top of it, and leaning over the edge, gazed earnestly down towards the hostile lines, from which arose a busy and constant hum.

"Nicholai must speak truly," he muttered. "They will attack to-morrow, and then may God protect the children of the holy Russian empire! One would not fear to meet the Ivansontskis, but to fight against the White Czar and Heaven is folly."

At this moment an officer clambered to the top of the parapet, and lay down by the grenadier.

"Well, my old soldier," said he, "what do you make out?"

"There is a great stir in the trenches yonder, colonel," replied the grenadier. "The Ivansontskis will attack to-morrow."

"It is likely," said the officer; "we shall beat them, my fine fellow."

"They are the troops of the White Czar," said the old soldier, slowly.

"Whose troops?" asked the officer, carelessly.

"The White Czar's—the Emperor Napoleon's," he answered, softly, as if speaking to himself.

"O yes," said the officer, with a laugh, "all those fellows belong to the Emperor Napoleon." Then he moved off in an opposite direction, and the old man was left alone. He watched the officer until he was out of sight in the darkness, and then said, mechanically, "He knows not the White Czar."

During the remainder of the night, the grenadier kept his position on the parapet, watching with intense eagerness the lines of the French. The old soldier had fought against the great Napoleon in the first invasion of Russia, and had first burnt gunpowder at the bloody battle of Borodino. He knew the superstition that existed in Russia at that time, and, in common with others, had attributed the defeat of the Russians in battle to the

mysterious power of the dreaded White Czar. Long after this he had heard that the great soldier was dead, and for a long time had treated the report with much scepticism, but at last acquiesced in the general belief. When the war with Russia was begun by the Allies in 1853, he heard rumours that the White Czar was coming from Paris with his troops, to complete the work he had left undone. At once there began a struggle between his old superstition and his belief in the death of Napoleon. His doubts were all ended by the story of Nicholai, and now a feeling of superstitious dread seized upon him, and deprived him of the power of reasoning calmly upon the subject. The grenadier was by no means a coward, for he had given proof of his valour upon many a hard-fought field; but his superstition was more powerful than cowardice would have been. He felt that it was useless to resist—the White Czar could not be conquered. He had but one hope. During the invasion of Russia he had been taken prisoner by the French, and had been questioned by the great Napoleon. The image of the White Czar had stamped itself indelibly upon his memory. Time had not effaced it, and at the moment he was peering down into the hostile trenches it was as vivid as when he left the presence of the great chieftain. Now he felt a craving to see the man who was called the White Czar, and who would lead the Ivansontskis on the morrow. He could tell at a glance if it was really the true White Czar. But it was impossible to see him, and the old soldier ground his teeth in impotent rage as he thought of it.

The night passed on, and at last the darkness began to break away. The first shot fired on the morning of the 8th of September was by a French sharpshooter, who happened to spy the grenadier crouching down on the parapet. The ball rang against the old soldier's helmet, and roused him to a sense of his danger. Instantly he sprang up and scampered back, amid a shower of balls from the French and the cheers and laughter of his comrades.

A heavy fire was now begun by the French batteries, and shot and shell rained heavily upon the doomed fortress.

This was kept up for two hours or more, without a moment's intermission. At eight o'clock the bugles of the French sounded the charge, and heavy masses of ardent and impetuous troops dashed out of the trenches upon the tawny Malakoff. A desperate fight ensued. The French fought with an impetuosity that could not be unsuccessful, and the Russians contested every inch with all the stubbornness despair could give them.

The grenadier fought with the fury of a fiend. When the French gained the works, he ceased firing, and clubbing his musket, struck right and left with it, determined to die before he would retreat.

The regiment which entered the work at the point where the grenadier was stationed, was the —th of the 3rd Light Division, and the colonel who led it bore so strong a likeness, both in form and features, to the great Napoleon, that his men had nicknamed him "the little corporal's son." As this regiment poured over the ramparts and swarmed into the fort, the grenadier sprang forward, and whirling his gun over his head, struck to the earth the first man he encountered. As he did so his eyes fell upon the colonel, who was cheering his men on. In an instant he paused, and shouted wildly, "The White Czar! the White Czar! It is the White Czar!" His features blazed with mingled fury and despair. Clutching his musket more firmly, he whirled it around his head, and threw it with terrific fury at the officer, who dodged it. The grenadier folded his arms, and stood for a moment perfectly calm. The next instant he fell, pierced by a dozen bullets, and the wild storm of war swept onward over his corpse, straight into the captured stronghold.

To-day, if you chance to be travelling in Russia, you will find that the stories of the returned soldiers are far more universally believed than the bulletins published at St. Petersburg, and if you ask the natives the secret of their reverses in the Valley of the Tchernaya, you will be told, in a mysterious whisper, that it was all caused by the presence among the French hosts of the famous White Czar, who is even at this very moment reigning over the Ivansontskis in Paris-Gorod.

OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS.

PERHAPS of all rules or maxims which could be laid down to insure success, in either the military or naval arm of the service, the most useful would be the strict obedience to all orders from superior officers; but all general rules have their exceptions, and the greatest breeze I ever witnessed on board a man-of-war was occasioned by a too strict and literal enforcement of a command.

Our craft was lying in Annapolis harbour; we were refitting and taking in stores, and shortly expected our sailing orders. The two weeks we had been so engaged had furnished an agreeable breathing-time after the rather severe handling we had received from the rebel batteries, in which affair we had lost our captain and a number of our crew. A small volunteer lieutenant, who had distinguished himself by meritorious conduct displayed during a recent action, had been appointed to fill the post left vacant by our captain's death.

Mr. Rash, our new commander, was young, inexperienced, and not quite *au fait* in many of the minor technicalities, and in the code of politeness observed in the service; but at this time, there being a great scarcity of regularly educated naval officers, Uncle Sam had to content himself with the materials at his disposal.

Mr. Rash was a great believer in the maintenance of strict discipline at all times, and unquestioning obedience of all orders, which facts he impressively stated to the crew in his maiden speech as commander; and it furnished him a favourite topic of discussion with the other officers. He held his reins in a firm hand, and was particularly sparing of the shore leave he granted. This peculiarity had the tendency of making him not very popular on board, as it is customary to relax a little when in harbour, especially after severe service; and a run on shore was what we all coveted. His being so illiberal, as we thought, on this point, arose from the fact that on the third night after he had joined us he was aroused from his slumbers by the noise made by a boat load of drunken blue-jackets, who, having overstayed their leave, came on board at midnight, thinking that the best time to pass below unobserved. On hearing the noise (which the officer of the deck in vain endeavoured

to silence), Mr. Rash made his appearance on the quarter-deck, not fully dressed, and in no very amiable mood. The first thing he did was to order the inebriated blue jackets in irons; the next was to give Mr. Reef, the officer of the deck, a roasting for allowing the noise; and lastly he issued the following order in a most emphatic tone—

"Mr. Reef, I wish you distinctly to understand that hereafter no boat will be allowed, under whatsoever pretence, to approach this vessel within hailing distance, between gunfire (nine o'clock P.M.) and sunrise. I shall hold you responsible for the strict execution of this order, sir;" and having thus delivered himself of a little surplus spleen, the commander went below and turned in again.

Mr. Reef, on hearing the command, had touched his hat with an "aye, aye, sir," as in duty bound. He had been master's mate in the old service for some years; and in the new order of things had received his present promotion of master. He knew his duty well, and it was not particularly agreeable to his feelings to be hauled over the coals when he was sensible of having committed no breach of discipline, by a volunteer officer of only a year's standing.

The order had been rigidly enforced for ten nights, when, one afternoon, Mr. Rash, dressed in a span-new full-dress uniform, ordered his gig manned and proceeded on shore. There was to be a grand ball given that night, and our commander, being honoured with an invitation, had attended; and it was midnight before he repaired to his gig, the crew of which had been instructed to await his return at the pier. The rain was beginning to fall heavily, and Mr. Rash, having no overcoat or protection of any kind, was very desirous of getting on board as soon as possible. So, seating himself, he sung out to the men, "to give way with a will," which they were doing, when, approaching the circle formed by the gunboat's lights, they were hailed by the lookout.

I must state here, for the benefit of those who are not posted in the naval code of politeness, that on a boat being hailed, if it contain no one of higher grade than a petty officer, the response is supposed to be "Aye, aye." Should

they have a commander, or any officer beneath this grade holding a commission, the reply should be "Halloo!" and if the captain of the vessel be on board the boat, he is entitled to give the name of his ship in answer; this is necessary to enable them to receive a fitting reception; as the side is manned to receive an officer of high rank.

Mr. Rash gave the name of the gunboat in reply, which was a breach of the naval code, he being only commander. This response elicited the surly order from the lookout—

"Keep off; no boats alongside till sunrise."

"What's that?" said the now thoroughly wet and enraged Mr. Rash: "give way there, you men, and pull along side instantly. You scoundrel, do you not know that I command that vessel?"

The marine who was on guard at the gangway and had hailed the boat was a queer fish in his way; he was from a small village "down east," where he had kept school until there was a demand for men for the war, when he had joined the marines, and had been appointed to this gunboat. Having only been in the service for two months, he was not very well posted up in the minute expressions to be used in the performance of his duty; but he knew well enough he had to obey his orders. He looked at the approaching boat, brought his rifle to the range, and sung out at the top of his voice—

"I say, you fellers in that ere boat, if you don't get out of this darned lively I'll just send a little cold lead inter yer; them's my orders, and I'm a goin' to execute 'em."

This made the blue-jackets in the gig cease rowing, thus adding fresh fuel to the choleric temper of Mr. Rash, who was now wet to the skin, and his new uniform spoiled.

"Pull on aboard, I say! By heaven, I'll shoot the first man that stops again!" shouted the enraged commander. "Do you hear there?"

Mr. Reef, on whom the command devolved in the absence of Mr. Rash, had remained on deck until nearly midnight, expecting a scene, but fully determined on executing to the letter the order he had received. On leaving the deck (being tired of waiting longer) before turning in he left strict orders with the officer of the deck to see the instruction before-mentioned rigidly enforced. The officer who was left in charge understood the

state of affairs perfectly; and, although bound to obey the orders of Mr. Reef, felt exceedingly nervous at the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, and from the bottom of his heart wished himself well out of it.

Meantime, the lookout, seeing the boat approaching again, warned them off, and finding it was not heeded, cocked his rifle, paused a moment, and then fired.

The gig's crew rested on their oars instinctively. Mr. Rash, now beside himself with passion, sprung up in the stern sheets, drew his sword, and swore he would cut down the first man who rested on his oars: thus incited, the crew gave way with a will, and reached the gangway, profiting by the momentary vacillation of the officer of the deck, who, fearing the affair had gone too far already, issued no further orders except to send below and summon Mr. Reef.

The gig had no sooner touched the side than Mr. Rash, sword in hand, sprang on deck. Here again our commander committed a *faux pas*, for the rules strictly forbid any one mounting the side with a drawn weapon. Mr. Rash, on reaching the deck, demanded in a voice of thunder—

"Who gave the order to fire on my boat?"

He was referred to the trembling officer of the deck.

"I—I received the order from Mr. Reef, sir."

At this juncture, Mr. Reef made his appearance on the quarterdeck as cool as a cucumber.

"Did you give the order to fire on my boat?" said Mr. Rash, turning fiercely towards him. "Are you aware, sir, this is mutiny? By Heaven, I will summon a court martial, sir! Such conduct is a disgrace to the service. I had thought, Mr. Reef, you were an officer who understood your duty."

"And I trust I do, sir," replied Mr. Reef, respectfully touching his hat. "I always obey to the letter the orders of my superior officer. I take upon myself all the responsibility of what has just occurred; and it was in strict obedience to your orders; and had I been on deck at the time, sir, I would have prevented the boat's approaching the side at all hazards. The order I received from you, sir, was 'that hereafter no boat will be allowed to approach this vessel within hailing distance, under whatsoever pretence, between gunfire and sunrise;' and

I was held personally responsible for the enforcement of the same."

"That was my order, sir," said the somewhat pacified commander, who now began to see matters in a different light; "but I did not order you to fire on *my* gig, for you must have known that I was in the boat."

"I beg pardon, sir," replied Mr. Reef, "but I understand from the officer of the deck the gunboat's name was given when the boat was hailed by the lookout; as our captain is dead, you will perceive such a reply must have been contrary to the regulations of the service; your order stated 'under whatsoever pretence;' and we are supposed strictly to obey orders. I would state with all respect, I think the officer of the deck was fully justified in preventing the boat's approach at all hazards."

Mr. Rash paused, apparently in thought for a few moments, and then said, in quite a mild tone—

"Well, Mr. Reef, now I think of it, there does appear some extenuating circumstances; and I will overlook it this time;" (it is quite refreshing to observe

how generous and liberal officers can be sometimes, especially when they find they are 'barking up the wrong tree;') "but I hope you will be very careful to prevent any misconstructions for the future."

I fancied I observed a covert smile on the lips of Mr. Reef as our pacified commander retired to his cabin.

After the sentry, who had fired on the gig, had been relieved, I overheard the following pass between him and the coxswain of the gig.

Coxswain.—"I say, shipmate, what did you want to draw a bead on me for? I heard the ball howl within half an inch of my ear."

Sentry.—"Well, now, the road that ere bullet went is one of the most singlerest things that ever I did know. I've hearn tell of what you call ricochet shots and raking shots, but I'm be gaul darned ef I ever knowed a rifle bullet to make a reglar worm fence afore. You see, when I fired, I tuk an elevation of forty-five degrees (as the gunner calls aimin' at the moon), but I'm blessed ef every man in that ere gig aint a' sworn to me as how that ball just grazed him."

CHEERFULNESS.

YES, I am ready for the cloud to come,
That will for ever darken my life's sun—
'Tis a hard task to say, "Thy will be done;"
To have the soul imprisoned in its home,
Because tis welcomed in no other dome.
It is most hard on sorrow's path to shun,
Despair's proposal by her side to roam;
For it is easy to a suffering one,
To bear about a countenance of gloom—
That all by looking in the tearful eyes,
May learn for him to feel and sympathise,
And speak with pity when he's in the tomb;
But 'tis forbidden—we must speak and smile,
Even though our hearts be breaking all the while!

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE bloody disputes which so long divided the Houses of York and Lancaster, under the name of the Red and White Rose, are well known. Henry VII., by the victory he obtained over Richard III., and by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., blended in his person the rights of both houses, and put an end to the disputes. In the meanwhile, Margaret of York, Dowager of Burgundy, could not, without sensible mortification, behold the throne of England filled by a prince of the House of Lancaster. Her hatred, which was extreme, notwithstanding the accommodations that had taken place, induced her to embrace and seek out every opportunity to annoy Henry; nor did the ill-success of the young Simnel, whom she had instigated and upheld, discourage her.

Richard III., to ascend the throne, had caused his two nephews, the sons of Edward IV., to be massacred. The Duchess of Burgundy, inspired by the hatred she had sworn to the House of Lancaster, caused a report to be circulated that one of the two princes had escaped the cruelty of his uncle; but it was necessary to find a young man, who, by his age and countenance, might pass for the prince, and yet be possessed of an understanding capable of supporting the character. Edward IV. had been one of the handsomest and most gallant men of his time, and it is well known that his gallantry facilitated his elevation to the throne. Beauty, in whatever state he found it, made the most lively impression on him. John Osbeck, a Jew, who had embraced Christianity, had occasion to come into England. The beauty of his wife was not long before it procured him the notice and protection of Edward. The favour he enjoyed became so signal, that the prince stood god-father to the Jew's child, whom he named Peters, which, being corrupted, was afterwards called Perkin.

It was generally believed that Edward was the father of this child; and it is said that he bore the most perfect resemblance to that prince. This young man the Dowager of Burgundy endeavoured to impose upon the public for one of the sons of Edward, who had, she

said, "been preserved from the barbarity of Richard, and by this means she hoped to dethrone Henry VII." It does not appertain to our subject to enter into a detail of this singular conspiracy, which shook the throne of Henry. We shall content ourselves with observing that Perkin played his part with such address that he persuaded several persons he was really the son of Edward; and if he had not had to struggle against a prince as wise and clear-sighted as Henry probably was, we should have seen the throne of England filled by the son of a Jewess of Tournay. After having attempted two descents into England without success, Perkin landed in Scotland, and implored the protection of James IV., who then reigned. He found his kingdom most aptly disposed to favour his designs; the people detested the English. James, prepared by the King of France and the Duchess of Burgundy, hesitated not to acknowledge Perkin as the Duke of York, and treated him as such; and love at length conspired still more to favour this impostor.

There was at the court of Scotland the young Countess of Huntley, Catherine Gordon, a relation to the king, whose beauty, virtue, and wealth excited the desires of the greatest noblemen of the realm. Till then insensible to the vows that were offered at her shrine, she was struck with the agreeable person and manners of Perkin. The same dart which made an impression on the heart of this young beauty, equally inflamed that of the false prince; he even forgot, during some time, his interests, so wholly engrossed was he by his passion, and he was so happy as not to sigh long in vain. The king, who penetrated into the sentiments of the lovers, delayed not to favour them; the Earl of Huntley thought himself too much honoured by an alliance with one who was shortly to be king of England; and the marriage was soon after concluded.

Perkin, in possession of a treasure of grace and beauty, added to his party all the family of his wife, and the king found himself obliged to enter more warmly into the interests of a man who was now allied to him.

These promising appearances, after all,

ended in a few hostile ineursions into England. James, undeceived by the ambassadors of Henry, made a truce with that prince, and obliged Perkin to leave his kingdom. He embarked for Ireland, and returned from there into the province of Cornwall, where the people revolted in his favour. Supported by a troop without discipline and without arms, he was struck with a panic on the sight of the numerous and warlike army which Henry opposed to him. Forgetful of the character he was to support, he ignominiously fled from the field, and took refuge in an asylum, from whence he was drawn upon promise of his life. The countess, his wife, who accompanied him, was arrested, and both were conducted to Henry. That prince, it is said, became enamoured of the young countess. What gave rise to this opinion was that he treated her with all the respect due to her birth, although she was the wife of a

man who had attempted to dethrone him; nor was he ever able to resolve upon sending her back to Scotland, which it seemed he ought to have done. It is believed also that this passion contributed to the death of Perkin, at least as much as political interest.

This impostor having made a public confession, in which he discovered his birth and intrigues, was imprisoned in the Tower; but the desire of liberty made him form some projects to regain it. This cause, or that we have just spoken of, determined Henry to take his life, and he was hung at Tyburn in the year 1499. Two years after, Henry, upon the marriage of one of his daughters to the king of Scotland, had a fine opportunity of sending back the widow of Perkin, but he did not do it, which confirmed the suspicions that he entertained a passion for her.

THE CHANGING SEASONS.

THE Summer now has well nigh fled,
Autumn will soon be round us spread;
The falling leaves, the fading flowers,
Remind us of departing hours;
And Nature's voice, no longer gay,
Seems in soft accents still to say—
Like me thou too must altered be,
Like me decay, and changes see.

How soon will Winter with her train
Of frost and snow appear again.
Hushed are the voices of the birds,
Their joyous notes no more are heard;
Yet when stern Winter's past and o'er,
Sweet Spring will visit us once more;
Then may we, since all earthly things decay,
Learn to improve the present passing day.

THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS WARREN.

THE sound of the bell, as it rang at the rusty iron gate of Hawley Hall, was as sonorously gloomy as if it were conscious the young heir had arrived, and of the mission upon which he had come. At least, so it appeared to the fancy of Warren; but old Robert, who had heard the same sound often enough before, without attaching anything ominous to it, heard the clang without the sinister expression in this instance, and indeed, no sooner did he recognise his young master than his wrinkled visage betokened more of pleasure than of fear.

"Well, Robert, so I hear at the village my uncle has gone to town," said the former, sternly as a judge pronouncing sentence.

"Yes, Master Frank, I believe he weer called up to Lunnon on some business o' the estate," replied the old butler, turning his eyes to the sky.

"And, Robert, do you know where in London he has gone to? I want to see him particularly."

"Lord, no, Master Frank; how should I know? he never tells the likes of me where he's a-goin' to! I couldn't say, sir, reely; it might be at the Monument, or it might be at St. Paul's—leastways I don't know anything about it."

But as Robert made this statement, he looked vastly more as if he *wouldn't* know than that he *didn't* know. He fretted nervously with his feet and hands, and looked uncommonly hard at everything but the face of his interlocutor; and when for a moment his eyes *did* meet those of Warren, they immediately fell with a look of conscious guilt. All this gave Frank a very unfavourable impression, and caused Mr. Grantham to knock the stones very furiously with his cane.

Frank stated sternly, that his friend had a desire to look over the Hall, and that as he was sure his uncle would have no objection, he had brought him with him for that purpose. To this, Robert, who took a natural pride in the old place, and was proud rather than not of an opportunity to show it off, raised no

obstacle, and requested the gentlemen to follow him.

Robert first conducted his guests through the part of the Hall which was used by Martin and his small household, and which, as the furniture was of a modern kind, presented but little interest. The spacious dining-hall, with its lofty stained-glass windows—and in which Cuthbert Warren, the wit and beau of Queen Anne's time, feasted fifty of the most celebrated of his confrères, including Dick Steele, who, in the midst of an eloquent peroration on morality and moderation, fell dead drunk under the table—afforded much more gratification to Mr. Grantham.

The soldier was, however, immensely delighted with the account of Hubert's Tower, which Robert pointed out to him from a window, and with the tradition therewith connected, which he related by no means so briefly as the author has already done.

"But," said Warren, "you can let Mr. Grantham look over the old tower and the picture-gallery, can you not, Robert? I can assure you, sir," he added, turning to his other companion, "that we boast among our ancestors some men after your own heart—regular fire-eaters, I promise you. And there you will find the very arms they fought with, and with which they did the deeds which have gilded their humble names."

Upon this, Mr. Grantham was extremely anxious to see the portrait-gallery, and Robert, after a moment's hesitation, singled out the key required, and led the way.

Entering this sanctum of the past, Mr. Grantham was filled with admiration.

"St. George!" he cried, ecstatically, "this is as good as the Tower of London!" And immediately began to expatiate upon and explain to Frank the nature, construction, and uses of the various pieces of quaint armour and implements of warfare which hung upon the walls; while Robert, (lost to all present circumstances in his enthusiasm for the past greatness of the family of which he deemed himself a member, was also descanting upon the vast fortune and ducal connexions of the ugly old lady in the monstrous hoop, whom the thriftless Cuthbert had taken to be his wife.

"Gad, but there's a soldierly-looking fellow for you!" exclaimed Mr. Grantham, gazing admiringly on the portrait of Hubert, who, by the way, now that the sun instead of the moon was shining on him, and that Frank had two companions instead of being alone, did not appear to that young gentleman to wear anything of the supernatural aspect with which his imagination had endowed it on the previous night.

"He *was* a Warren, and no mistake, though he did put a 'De' before the name!" chuckled Robert, with gratified pride, delightedly rubbing his hands.

"He was the sort of fellow who did the work at Salamanca, my boy!" Mr. Grantham roared, with the enthusiasm of a warrior.

"He would have pitched into the rascals if *he'd* been there! There's an eye for you—gad, it's like a falcon's! But I tell you what it is, friend Frank," he added, confidentially, "these Royalists wanted *leaders*. Rupert was a brave fellow, who feared neither Roundhead, Frenchman, nor devil; but, gad, he hadn't the strategy to compete with glorious old Noll. Noll was the soldier for you, and no mistake. St. George! he could have thrashed Napoleon; and, Frank Warren, mark my words, there never was but one man who could have matched Oliver Cromwell, and he is Wellington, my boy!"

The family portraits having been duly inspected, Robert proposed that they should go to the battlements of the tower, where a fine view of the surrounding country could be obtained, and was thereupon about to take the lead, when Frank detained him, and pointing to the portrait of his father, demanded what picture that was which he had passed over, and with its face to the wall. Robert replied, that he was "sure *he* didn't know," and, as Frank thought, pressed them rather eagerly to go and look at the beautiful scenery from above.

"But, do you know, Robert, that I have an uncommon desire to see that picture? Uncover it, old man, I pray," said Warren, persistingly.

Robert obeyed this injunction, and removed the baize from the portrait's face.

"Why—why, if it isn't—dear me, yes!—if it isn't your father, Master Frank, and the very image it is of what he was, too. Ha! he wur a handsome young man, he wur!"

If Robert felt any particular emotion on viewing this painting, he did not show it, for though Warren watched him closely, he detected nothing in his expression to confirm his suspicions.

"How is it, Robert, that my father's portrait is not hanging up in its place?"

The old man's voice quivered slightly as he made his usual reply, that "he was sure he didn't know."

"—And you will observe, young Frank," Mr. Grantham pursued, following up a very long dissertation on fire-arms with some technical remarks on rapiers, nor perceiving in the least that no one was listening to him—"you will observe that the peculiarly twisted handle of this rapier is of Spanish—Eh! hah! Bless my heart, but it is very singular!"

Mr. Grantham's eye had fallen upon the portrait of Francis Warren; his face assumed an expression of intense interest, and bending down to the canvas for many minutes, he gazed earnestly into that speaking countenance. When he at length arose, a sigh escaped him, and his eyes encountering those of Warren, who had been regarding him with amazement, a glance of deep significance fell from them.

But he said not a word of the picture, but in a slightly altered voice commanded the butler to lead the way to the roof of the tower.

As Robert obeyed, Mr. Grantham halted an instant to let the young man get up to him, and then he whispered in his ear—

"Warren, my boy, I shall have a little story to tell you by-and-by when we are alone. But meanwhile, let us not forget our present object; we will speak to this old man as we proposed to do. Will you address him, sir, or, gad, shall I?"

"I will accuse him point blank of his connexion with Manning, and tell him how that wretch has confessed to the horrid deed. Perhaps this may frighten him into saying something more."

"Well, well, go it, then, young Frank," replied Mr. Grantham, with irritation, as was always the case with him when he did not feel quite easy about anything. "And I tell you what, sir, I wish that we might be able to catch this old fox; St. George! I do. If we could get him, it would be a great *coup* towards winning the battle. Beugh! I feel as if I were marching over a mine!"

They had now reached the summit of

Hubert's Tower, where an old and stumpy flag-staff reared itself aloft, and which never by any chance had a flag flying from it. It was fortunate perhaps that it had not, since the staff had become so rotten with time and neglect, that at the first sharp breeze it is likely it would have been blown away.

To look down from the battlements to the moat beneath made one's head grow dizzy, and when one reflected that in Hubert's time, when he took his celebrated leap, a moat floated round it as well, one was at once impressed with the strength of nerve he must have had to have taken it.

I believe I have said that the country was in general flat, and therefore, though the prospect from the tower swept the broad expanse for miles around, it was not very picturesque.

Robert was, however, very eloquent in its praise, and pointed out beauties which no one but he could see.

In the midst of this oration, by which he was thus edifying himself, Warren suddenly converted his exultation into a sentiment of a totally different kind.

"By-the-way, Robert," he said, with assumed carelessness, "what do you know about that man whom I saw one day with my uncle, when I brought Mr. Batherley here to spend a few days? Hah!—you remember what I mean, I see."

The face of the old man was the picture of dismay, and turned to an ashy pallor.

"Lord ha' mercy, Master Frank!—who—who do you mean?" he cried, striving in vain to appear composed.

"Whom?" repeated Warren, sternly, "I have told you whom I mean. His name, sirrah, is Manning; and know, unhappy wretch, that he had confessed the deed which stains his hands. I believe you are implicated in that awful deed! Now take your choice, old man—either reveal at the proper time and place what you can tell to bring those guiltier than yourself to justice, and expiate my father's murder——"

During this speech Robert had remained with his eyes fixed like one paralysed.

"Murder?—Your father *murdered*?" he repeated, vaguely; then he buried his white-haired head in his hands, and seemed profoundly thinking. When he removed them his face was like death.

"Oh, Master Frank! Master Frank!"

he cried, throwing himself on his knees, "you are in some dreadful error, sir; what it is, or how it is, I cannot say; but stop—and beware, I entreat you, Master Frank. Oh, how I wish your uncle was here, sir! I have sworn that I will not tell, Master Frank, and you may tear me to pieces if you will, but my mouth will be closed. But hear me, Master Frank, believe me you are in some dreadful error!"

"What!—do you swear that my father was not—not murdered? Do you swear that he received no injury from this Manning's hand, nor from my uncle?"

"I do, Master Frank—I do indeed! I swear it by the hope of an old man whose foot is almost in the grave," replied the other, eagerly.

"St. George, I believe he speaks the truth, and that we're a couple of suspicious fools, and that he isn't a rascal, after all!" Mr. Grantham exclaimed emphatically.

"See the gov'nor—see your uncle, Master Frank; perhaps he'll tell you all," added the old domestic, entreatingly.

"Gad, Warren, but I think we can't do better than take the old rascal's advice. At any rate we're getting so mystified, my friend, that if your uncle or somebody don't tell you something,—gad, I tell you this, young Frank, I shall have to give it up. An old soldier can fight his battles over again if need be; but, St. George, he can't find out a murder when there isn't a murder!"

And so our perplexed friends left Hawley Hall.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. GRANTHAM'S STORY.

THE great iron gate of Hawley Hall closed behind them, and as they returned across the park in the direction of the White Horse, Warren linked his arm in that of his friend, not a little anxious to hear the communication the latter had to make.

The pair walked for some minutes in silence, Mr. Grantham gazing thoughtfully upon the ground, and his companion every now and then looking wistfully into his face. Mr. Grantham was the first to speak.

"I perceive, young man," he said,

kindly, "from your looks, that you expect me to tell you something startling. In this you will be disappointed. Of course you well know, from what has transpired yonder, that it is of your father I am to speak, and that in his portrait I recognised a face that was familiar to me. If you suppose that I can throw any light on the matter you have most at heart, gad, sir, but in this you will be disappointed also. What I have to say relates more perhaps to myself than to him. And were it not the singular coincidence that I in my later days am brought into friendly commune with the son of one whom in my youth I met as mine enemy, and he your father, St. George! there would be nothing particularly interesting to you in the story I am about to tell.

"It must be about nineteen years ago that my father died. He was a gentleman with a tolerable property in the Three per Cents., and led a comfortable and pleasant sort of a life—hunting, fishing, and shooting in Yorkshire. I was his only son, and upon his death found myself master of about eight hundred a year. I was then about nine-and-twenty years of age, and of all the unlikely professions in the world, I was a barrister, and had chambers in the Middle Temple. Good Lord! he, he! To think what I might have been at this day if Providence had not interposed! But the fact was, my grandfather had been a lawyer, and had gained in his day considerable eminence; my father had been a lawyer, and had gained his eight hundred a year out of the Chancery court, or rather out of the pockets of the fools who went into it. And so my dogmatical parent determined I should be a lawyer also, which you perceive I *was*; and probably expected that I too, would secure an additional eight hundred a year, and retire in my later days to hunting and shooting as he did, which, gad, sir, you perceive I did not.

"Of course in all my legal career I never had such a thing as a brief, and after the first twelvemonth had passed in futile hoping that a brief might come, I gave up all expectation of its advent, and resigned myself placidly to my briefless fate. It was a good thing perhaps for the litigious community that this was so, and it would have been an equally bad thing for my unfortunate client, whoever he might have been, who entrusted his case in my hands. For of all professions

the law was the last for which I was fitted, since it demands a patient, prudent, jog-trot character in its followers. I was certainly none of this. On the contrary I was gay and fond of pleasure; careless, imprudent, thriftless, and above all young, and so hot-headed, that it became a standing joke with the rollicking young Templars, that if Jack Grantham ever got a brief it would be the ruin of him, as he was so peppery that if anything went wrong he would be likely to beard the judge or the jury in open court; and gad, sir, I think they were not far wrong, for a mad-brained temper I certainly had. St. George! I get a *leetle* warm sometimes even now, but that is nothing to what I was then; for when we grow in years, young Frank, it is astonishing how calmed down our tempers become; besides, my boy, that Peninsular work was the thing to cool one!

"However, my father died, and when I came into his exceedingly comfortable income, gad, sir, but you may be sure I let the pseudo-barristering concern in the Middle Temple go to the devil, or at least, St. George! I quickly ran a very good chance of going to the devil myself. For scarcely had I touched my poor old father's bank book than I associated myself with a parcel of young men—gentlemen I suppose I should say, for they were in the position of such—to whom my eight hundred a year served as a very good passport, especially as I was a *barrister*, you know, in the social, if not the practical sense.

"Besides, they were not entirely strangers to me. I had languished on the outskirts of their charming society, and had the privilege of bowing to them as an acquaintance; but now I was permitted to grasp their hands as a friend. My new friends were those who delighted in calling themselves 'good fellows,' though in a moral sense—St. George! I think the adjective should have been changed—they were remarkably 'bad.' Gay, rollicking, thriftless and vicious young rascals most of them certainly were; many of them scions of our upper classes, just fresh from the universities, where they had taught each other how to break the college laws and to disgrace the names their fathers had given them; and not a few, by no means backward in their vices, who were preparing at Alma Mater for the learned professions, more especially the church.

"Amongst these 'good fellows' I got

on amazingly; if my morals did not improve, my reputation did. Young ladies—extremely virtuous and proper young ladies, too—smiled complacently on me, who before had thought me commonplace. The young ladies' mammas called me a 'sad dog,' and gave me every opportunity of courting their daughters; while their equally benignant papas smiled placidly over their spectacles, and said I should be a fellow to push my way in the world when I had done sowing my 'wild oats.' In short, I was becoming a thorough scamp, and where it would have ended, gad, I don't know, had not a circumstance transpired which wound up my career as a 'good fellow' in an uncommonly unpleasant way.

"The number of my acquaintance was presently augmented by one whose immorality certainly did honour to their professions. He was a young man not quite my own age, and his name was Francis Warren. He was a puzzle to us from first to last. Handsome, in the dark cast, with great talents, which he misused, and plunging headlong into every pleasure and immorality which could allure, he reminded one of a fallen angel. When I saw your father's portrait this morning, young Frank, I recognised them to be the same.

"But of our new confrère we knew little. He was very taciturn about his own affairs, and where he came from, or indeed anything of his early history we knew nothing, except that he had been married, and had lately lost his wife, whom he idolized, and this was all we could glean to account for his almost insane viciousness.

"In short, though we knew so little about him, so far did he out-Herod us in our vices and out-dare us in our daring, that we involuntarily regarded him as the leader in everything in which a band of gay young dare-devils could possibly follow him. In any mad prank he was sure to be foremost; in any deed of 'gentlemanly' immorality he was certain to take a prominent part.

"St. George! when I think of what a scampish fellow I was in those days, I feel utterly ashamed of myself. My eight hundred per annum, Three per Cents. dwindled down to half that sum in much less time than it took my poor old father to earn it in his Chancery practice. I was continually 'selling,' and the capital was transferred from the government to the pockets of those who could judge of

the speed of race-horses better than I could, or of those who could handle the dice-box more skilfully, not to mention those of certain ladies, the particular friends of my companions the germinating young clergymen, &c., who ran away with my poor Consols more quickly if possible than the race-horses and the nimble-fingered gamblers together.

"But I tell you what, my lad," cried Mr. Grantham, slapping our hero benignantly on the shoulder, "I am not going to corrupt your morals by telling you all that I did; indeed I don't much like to think about it myself. Take my word for it, young Warren, that when we grow older we look upon these things in a vastly different light from what we do when we are young. Let it suffice, that one evening when the wine so far unsettled your father's head that he did not clearly know what he said, and mine so much that I did not know what I did, he uttered some remark—it was about a favourite beauty, I believe—in his stinging, sarcastic way, and I, mad fool, ever ready to take offence at anything, jumped from my seat, and with a blow of my fist knocked him clean over.

"The next morning of course I received a challenge, and I equally of course accepted it, though as sober reason had now returned to me, I was sorry to think what a fool I had been, albeit I was still such a fool as to carry the folly to the last extreme.

"I had the choice of weapons, and I chose pistols; you see, Frank, I was not so well up in the use of the sword then as I was after the practice I had in the Peninsula.

"We met on the following evening. I fired and missed him—in fact, to tell you the truth, I don't believe I wanted to hit him, and devoutly hoped he might entertain the same sentiments towards me. He, however, was not so merciful. His pistol flashed, and somehow—goodness knows how—at that very instant I raised my left hand to my breast. It was a very lucky thing for me that I did so. The bullet came whizzing through the air; it struck my hand, cutting off the tips of these two fingers as clean as a whistle, and then entered my breast.

"I fell and became unconscious. I was carried away by my friends to a place of concealment, where for some time I remained in a very precarious condition. Had it not been for the fact

that the bullet was turned aside in its course by the resistance my hand offered, I had unquestionably been a dead man. As it was, as soon as it was deemed safe for me to move, I started for the Continent, both for change of air and scene, and to get out of the way, as it was not considered well I should show my diminished head until the affair had blown over.

"Here ends my story, so far as it relates to your father," Mr. Grantham continued, after resting a moment in his recital. "For my part, I went to Brussels. At Brussels I led an extremely secluded and quiet life; indeed my wound would not have permitted me to do otherwise. The family I lived with was highly respectable, though reduced in circumstances. The only son had been a soldier, and slain in one of the earlier encounters with that arch-rascal, Napoleon—St. George! he met his match, though, in Wellington!

"As soon as I recovered and grew strong again, the continued theme of battles, wars, and victories in which Old England so nobly took her share, excited in me the desire of military glory. To cut a long matter short, I went to the Peninsula and took up arms under glorious old Arthur, and was present—as I think I have told you, Frank—at the ever-memorable battle of Salamanca. Being wounded once or twice in the many encounters in which we always beat the French—the rascals—I was at one time so ill that I left the army for change, and repaired again to my old friends at Brussels.

"The old gentleman had died while I was absent, and left his wife and only child, a daughter, almost wholly unprovided for. The girl was pretty and had been kind to me; she had been educated in England, and her mother was an Englishwoman—the girl was almost English herself. In short, Warren, I did what a good many young men in similar circumstances would have done—I married her, and never did I have any reason to regret my choice. Poor girl!" added the soldier, with a tear standing in his eye, "she died when she gave me my little Kate!"

"And my father?" inquired Frank, anxiously. "Did you never hear what became of him after the day of the duel?"

"No," replied Mr. Grantham, "nor did his own seconds themselves. Immediately after I was carried from the ground my antagonist hastened from it also, and

neither I nor they ever heard of him since."

The speaker coughed and Warren remained walking by his side in silence, and thus ended the story of Mr. Grantham.

And by the time Mr. Grantham had thus finished the two gentlemen had arrived at the White Horse, whence they started for London by the next coach.

We will leave them on their journey and turn to contemplate another part of the canvas on which this history is painted.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER.

I DON'T quite know whether I could write an essay, but I think if I could, I would not slily poke it into my history of Warren. I was never one who believed a novel the proper vehicle for sermons, metaphysical speculations, however ingenious, religious theories, however profound. Besides, I know how those excellent though naturally severe gentlemen, the critics, complain of these things, and I would willingly propitiate them in so slight a matter, were I able.

But look you, if I were to let the temptation overcome me—and is it not a strong temptation when Fielding has set me the example?—and were I to convert the thirty-fifth chapter into an essay, it should certainly be to consider "coincidences in novels."

There have occurred some very remarkable instances, even in the modest history which I write. For example, you remember how Helen Batherley had seen the announcement in the *Times* of the marriage of Edgar Sinclair. Well, now, I should never have seen it, and I dare say you, if you had searched every copy of the *Times* for months, you would not have seen it either. And yet Helen just cast her eyes upon the paper, and lo! there it was. Now this is singular, but I don't know any established law which will account for it. I know how De Balzac accounted for it, or rather how he avoided accounting for it. "These things," he said, "took place, and I as a veracious historian am bound to record them." I am sure he is an authority great enough for me to adopt, so if there is anything loose in the logic, look to him, good reader, and not to me.

Should there be any evil-disposed person who sees anything wonderful in Helen

Batherley observing that announcement, I don't know what he or she (it will be a he, no doubt,) will think when I tell him, upon my veracity, that she saw another, very similar to the first, only it was a death instead of a marriage. Yet so it was. That she saw it is an unquestionable fact.

On the very evening that Warren and Mr. Grantham experienced such unpleasant adventures at the White Horse, Helen Batherley, with her mother and Aunt Jane and little Miss Grantham (who felt very dull and lonely, doubtless, in her own house while her father was absent), was seated in the little parlour at Hampstead.

Miss Kate had just been informed of the engagement between Helen Batherley and young Frank Warren. So she, of course, expressed her pleasure and congratulations, after the manner of young ladies, upon that gratifying consummation. And she not only said she was pleased but looked it too—as pleased as a man in a shower of rain who has left his umbrella at home, and whose uncle has died and cut him off with a shilling.

"And don't you think, my dear, that Mr. Warren is a very nice young man?" said Mrs. Batherley, throwing herself complacently back in her chair and clasping her hands over her stomach.

"I always thought he was," said little Miss Grantham, looking down, and in such a low voice that one could hardly hear her.

"And he'll be very well off one day, no doubt about it," returned Mrs. Batherley. "His uncle has no son of his own——"

Miss Jane shook her head with mild deprecation at her sister-in-law's method of weighing the case.

"He's a good, kind-hearted, generous young man, that is what I look at," she said; "and I think that Helen——"

But here Helen, who had been sitting quietly at the window, sometimes shrugging her very pretty shoulders rather impatiently at these remarks, flushed in the face and stamped her little foot imperiously upon the floor.

"You silly creatures," she cried, impetuously, "do, for mercy's sake, find somebody else to talk about. Mr. Warren and Mr. Warren, for ever and ever—really I am tired of hearing his name." And as she uttered this somewhat ungracious speech of her affianced, she arose from her seat, and with a step as haughty as a queen's, and a face that was far more

beautiful—as queens go—though it was flushed with impatience, the young lady took up a newspaper and began to read, as if she were determined, for her part, that she would hear no more.

Miss Jane shook her head again in her own quiet way and went on with her perpetual knitting, but Katie Grantham looked up at the angry maiden with deep, clear eyes that were large with wonder.

"Helen, my dear," said Aunt Jane, looking meekly at the tips of her knitting pins, as though she were about to administer a mild reproof to them, "Helen, my dear, I don't think that was a very kind way to speak of the poor young man."

The girl threw down the paper and began to pout, and then the pout grew into a smile, and the smile burst out into one of those soft ringing laughs that were Helen Batherley's own.

"You silly old aunty!" she cried, "I didn't mean any harm, only I don't want to be always bothered with hearing about the same thing. Surely there will be time enough for that when I am married."

She took up the paper again presently, and went on commenting carelessly upon the little bits of scandal which she read—uncharitable comments they were sometimes!—and seeming to forget that there was such a young man as Frank Warren in existence.

"Lor', ma'," ("ma'" is a nasty word to write, and not nearly so pleasant in sound as the good old Saxon "mother." But Helen called her parent "ma'," so I must put it here)—"Lor', ma', what do you think?" she cried; and then she read out an advertisement which her sharp eye had alighted upon.

"Mary Anne Jemima, the beloved wife of Sir Edgar Sinclair, of Pengollon Hall, Pengollon, in Devonshire, on the 16th instant." So ran the announcement, and it was under the division of "Deaths."

"Poor creature!" said Miss Jane.

"Lor', aunt, why?"

Miss Jane deigned to make no reply, but went on furiously with her knitting.

"Hem! My dear, didn't it say Sir Edgar Sinclair?" demanded Mrs. Batherley, with eagerness.

"Yes; his father must have died, I suppose."

"Dear me, my dear, then it must have been very sudden."

"The gentlemen of that family seem to do things suddenly," replied the girl, carelessly.

"Well, well, Mr. Sinclair—that is, Sir Edgar—was a nice young man, and I always thought he was very fond of you, my dear," said Mrs. Batherley, with a regretful sigh.

"Was—was Mr. Sinclair handsome?" demanded Miss Grantham, who had been observing all this with considerable interest.

"Bless you, my dear, remarkably so—don't you think he was, Helen, my dear?"

"Yes, he was handsome, certainly," replied the girl, listlessly. She seemed to be taken up with her own thoughts.

"Handsome is that handsome does, I say," interposed Miss Jane.

Mrs. Batherley's face grew red, and she appeared disposed to be rather angry. But Helen seemed unconscious of all that was said, and lowly humming a tune—it was a favourite of Sinclair's—she went to the looking-glass and looked at the reflection of her own beautiful form and smiled triumphantly. She was a lovely girl beyond doubt.

"I wonder what can have called Mr. Warren away so suddenly?" said Mrs. Batherley. "He has chosen a nice day if he has gone on pleasure, at any rate."

"Pleasure?" repeated Miss Jane, rather sharply. "Don't you know that he said he was called on some private business to see his uncle?"

"Yes, I know he *said* so," Mrs. Batherley returned, with a meaning shrug of the shoulders.

Miss Jane looked up at this wonderingly, inquiringly, and then with a little indignation, "What do you mean, sister?" she said.

"Mean?—nothing," replied Mrs. Batherley shortly, "except that I think it hardly—hem!—it hardly looks well for the young man to—to keep away from the house the very next day after—after his engagement."

"Oh, Mrs. Batherley, I think it really was business of great importance which called Mr. Warren away; indeed father said so," interposed Miss Grantham, blushing at her enthusiasm. "My father has gone with him, you know, Mrs. Batherley."

"Well, my dear, yes—oh, of course, I know that, and it is all very right and proper, I daresay."

After this there was a profound silence, which was only broken by some commonplace of Miss Grantham, that "the evenings were drawing out," &c., to which

Mrs. Batherley replied that they "were indeed," &c.

"Do you know, mamma," said Helen at last, as if breaking out of a reverie, "that I can't help thinking how suddenly Sir Godfrey Sinclair must have died."

"It must have been very sudden indeed; and now for the poor young man to lose his wife—dear me! But I don't suppose it was a love-match, my dear."

Then Helen and her mother talked a great deal more about Sinclair; and to have heard them, and to have seen the girl's flushed face, one would have thought that they had found some one to talk about whose name was not so tiresome to her ear as was that of poor Warren.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EXPLOITS OF CHARLES BATHERLEY.

THE morning following the evening which the last chapter records found Charles Batherley, with the pride of a father beaming upon his face, seated in his quiet surgery—far too quiet surgery!—at the back of the shop. Little Master Frank in a red frock—which, I believe, is preserved, as a memento, even to this day, was romping on his knee, and pulling his whiskers with a laudable curiosity which betokened an inquiring mind, and quite unconscious that his nose would be slit at a no very distant date. Yet that such an event was in a fair road to happen, an acute observer might have inferred from the nature of some little work upon which Mrs. Charles was employed by the feeble light emitted from a wondrously dark window which stood opposite the surgery door.

As for Charles, the prospect of a large family springing up around him afforded him much more pleasure than anxiety. If babies came to him, I think he had a devout faith that they would come to other people also, and that his professional services, in the production of others, would afford him an ample subsistence for his own.

Luckily, affairs just then were looking up a little. He had taken as much as ten shillings and three-halfpence over the counter the very day before, and had at the present moment no less than one patient who would pay, and four who might.

All this was very hopeful and encouraging to any man; no wonder, then, that Charles was cheerful upon it, and that the

future, to his sanguine temperament, was illuminated with countless felicities. But Fortune, who is proverbial for bestowing her favours by freaks, having neglected our young surgeon so much in the earlier part of his medical career, seemed now resolved to overwhelm him with her smiles. For scarcely had he lighted his morning's pipe when his services were demanded for a patient whose presence in that portion of the world gave him no little surprise.

He and his amiable wife had been gossiping for a considerable time on matters which were decidedly too domestic and personal to find a place in these pages. Just then, they were speaking of Frank Warren.

"By Jove, my dear, but I keep thinking of that strange affair of Frank's the other night; I declare I can't get it out of my mind," said Charles, as he lit his pipe.

"Didn't he explain to you what it was upset him?" replied his wife.

"No; when he bade me good night, he whispered that I should know all soon, and that was all he said."

"Well, whatever it was, it seemed to have affected him sadly; I declare I never saw a man look so pale in my life."

"By Jove, my dear," cried the good-natured fellow, nearly breaking his pipe in his eagerness, "if I thought I could be of any good to him, I'd run round to his office this very morning. Upon my word, Mary, but I'm afraid it must be something serious, or he would have been here to see us yesterday."

It was at this juncture that a person entered the shop, and Charles, responding to the summons, immediately returned and informed his wife with a delight which, had it not been a professional matter, would have appeared demoniacal, that a gentleman at the "Saracen's Head"—just round the corner, had sprained his ankle.

Seizing his "broad-brim," and having arranged such demands as he thought necessary, Charles hastened with his guide to the "Saracen's Head."

His patient was seated in an easy-chair, with his foot resting upon another. It was not until he had given the usual greetings that he recognised the other as Martin Warren.

"Bless my heart, Mr. Warren!" he cried.

Martin looked up sharply, his face betokening surprise and annoyance.

"Ha! Mr. Batherley, I think," cried he.

"The same, sir; by Jove, I am sorry, Mr. Warren, to find you in such an unpleasant condition."

They then shook hands with cordiality, on *one* side, at any rate, and young Batherley proceeded to dress the sprain.

In order to explain how Martin came in this untoward situation, it will be remembered that I have already stated the "Saracen's Head" was the hotel at which Martin put up when he visited the metropolis, and that on the preceding evening he had left Hawley for town. He reached the "Saracen's Head" at a late hour, and, in getting out of the post-chaise, his foot had unfortunately got twisted. Supposing a night's rest would relieve him from the pain he endured, he had not thought proper to call in medical assistance; but in the morning the pain increasing rather than abating, Charles Batherley, being the nearest medical man, had been sent for, as I have said.

"Have you seen my nephew Frank, recently, Mr. Batherley?" said Martin.

"I saw him the day before yesterday," replied Charles. "Quite a little party of us went for a pic-nic as far as Windsor."

"Indeed!"

As Martin spoke this little word, he looked from under his bushy eye-brows at the young man's face, with a mingled curiosity and interest that was intense, and as though expecting him to proceed.

But the young surgeon merely entered into the common-place details of how they had enjoyed themselves, and such matters, which the reader may well suppose did not greatly interest Martin. But having, by this, dressed the patient's foot, Charles was about to take his leave, with the assurance that the injury was trifling, and that he would probably be able to get about again in the course of a day or two, but enjoining him not to attempt it for the present. He had already placed his hand upon the handle of the door, when it occurred to him, that Mr. Warren might have some little mission which his accident would prevent himself from executing. He accordingly volunteered his friendly assistance, if any such were needed.

Martin hesitated, and appeared to reflect, then thanking the young man for his offer, he said, "There certainly is a little matter about which I feel rather anxious, and if you could spare me a couple of hours you would, indeed, oblige me

greatly. If I am not to see to it to-day myself, I must send somebody, and whom that is to be, I am sure I don't know."

Charles turned up his eyes to the ceiling, looked at his memorandum-book with profound attention, and with the end of the pencil between his lips, appeared to reflect deeply.

"Yes, sir," he said courteously, "I believe I am quite at liberty this morning; I have no patient who particularly demands my attention (which was very true), and I am sure anything I can do for you will give me sincere pleasure."

Thanking him again, Mr. Martin Warren called for pen, ink, and paper, and upon these being brought him, he wrote a few words on a slip of the latter; folded it, sealed it with the arms of the Warrens, directed it, and handed it to the young man.

"You have merely to deliver this to the gentleman to whom it is addressed," he said, "to Mr. Manning, you perceive. You will take a hackney-carriage, of course, and it will not take you long to reach Kentish Town. If Mr. Manning sends any answer, I shall be glad to receive it as soon as possible, and I am sure, Mr. Batherley, you will make me your debtor by your kind aid."

Batherley, however, thought it would be advisable to look in at the patient who would pay, leaving the remainder to take care of themselves, which having performed, he set out to execute his little commission, and as the church clock struck the hour of noon, he was already far on his way.

Now, it must be borne in mind that our hero had kept the suspicions he entertained with respect to Manning and his uncle within his own breast. Until the adventure which had induced him to reveal them to Mr. Grantham, no man except poor Mr. Batherley had ever known what was preying on the young man's mind. Not even his friend Charles Batherley had Frank taken into his confidence. The name of Manning did not, therefore, strike young Batherley more than any other name would have done.

But the epistle was addressed "Mr. Manning, Mr. Hopkins, Wellington Cottage, Kentish Town."

"Hopkins! Hopkins!" repeated Charles, as he was borne along. "By Jove, that was the name of that bombastical little fellow we met at Frank's lodgings that night! He lived at Kentish Town, I think. I

wonder whether it is the same? And perhaps this Manning—I'm sure I don't remember whether I heard his name—is that mysterious personage they were talking about. Ten to one, I am on the point of making some discovery as to whom that unaccountable gentleman is!"

Upon arriving at his destination, Charles was assured that the first part of his surmise was correct, for Mrs. Hopkins, whom he well remembered, overwhelmed with nervous trepidation, came to the door to greet him.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Hopkins?" she demanded, twitching at her apron. "Mr. Hopkins, sir, is not at home at present, sir; he has gone, sir, on the Norwich journey, for the firm, sir, with which he is——"

No, ma'am, I wish to see Mr. Manning," Charles said, interrupting her volubility.

"Oh, Mr. Manning, sir; yes, to be sure; will you please to step inside, and I'll inform Mr. Manning, sir."

Charles thereupon made himself known to the little nervous lady, who, if she were before in a flutter of concern at seeing a stranger, was now in a flutter of pleasure at finding a friend.

While Mrs. Hopkins went upstairs to acquaint Manning with his arrival, Charles walked into the parlour, where he saw the high back of an easy-chair turned towards him, and something white and flossy moving over the back of it. This, upon inspection, he found to belong to an old man—"Old Johnny," in fact, who was just then muttering about his "wilderness," and tickling the stomach of his cat with his toe.

"Good evening, sir," said Charles, making a polite salutation.

Old Johnny looked vaguely up, and began to rub his hands.

"Oh yes, young man, very fine garden, I've had it more nor——"

"Hem!—I hope you are pretty well, sir," said Charles, in astonishment.

"Have you been to look at my wilderness, young man? He—he—he, very fine garden, to be sure; he—he—he!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the young surgeon, in bewilderment. "This queer old chap seems to be both blind and deaf, old, and the most unconscionable idiot I ever came across. If he was a patient of mine, I—I think I should prescribe him an amputation of the head."

"Will you please to walk upstairs, sir, and Mr. Manning will see you," said

Mrs. Hopkins, returning breathless from her lodger's apartments.

The young man bowed, and followed his conductress in silence.

"And pray, sir, how is your friend Mr. Warren, sir? He has not been to see us for a long time; and Mr. Manning was asking after him the other day," pursued the lady, leading the way.

The question gave Charles considerable surprise.

"Mr. Manning!" he said, "I was not aware that Mr. Warren was acquainted with that gentleman."

Further conversation was however cut short by his finding himself in a room in which a middle-aged gentleman was seated, propped up in a chair with pillows.

"This is the gentleman, sir," said Mrs. Hopkins, by way of introduction; and then retiring from the room, she closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Manning, sir, I presume?" said Charles, presenting his missive, which the other took and perused with eagerness.

"By Jove! I've seen his face before," thought Charles; "where the deuce can it have been, I wonder?"

Suddenly it flashed across his mind that it was the mysterious stranger who had puzzled him and Warren so much on the occasion of their visit to Hawley Hall. He as well as his friend had seen that person's face for but half a minute; but there was something weirdlike, if I may so express myself, in Manning's face, which once seen would never be forgotten.

"So this is the man whom Frank's uncle called Farmer—Farmer something." He thought. "By Jove, he don't look much like a farmer. I should think he must grow a melancholy sort of crops, to judge by his aspect. Warren will be astonished at this adventure!"

"My—Mr. Warren informs me that he has met with a little accident. I hope it is nothing serious?" said Manning, when he had read the letter through.

Charles quickly reassured him on that head, and the other saying he would write a reply, attempted to do so, but his hand trembled so much, either with illness or from some other cause, and the pen spluttered so terribly that he threw it from him in exasperation.

"Listen to me, young man," he said, reflectively, "you can take such a message as I need send, verbally as well as I can write it. Tell Mr. Warren to come

to me as soon as he is able, and that I wish him to bring Frank—that is, his nephew—with him; as I am now resolved to tell him all. Will you please to deliver that message?"

"I will deliver it, certainly," replied Charles in astonishment; "and perhaps I can do more. If it is Frank Warren you want to see, I will call upon him at his office this afternoon and send him on to you at once. Mr. Warren cannot leave his room with his foot as it is, certainly, till to-morrow."

"Hah!—Do you know Frank Warren, then?"

"Know him! I should think I did a little," returned Charles, scornfully, as though he scouted the very idea of the contrary.

"Yes," muttered the other, as if musing, "I can as well tell him alone as with Martin, for tell him *I will*; now I am resolved upon it. Yes, send him to me at once," he continued aloud, his eye, which a moment before was dull with pain, now flashing with excitement, "send him to me at once!—there! go—go, for heaven's sake!"

And rising from his chair wildly, he almost pushed his auditor from the room.

"Well, upon my word, if this don't beat everything!" thought the young man as he descended the stairs; "an idiot downstairs, and a madman up them, pretty well for a small family, I think. Well, de'il have it! where all this is to lead to I don't pretend to guess, but I suppose all I have to do is to carry my mystifying messages."

Accordingly he took his leave of Mrs. Hopkins, nodded to the old man (who observing him with his hat on, grinned hugely, rubbed his hands, and nodded in return), and then returned to the city with all speed. Arrived at Crosby-square, he dismissed the hackney coach, and diving under the archway at the Bishops-gate end, he entered the offices of the Little Western.

Mr. Nimbletrees was perched upon his stool, and positively almost seeming to twitter. Warren was, of course, absent from his usual desk.

"Good-morning, Mr. Nimbletrees. I wanted to see Mr. Warren," said Charles, shaking hands with the little secretary, who was a friend of the family.

"Bless my heart, my dear sir;—but dear me, it is really most remarkable Mr. Warren has not been here this morning."

"Not here?"

"Have the goodness, my dear sir, to read this letter, which I received from him yesterday. You will excuse me a moment, Mr. Batherley, but I perceive our chairman wants to communicate something with me in regard to the association. I will be with you again in a moment, my dear sir."

And Mr. Nimbletrees hopped from his stool with his pen in his mouth, like a sparrow from his perch with a twig in his beak.

The letter was simply to inform Mr. Nimbletrees that the writer was called, by unexpected private business, to visit his uncle at Great Hawley, and that he might therefore be unable to attend the office for a day or two.

When Charles finished this brief epistle, a prolonged whistle burst from his lips.

"Whew! So he has gone to see his uncle at Hawley, has he?" said he. "This is a mystification! I shouldn't be surprised now if his uncle has come here to see him. I suppose I had best get back to the Boro' again, and ease my mind of that other affair. Well, I should think all this must end somewhere, and so we must live in patience for that desirable consummation to be brought about. As yet, I confess it is beyond my poor capacities to comprehend."

He waited for politeness sake till the return of Mr. Nimbletrees, and giving the note back to that gentleman, took himself again into Bishopsgate-street, wending along Gracechurch-street on his way home.

Passing rapidly by the top of Leadenhall-street, he nearly ran over two gentlemen who were coming out of that street at a less hasty pace. Taking off his hat to apologise—

"I beg your pardon," he began. "By Jove, Frank, old boy, is that you?"

"Gad, sir!—Mr. Batherley, is that you?" Mr. Grantham returned.

"What, have you both been to Hawley, then?"

"How did you know we had been to Hawley?"

"For goodness sake don't ask me any explanations till I can settle my ideas a little; for of all the strange and unaccountable—"

"St. George, young man, don't tell me any more mysteries," interrupted the soldier, in horror. "Gad, sir! but we have already had more than I can bring into action. An old soldier's head, sir, has its limits, and by the memory of

Salamanca! though I wouldn't mind leading six stout Britons, sir, against a score of Frenchmen, I'll have no more mystification, by St. George!"

"Well, all I can say is that if you, Frank Warren, want to see your uncle, you had best come with me."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

"Look you, Charlie," said Warren, earnestly, and grasping his friend by the coat sleeve, "do not talk to me in enigmas now, I entreat you. If you really mean anything by what you say, tell me what you do mean, I beg."

"I see, old fellow, that you are as much in the dark as I am," said Charles, "therefore, while we are walking quietly on, I had better tell you this day's adventures from beginning to end, and then perhaps you can enlighten me a little."

"Gad, sir! go it then; fire away!" returned Mr. Grantham; "and may heaven give me wits to understand you."

Charles then related how Martin Warren had sprained his foot, and was then at the Saracen's Head; how he, Charley Batherley, had been despatched to Manning, in whom he had recognised the stranger he had seen at Hawley (which was no news to Warren); and lastly, the mission with which Manning had entrusted him.

"Good heaven! Do you mean to say that this Manning has sent for me, and that he wishes my uncle to come with me?"

"Unquestionably, that was what he said."

"Gad, then, that is what I call a clencher," Mr. Grantham interposed. "I acknowledge myself put *hors de combat* now. Lord have mercy on us, we are all miserable sinners, every one of us; we fight our battles in the world, and don't know who are vanquished, who are victors—St. George for ever! Hurrah!"

And overcome by excitement, Mr. Grantham hurled his hat into the air, where it remained suspended on the top of a lamp-post, till Charles, who was skilled in climbing, recovered it for him, which event somewhat sobered him.

Entering the Saracen's Head, and invading even Martin's chamber, in an excited *posse*, our three friends startled the latter, as he was making a painful effort to exercise his injured foot and walk across the room.

"What, nephew Frank, is that you?" he said, halting suddenly.

"Yes, sir, it is I," replied Frank, sternly.

"Oh! and here is Mr. Batherley. I do not think I have the pleasure of knowing the other gentleman."

"This is my friend, Mr. Grantham. Allow me, sir, to introduce you to my uncle."

Mr. Grantham made an immensely stiff bow to Martin, which was as politely returned.

"Mr. Grantham?" repeated Martin, with a cynical smile; "that is the gentleman to whom the golden locket which you showed me once belonged, isn't it?"

"No, sir; I have since had reason to believe that locket with my mother's miniature, sir (Frank spoke this with emphasis), once belonged to the other person—to Mr. Manning—"

"Ah, to be sure, nephew—to the gentleman whom your natural astuteness accused of murdering your father—that is the gentleman to whom you allude, is it not, nephew?"

Warren was so horrified and staggered by the demoniacal jauntiness with which his uncle even anticipated the awful subject about which he had come to denounce him, that he was completely deprived of breath, and could make no reply.

"Now, Mr. Batherley," said Martin, with the sneer still on his lips, turning to Charles, "if this same Mr. Manning—for I suppose you and my nephew have no secrets from each other—has sent me any reply—"

"The reply, sir, which Mr. Manning sent was merely verbal," returned Charles, haughtily. "It was to request you to visit him as soon as possible, and that my friend, Frank Warren, should accompany you; or in case of your not being able to respond immediately, to go thither by himself, as he, Mr. Manning, was resolved to tell him all. That, sir, was my message."

"I thank you, Mr. Batherley; it is just such as I expected. Do you hear it, nephew?"

"Ay, sir, I do," returned Warren, crossing his arms upon his breast; "and I am resolved to say no more to you until I have heard the communication which this man intends to make. I must however remark, sir, that this levity and defiance becomes you as little as it will avail you. That you know of my ac-

cusation of your friend—of your accomplice, surprises me not. I have here the portion of Manning's letter in which he informs you that I had so accused him. I found it, sir, in your library at Hawley Hall last night."

"You have been to the Hall, then, nephew?"

"The object of my journey thither matters little now. I will see Manning before I take another step in this horrible affair. You, sir, have shown me kindness in my childhood; in return I would be as merciful to you as I in honour may. If it seems well to you, quit this land at once and for ever. I know—at least I have every reason to trust and believe—that you were not the actual shedder of your brother's blood. To that Manning has himself confessed."

At this Martin started violently, and, despite the sprain, took three rapid steps across the floor.

"Do I—do I understand you to say, nephew, that—that Mr. Manning has confessed to your father's murder?"

"Ay, sir, understand it so to your shame."

"Well," returned Martin, drawing a deep breath, and his thin lips again writhing with a cynical sneer, "I confess I don't comprehend Mr. Manning's metaphorical language, for what else it can be I know not. All I can say is, that you had better be off to see Mr. Manning at once, and doubtless he will explain everything to your satisfaction; and, nephew, remember this, that his happiness and perhaps your own depends upon the result."

"Sir, I will go at once, and will trust in Providence it may be as you seem to say. Meanwhile, sir, it will be well for you to remember what I have said."

Warren was leaving the room excitedly, when a firm clutch was laid upon his coat-collar.

"Gad, sir," cried Mr. Grantham, for he it was, "you must let me go with you to the end. It shall never be said of Jack Grantham that he was a deserter while the battle was raging—and, St. George! Salamanca was nothing to this!"

Upon their arrival at Wellington Cottages, Warren was instantly conducted upstairs to the room in which Manning was still sitting, propped up with pillows, and with a feverish anxiety, which caused his head almost to split with pain. Mr. Grantham remained below to give in-

structions to the hackney-coachman, and to make acquaintance with Johnny.

"I am come, sir, obediently to your request. What is it you desire?" said Frank, sternly, yet feeling half ashamed of himself for being so, the agony depicted on the other's face was so acute. "I have just left my uncle——"

"Hah! Has he then told you?" exclaimed Manning, stretching forward with eagerness.

"He has told me nothing. He left it all to you. And now I conjure you, as you look for mercy hereafter, not to keep me longer in suspense about my unhappy father's death."

"My son, my son, I am your father!" And Manning arose from his seat as he spoke the words.

This communication, which has doubtless been expected by the sagacious reader ever since I alluded to Manning as the "mysterious lodger," completely knocked poor Warren out of his nineteen senses, as the saying is.

"Good Heaven! My father, and alive!" and gasping out these melodramatic exclamations, the poor young man struck quite an attitude—exclamations which you may hear, and an attitude which you may see, at the Surrey or Adelphi Theatre any night you please.

After some further exclamations, questions, and replies, which being perpetrated when their emotions overset their understanding, were too incoherent, melodramatic, not to say absurd, to appear even in the pages of a novel, Frank found obviously that he should understand nothing, and his father that he should make himself understood in nothing, if they did not follow a more regular system of explication; and it was therefore unanimously agreed that the father should relate to the son the history of his life in a regular and chronological order.

Warren, with tears of joy and gratitude, threw himself at his father's feet, and essayed to take that gentleman's hand and press it in his own; but in this he was prevented by the other snatching his hand hastily from the embrace.

"No, my son," he said, kindly, yet in such a tone of agony withal that Frank was almost startled. "I have told you that this hand is stained with blood. You must not touch it till I have told you all, and then—oh, Heaven!—and then, if you look upon me without abhorrence, were it not for that one deed, I should be the happiest of men. Should it be other-

wise, my son, I will leave this land for ever."

It being necessary for Frank to know what this one deed was, in order that he might determine on his future filial conduct, it was incumbent upon his parent to relate his story without delay, which he accordingly did in the following terms.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCIS WARREN.

"My father died when I was a very young man. Your uncle Martin and I were his only offspring. Being the eldest, Hawley Hall, with about fifteen hundred a year, descended to me. Martin had some three hundred a year independently, resulting, I believe, from an investiture in the Stocks.

"We were both at Cambridge when this property came to us, and I, eager to taste a life of pleasure, and having no great predilection to study, renounced the protection of Alma Mater—my brother more wisely remaining to take his degree.

"It was in London that I became acquainted with your mother—but it is needless to speak of my courtship; suffice it that we were married, and that you in due season were born.

"My wife was ever of a gay and light-hearted disposition—indeed, what else could be expected from a girl of scarcely seventeen? She was fond of life and pleasure; all her friends and relatives were in town, and I, ever indulgent to her wishes, engaged a house for ourselves in the metropolis, in which we dwelt in thoughtless happiness till the day of her death.

"Meanwhile, Martin completed his studies, and at first thought of following a commercial life. But without the perhaps rather unexalted ambition of becoming an alderman, and ever partial to the ruralities of the country, he eagerly accepted my proposal that he should manage the little estate at Hawley.

"It would be folly, my son, to attempt to tell how passionately fond I was of my wife. Several years her senior, I felt towards her as a protector, and day by day did that confiding girl wind herself closer and closer round my heart. I was a man of vivid imagination, and violent, far too violent passions, and few, perhaps, could comprehend the increasing affection which usurped dominion in my breast.

A part of my very soul, it was the one great object, the joy, the ambition of my life."

Mr. Warren (for to such title he, before the two other gentlemen—his brother and son—has the greatest claim) at this point of his narrative seemed oppressed with a deep emotion, and some minutes elapsed before he could proceed, which, however, he at length did as follows:—

"I now come to speak of her death. I will not, I cannot dwell upon it—the recollection still unmans me. Sometimes, in the night, I can see the dear girl's face smiling upon me—now, now, I can see it now!"

Just then the speaker was quite in a frenzy, and pointed as he spoke. The young man became alarmed, but his father presently grew calm again and resumed his former tone.

"When they told me the dreadful news I was stricken to the earth. Fears were entertained for my sanity—and do you know, my son, that I—I even now, sometimes fancy I am mad.

"'Twas for weeks that I could scarcely be prevailed upon to partake of food sufficient to sustain existence. But the morbid state of grief seldom endures for long. It either kills its victim or crushes the intellect outright. For me, it presently changed into the opposite extreme, scarcely less dreadful in its effects, and I plunged headlong into every pleasure, every gaiety and fashionable vice.

"My companions, though for the most part aristocratic, rich, and well-educated, were of the most vicious and debauched description; but I was more reckless far than they; and while they applauded me admiringly for that recklessness, I perceived that they feared me for it also. They were demons in immorality, and I was their leader in the same.

"It may seem strange to you, my son, that I should draw such an awful picture of myself for you to contemplate, and yet at the same time be so anxious—as God knows I am—that you should not loathe me. But I am determined to conceal nothing from you; I will tell you even the very worst. Why should I conceal aught from you? Will not my conscience reproach me still the same?

"Amongst these gentlemen—Heaven save the mark!—was one young fellow, as scampish as the rest of them, whose name was Grantham——"

"Hah!" exclaimed Frank, starting

involuntarily, as the history of Mr. Grantham flashed across his mind.

His father regarded him with surprise and wonder.

"What is the matter, my son?" he said.

"Nothing—nothing. I was only just thinking that I shall surprise you presently," replied Frank, rubbing his hands as he contemplated the pleasure he should feel in reconciling these two old enemies in a foolish quarrel, and in bringing them together in friendship once more.

"Surprise me, my son? In what way, may I ask?"

"Never mind now, sir. If I tell you now, it will be no surprise by-and-by. But continue your history, pray."

Thus urged, Mr. Warren presently resumed the thread of his narrative.

"This Mr. Grantham," said he, "was, I believe, a barrister—at least that he professed to be so. But his chief business, I think, was pleasure, and his chief care how to obtain it. He was at that time the hottest-brained fellow in existence; the most irritable——"

"Yes, yes, I know," Frank assented, with unconscious vehemence.

"Eh?" said his father, eyeing him askance.

"I didn't speak—at least I didn't mean anything if I did."

"Well, as I was saying, he was the most irritable young fellow alive—ready to give or take offence at the most trivial concern. Indeed, among his companions he earned the name of 'Blazes,' betokening his fiery temper. One evening, over our wine-cups, some words arose among the company. We had all of us been drinking freely, and young Grantham's head was, I think, even hotter than usual, for he had been drinking harder than any one, though his brain was the least able to stand it. It matters little, my son, what was the origin of our drunken brawl; it was some trivial thing that in our sober moments we should have laughed at, and was certainly unworthy serious thought, except, perhaps, of repentance, as it was connected with our vices. However this may be, Grantham, excited by his libations, made some very personal remark which reflected on my honour. Observing the condition he was in, and that he was scarcely accountable for what he said, I merely retorted upon him lightly, deeming ridicule the only weapon I had any right to use.

"Well would it have been had the

affair here ended. But this was not to be, for scarcely had I spoken, ere, starting up like a madman, Grantham darted forward and gave me a blow in the chest which caused me to stagger and fall.

"Of course, in the estimation of the society in which I moved, this could not be so lightly passed over. I withdrew immediately from the room, accompanied by a personal friend who acted for me in the affair. This gentleman went on the following day to Grantham's chambers, demanding an apology or conveying a challenge. Had an apology been tendered, I should have been satisfied. This was, however, declined, and my challenge was accepted, and we met on the evening of that day accordingly.

"My adversary and his second were at the appointed place as soon as we were, though it wanted two minutes to the time. Great Heaven! why did we not employ those two minutes which yet remained in the reconciliation which was not yet too late? It was, of course, out of the question that I could have made any such pacific advance, even had I been so disposed; but, in truth, I recked little for my life, and did not think of my enemy's. He made none; and so we took our places face to face and thirty steps apart.

"He fired and missed me; I heard the bullet fly whistling past my ear. I, on the other hand, raised my pistol and fired. I took but a careless aim, but the next instant I saw him place his hand on his breast and fall to the ground. Ah, never, my God! never shall I forget that look, that fearful look of agony which overspread the face of the wounded man! Never, never! It haunts me now; this moment—this moment I see him looking reproachfully at me."

Again was the speaker overcome by his emotion, or rather by the images his too vivid imagination conjured up. He pressed his hands before his eyes as though to shut out some hideous sight, and the very perspiration seemed to stand upon his forehead.

"By a few anxious inquiries," continued Mr. Warren, at length recovering, "I ascertained that the wound I had given the unhappy man was a severe one—it was feared a mortal one. The surgeon, whom we had brought with us in case of such a result, appeared very grave about it, and my second, with the other gentlemen present, earnestly en-

joined me to provide, if possible, for my own safety.

"While they were occupied in attending to the unfortunate man whose thread of life this hand, I felt, had unjustifiably cut short, I hastened alone from the fatal field. I required no one with me. My thoughts were such as would brook no one's company; they were indeed more than I knew how to bear.

"I should have told you, my dear son, that on the afternoon prior to the meeting I went, accompanied by my solicitor, to Hawley Hall, where, after consulting with my brother, who knew the affairs of my property better than I myself did, I duly made my will, bequeathing everything I possessed, with the exception of a few legacies, to you, and appointing your uncle my executor and your guardian.

"Upon quitting, as I have said, the scene of that fearful tragedy, I had scarcely any definite notion of what I purposed doing. It was not then, my son, that the blackness of my crime—"

"Ha!" Frank again interrupted, "I can guess it all now. But go on."

"It was not till after, and when I had time to reflect. Then everything seemed to flit before my fancy like a dream. I would to heaven I had been in one indeed! Yet I felt already I was an out-cast. Whither was I to go? What was to become of me?"

"I procured a horse, and rode again to Hawley. I had not, on the previous day, made my brother acquainted with the impending duel; but I resolved that I would now confide in him everything—ay, even reveal to him that horrible deed.

"Martin was always a man of action, and I could not have trusted my fate in the hands of a better. He at once considered that it would be a difficult matter for me to leave England immediately. The news of the conflict would be sure to have spread already far and wide; or else, could it have been possible for me to leave the country till the affair had blown over, or indeed for ever, it would unquestionably have been better for my safety.

"The expedient which Martin hit upon was this. There were many places about the old Hall where a man might be concealed for days and weeks without his presence being suspected. He advised that I should submit myself for the present to this confinement, and until I might be able to attempt with more

security to quit the land. I repaired accordingly to the remote extremity of the Hall, to Hubert's Tower, in fact—a place which by tradition was considered haunted, and which on that account, perhaps, had long been disused.

"The recollection of the first night which I passed in the solitude of that dismal place will dwell in my memory for ever. Then was it that my conscience first really felt the weight of the sin I had committed. Oh, how I prayed! how I hoped, against my greatest conviction, that Grantham's wound might not prove fatal! And, Frank,"—here the speaker dropped his voice to a solemn whisper, and a livid light shone in his deep dark eyes—"I shall believe to my dying day that the spectre of Grantham appeared to me in the twilight, and that I heard a voice from the turret upbraiding me as the murderer of my fellow-man.

"No one can know how anxiously day after day I watched for news which might assure me of my victim's fate; either to cleanse my soul from the stain which blackened it, or to shut out all hope of peace from me in the present or in time to come. From the first—from the moment when I saw the last agonizing look, so full of pain, mingled with reproach—I had an inward conviction that skill would not avail to save the man—that my aim had been too sure. My brother endeavoured to reassure and comfort me, and whispered hope. But all the effect his consolation produced was to increase what racked me far too cruelly before—suspense, a fearful, dire suspense.

"As might be supposed, the news of the duel was bruited far and wide, and much scandal and no little falsehood were mixed up with the rumours which doubtless found plenty of credence among those people who are only too ready to believe anything prejudicial to their fellow-creatures. The cause of the quarrel was by some of these reports totally misrepresented. The honour of a highly respectable lady of quality was brought into question, from which I conclude these mendacious *on dits* were probably propagated in the first instance by the said lady's friends—her female friends, most likely. In others it was vaguely asserted that I was wounded, and that Grantham had committed suicide from remorse.

"But to return, more especially to my own case. I think it was on the day following the duel that the officers of

justice came to the Hall to arrest me. My brother, of course, feigned surprise, and showed them a letter, with which I had provided him, and in which I merely stated I had been compelled to quit the country, and that I was bound for Calais. It was not likely the officers could be hoodwinked like this, and they instituted a close search for me over the whole building. But I escaped their vigilance, for I was concealed in a little secret chamber, which our ancestor, Hubert, had, it is said, found useful on more than one occasion for a similar purpose. Baffled in their search, the minions of the law were at length compelled to relinquish it, and their hearts being softened by some tankards of good ale, these gentlemen became very communicative, and in response to my brother's skilfully put questions, informed him that the friends of Grantham had succeeded in carrying him from the field, and that the place of his refuge had not yet been discovered.

"They stated that it was only by a mere chance that the duel had been heard of at all, and that even now all particulars connected with it were very scanty.

"Though I might now have considered myself in a measure as having escaped the danger of capture, this gave comparatively but little consolation to me. I was still in uncertainty as to whether my adversary were really dead; I was still racked with suspense, which had a glimpse of hope in it, which shone upon me like the feeble twinkle of one faint star on a dark and cloudy night.

"The crisis of my misery at length arrived, and one day my brother came into the lower chamber in Hubert's Tower, which had been fitted up as a library, and with modern furniture, for my convenience. He had a newspaper in his hand, and after preparing me for the dreadful tidings, he read the announcement of Grantham's death from the effects of the wound he had received in the cursed encounter between us.

"My son, it is said that when a camel is overloaded to a certain point, an additional feather will break him down. This blow, this crushing of every hope, this crushing of every fear, broke me. I then felt an outcast indeed. I had taken the life I could not give, and though perhaps hollow society might regard it in another light, I felt that I was a murderer!"

"But might not this report of Grantham's death have been a false one?"

Frank interposed, unable to keep silence any longer.

"A false one! What do you mean, my son? How could it have been a false one?" said Mr. Warren, regarding the other with nervous anxiety.

"Nay, I know not how; but I mean, might it not be possible he still lives?"

"For mercy's sake, what do you mean? My son, if you know anything, do not, I conjure you, keep me in suspense. I have endured agony enough."

"Father, wonderful though it may appear, this Mr. Grantham is not only alive, but at this moment is downstairs. I will go and fetch him. This will be as great a surprise to him as to you."

So saying, Warren hastily left the room.

Meanwhile his father was stricken speechless with the violence of conflicting emotions, and when Frank returned, leading in the astonished soldier (who was stuttering incoherent expletives about St. George), he threw up his arms with a wild cry, and fell back in his chair in a swoon. Our hero and Mr. Grantham hastened to his assistance, and with the aid of water he shortly recovered.

Mutual explanations, briefly uttered, then ensued. It need not be said that

there was no feeling of animosity between the two adversaries so strangely brought together.

"But the announcement of your death in the paper?" demanded Mr. Warren, and Frank reiterated the question.

"Gad, I forgot that little matter when I told you my story," Mr. Grantham returned. "I did not attach much importance to it, little thinking of the effects it had produced. That report, as well as some others, was circulated by my friends while I was lain up with my wound, in order to facilitate my escape from England by putting inquirers on the wrong scent."

"Well, Heaven be praised that I have not your blood, or rather your death, to account for!" exclaimed Mr. Warren, devoutly.

"St. George and amen to that, my dear sir!" rejoined Mr. Grantham, fervently; "for I am sure I have as much reason to be thankful for that as you have."

"But why did you always keep me in the dark about all this? Why did you give it out that you also were dead?" Frank demanded.

Mr. Warren, instead of replying directly to these questions, now took the hand of his son within his own, and resumed his story.

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